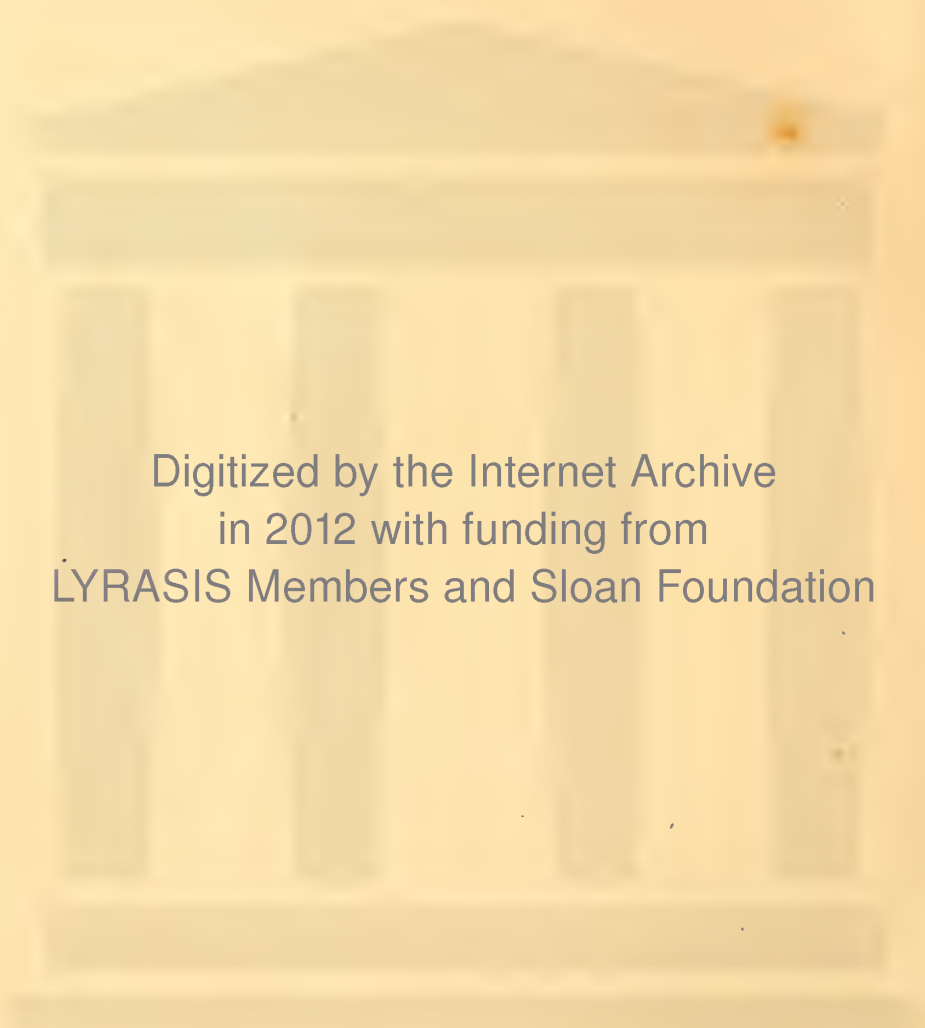


Vol. II + III

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A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
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The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

	Page
The Angel and the Child (Poem)—E. I. F.....	3
Anticipating a Good Time—B. Rios Franco, '11	4
The Invasion of the Troops—M. Humbert Diaz, '12	6
Upper Ten—James D. McIntyre, '11.....	11
From Sunlight to Moonlight (Poem)—A. C. M.	13
Mother—F. A. Meyer, '12.....	14
To Summer—M. Humbert Diaz, '12.....	16
Ye Women Make Fools of Us All—John T. Becker, '12	17
Vacation—J. P. Newsham, '12.....	19
Death Worse than Death—Randolph A. Querbes, '14	20
A Eulogy on Columbus—Dennis S. Moran, '11.....	23
Editorial—John T. Becker, '12	28
College Notes—J. Becker, '12, M. Diaz, '12.....	29
Mosquitorettes—J. Becker, '12, M. Diaz, '12.....	32
Entertainments	37
Baseball—Dennis S. Moran, '11.....	44
Second Division Baseball—John B. Rives, '13.....	47
Junior Chat—Joseph P. Newsham, '12.....	50
Alumni	51
Passing Through the Mill (Lines).....	53



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THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XV., NO. 2

JULY, 1911

NEW SERIES—VOL. III., NO. 2

Entered as second-class matter, October 29, 1910, at the postoffice at Spring Hill, Alabama, under the Act of March 3, 1879

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

E. I. F.

Close by a tiny cot, where lay
In silken folds a newly born,
An angel stood with folded wings,
His features radiant as the morn.

Lo! as he gazed in rapture lost,
The baby's lips in smiles appear;
As though in sleep it conscious seemed
That God's bright angel hovered near.

"O lovely child I so spotless, pure,
As though angelic mould was thine;
Come thou with me," he whispered low,
"Let heaven be thy home and mine.

"Dull is this earth, its pleasures vain;
Each cry of joy but sadness brings,
The brightest day in darkness ends;
The world full well with sorrow sings.

"Oh! why upon thy brow so fair
Should sit the sickening weight of fears?
Oh! why from out those eyes of blue
Should flow the bitter drops of tears?

"No, no, sweet child, it must not be;
For one so chaste, unstained as thou,
Not earth but heaven is the place;
To earth we bid a farewell now.

"Let none then, child, within thy home
The pangs of grief or sorrow know;
Thy last hour must as welcome be
As was thy first on earth below.

"E'en mother's brow let cloudless be,
 And none to her sad tribute pay;
 For one so pure as thou, sweet babe,
 The last is life's most blissful day."

So saying, lo, from out its nest
 The precious soul he seized, and sped
 To God's bright mansions of the blest.
 Poor mother, weep—thy child is dead."

ANTICIPATING A GOOD TIME

B. RIOS FRANCO, '11

Homeward bound—what a magical phrase! To some men it means nothing: they will sail north, south, east or west with perfect equanimity. To me essentially, a "near-future graduate," it means everything.

I would not, nevertheless, have you suppose that I will not enjoy the trip. Why, just imagine (if not too great a task) a June morning at a very early hour, and a friend from Covington to see me off at one of the docks in New Orleans, before tumbling into a nest of excellent fellows. I can almost picture to myself how the little table in the saloon will be occupied.

Seven of us will sit together at meals and I'll fancy it to be the merriest table sailing. At the head will sit the chief officer, one of those modest fellows, famous among all those who go down to sea in ships as a first-class raconteur.

Facing him is a little Frenchman, sturdy, compact, about twenty-five

years of age, rather silent, but very observant, and always cheerful and courteous. To the right of our chairman is, of course, an American Jew, eastward bound in search of the precious metal. Next to the Jew sits a voluble German gentleman, of the kind who talk American with a German accent, and take a deep interest in literature, and are always well informed about every subject under the sun, and exceedingly generous with their information. I sit opposite the American Jew, my young English friend is on my left, and next to him is a very charming, but very retiring Scotch gentleman. You will be surprised if I tell you that the last-mentioned has crossed the Atlantic some sixty-five times. He is one of those whom you never see except at meals, and rarely hear him even then.

Among the new celebrities on board is the famous "Doc" Pinns, the wireless telegraph operator, who was the first

man to summon help in time of distress by means of his instrument. The German gentleman was telling me that he had been aboard the distressed ship at the time, and was kindly taking me to see Mr. Pinns in the operating room. He is a little fellow, very quiet, with a dash of the Polytechnic Institute about him. He works in a small state-room, placed amidships. The walls are decorated with pictures—a portrait of Signor Marconi, of course, and a pretty girl, with whom, for all I know, Mr. Pinns may be in love.

He was in touch with the Mauretania at the time of my visit. I asked him to speak with her—she was not much more than a couple of hundred of miles away—and he did so. I awaited the answer with considerable interest, but Mr. Pinns did not give it to me.

"He's very busy," he explained. "You see, he's the clearing ship at present. Let him do it. I've been forcing him with messages all morning, and he's got to work 'em off as well as a couple of hundred from other ships."

I led him on to tell me something about the experience that had made him famous.

"There wasn't much in it," said Mr. Pinns. "Any wireless operator could and would have done the same. I just kept on calling until I got an answer. The only thing was that I had to repair the instrument before I could call at all, and that took me a long time, because all the lights were out. I stayed on the ship with the Captain and some others. It was good to hear the

passengers who had been taken off give us a cheer as they went by. Yes, that sounded pretty good, that did."

The little Frenchman has a friend on the Mauretania and, both being of unlimited wealth, they chat with one another by wireless as we forge along.

"Sorry to see you're rocking so much," came the ironical message from the Mauretania.

"Very comfortable, thank you," replied the little Frenchman. "Won't you come over and have a drink?"

With such simple humor one while away a delightful voyage. Every afternoon the American Jew rides the electric horse in the gymnasium for an hour. Every night the German gentleman, who is on intimate terms with the whole ship, plays cards for a couple of hours and loses his money, while, of course, they can never get ahead of the Jew, who wins a pretty good share at every game. At night, before dinner, I go to the barber's shop for a shave. There is something most cheerful about a barber shop on board. This barber is a particularly agreeable person. He laughs with a splendid heartiness when I ask him if it is true that he has to put his customers in a rocking chair when ashore, before he can safely shave them.

"Bless your heart, I don't work when I'm ashore. That's just why this life suits me so well. I don't like working all the year round. One week at work and the next week idle—that's my way of going on. Tres bon. N'est ce pas?" he said, for he spoke five

other languages in addition to his native one.

Well, we have sighted Progresso. I have to keep it in sight and pack up at the same time.

* * *

We got to Progresso about 8:30 at night, but it was half an hour or more before we were allowed to land. One could not even get a glimpse of the tender. This was hard, since I had good reason to believe that a particular friend had come from Merida to meet me, and was at that moment pacing up and down by the side of the

great steamer. However, what matters that now? I am at home.

The first one I met as I stepped on the quay at Progresso was my friend. I shook his hand "à la Americaine." He was not in the least annoyed. My porter, by a curious chance, was a Frenchman. It seemed necessary to converse with him in his native tongue. This complicated the difficulties of getting through the customs, and I nearly lost the train.

I repeat, what matter these things now? I am at home, very happy, very tired. I intend to sleep for three days.

THE INVASION OF THE TROOPS

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

The year 1980 saw the fall of one of the mightiest kingdoms of the earth. Amidst the peals of war-thunder and hushed murmurs and 20-inch guns, the nations, having arrived at the highest pitch of nervous excitement and hatred against the English, arose.

For a hundred years Russia had sorely been tried. England would not allow her to enter into the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and so, finding no outlet to increase her power, and seeing her rapid, steady downfall, Russia secretly conspired. The Nihilists forgot their hatred for the Czar, and all the people, blended in unison of thought and action, began to stir themselves into proper activity.

On the other hand, Greece finally understood that her power was no longer

that of old and that she was entirely though indirectly ruled by Great Britain; she fell under the influence of a new Athenian orator named Melaita, who also stirred the boiling caldron of indignation.

A Brazilian warship had been fired upon whilst crossing the Suez Canal and proper satisfaction not having been given by England, Brazil prepared for the inevitable end. All South America was aroused to the highest pitch of hatred and Central America joined hands with the United States of Brazil.

All this time spies had been at work exciting the Egyptians, Sarawaks, Africans, Boers and Chinese, and so "Egypt for the Egyptians" became the hushed cry in the land of luxury and purple splendor. Seeing that, England began

to hug kindly to her vast bosom, the French estates of the Soudan, and the French joined the avenging league. India, too, arose from her lethargy under the trained hands of the French. Africa became seething with the enkindled embers of revolution. The Umjumbji tribe under their chief Twasata, together with the Boers and Arabians of the Sahara, awaited further orders. Germany now saw that she must also join the federation. The Emperor had little or no love for the English king, and so he signed the contract. Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Belgium all declared neutrality. America also remained neutral and China, which now was the most thickly populated country in the world, having one billion inhabitants now civilized, under the influence of Japan, remained neutral. This was the state of affairs at the time of my story, and England knew nothing absolutely of what was daily happening under her very nose, so well was the plot guarded.

It was a cold day in November when the ambassadors of all the nations which had joined the Avenging League met in an underground house under the Koenig Strasse in Berlin. Being chief messenger, and having charge of all secret communications, I attended the meeting. This congregation was for the purpose of ascertaining the worth of an invention of a German named Gaussel and a Japanese named Kito. The invention, which by the way was more of a discovery, consisted of a battleship 800 feet long. The body of the ship rose about 30 feet from the

water, the rest was entirely submerged. Huge 20-inch guns, thirty in number, crowded the decks, and they were built of a metal which had accidentally been discovered on San Magen Island in the Arctic seas past Iceland and the Arctic Circle. While performing some experiments on that island, Gaussel had discovered this metal. Harder than platinum, more rigid than steel, so that no 12-inch gun shell could penetrate seven inches of it, when polished it shone so bright that it blinded the eyesight. By filling the tanks with water, this vessel could be nearly entirely submerged, except four feet of it, which were daubed black. Two masts surmounted the stern and bow, which, being made of some substance akin to rubber would bend under the shock of a shell but never break. Moreover, its engines were run by petrol and could speed seventy miles an hour. On those towers were instruments which shot little shells filled with a substance which would ruin all vegetation and trees and was at the same time harmful to man. At day no ship could fire on it on account of the sun's reflection on the metal. Even dark smoked glasses would be penetrated, so blinding was the effect. Equipped with this, the ship was to be the wonder of the world and aeroplanes and airships could not harm it from above, and much less submarines, torpedoes or mines from below. In a word, it was the work of a genius.

We were all conducted to the ship and were so pleased at the invention that thirty ships were ordered at once and Gaussel and Kito with a band of

500,000 laborers retired to the island which was called Skalaski. In one year the ships, thirty in number, were completed. All armies had been trained, and America, China and Japan, together with the other countries which had remained neutral, had kept their promise of secrecy.

The men in the United Army amounted to 100,000,000, and submarines were 1,700 in number. Everything was ready and all waited for the word. The armies of the West were commanded by De Buchel, a German Baron, the warships by Poizaro, a Brazilian, the aeroplanes by Moissart, a Frenchman, the airships by Falonet LeBranc, also French, the army of the East by Count Mallakaroff, a Russian. Britain still knew nothing of the movement, and the success of our party was certain. Five hundred billion of bombs, full of that destructive chemical preparation, were prepared in Germany in one year. The metal of the San Magen Island known as Munitalp was brought to Germany and Russia.

* * * * *

On the 22nd of December of the year 1980 the German warship, under the pretext of a cruise, steamed out of Hamburg and passed the English shores, together with two new indestructible ships semi-submerged. The passing of the ships caused great excitement in England. I quote the news from the London Times:

GERMANY'S MARINE FORCE PASSES IN REVIEW.

Today the German navy of 172 ships passed Southampton for the Mediter-

anean. It is said that it will stop at Kingston, Jamaica and then go to Australia.

Ten days later all Europe and Great Britain learns of the invasion of Australia. Everyone ran hither and thither in an aimless fashion. All the world trembled under the shock. War was written in the atmosphere and at last the hour had come. The same day, before the English king had barely begun to realize the situation, India declared its freedom and Africa flashed the news under the water and over the air that the Republic of Africa, under Vonsen, a Boer, as dictator, had been established. At once ships were dispatched to the aid of the Australians, but were met at the Suez Canal by the Russians under Mallakaroff with two new ships and the entire English fleet of twenty-two magnificent monsters of the deep was sunk and every man perished.

Pandemonium broke loose in England at this news. King George the 9th trembled for his safety and a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships was stationed around the island and at the entrance of every harbor.

Ireland now saw that this was her chance to free herself, and so, under the King Eldrin the 2nd, Ireland became a kingdom. Scotland also revolted and, under Brian McGregor, became a monarchy, and together with Ireland, joined the federation. Soon, however, the fleet of airships of the federation overwhelmed the English aerial fleet and England turned to her navy for support.

Away on the horizon on February the 2nd, 1981, the fleet of the United Powers, numbering seven hundred and fifty vessels, appeared around the English shores.

The flag of truce was hoisted on the mast of Rear-Admiral Mallakaroff's flagship. The truce was accepted and the admiral went ashore to meet the king. Surrender on condition that they evacuate Egypt, Africa, India; give free access to all nations, Russia principally, to the Mediterranean and Black Seas; evacuate Ireland and Scotland and Australia, and keep Wales; that \$500,000,000 and the islands be turned over to the powers, and lastly, that in the future she would let Greece alone,—such were the terms.

The conditions were not accepted, and war was again declared. That night the bombardment started; eighteen of the newly invented ships, semi-submerged, went forward and began the fray. A wireless torpedo sunk one of our ships, the Brazil, the most powerful of the old ships. At this, Poizaro became furious. Standing on the deck of the new ship, the Nemedzia, he commanded that all ships of the new type should charge. The first gun of his flagship filled the air with death. Instantly the searchlights were turned upon us and instantly they were turned off, having seen that the light striking the ship's sides made it look like a living flame on the face of the waters. The gunboats went forward and torpedoes went sizzling under the water. The fight was now hot. The English were showing their bravery and skill. Soon,

however, 720 ships turned fire on the enemy. The air was sounding and resounding with gun thunder. Petrol smoke, together with a predominant fog, hung heavy in the atmosphere. It was all I could do to stand on tip-toes with wax in my ears.

The manoeuvre of the English soon became fatal to them. Five of their ships had been sunk and another five had taken their places. Little bombs called Kitga bombs were thrown. Our fleet advanced. The firing of our ships increased. And then followed a tremendous roar and a flash of blinding light. "Torpedoes," I murmured to myself, and seizing a spy glass searched the shores. One by one the enemy's ships went down. All this time we were travelling along the island and firing, the troop-ships following. Having an opening at Liverpool, the troop-ships, escorted by one new ship, semi-submerged, steamed at a slow rate towards the shore. The guns on the forts began firing, but our ship silenced them. At daybreak the troops landed and began their march, 100,000 men well armed. All the next day our ships fought and sunk many of the English. In a week the fight was over. The Kitga bombs had done the work. All animals had died and men became bothered with a coughing fit, in which they perished. One by one they disappeared and DeBuschel ordered the troops to throw the bodies into the sea. The troops then scoured the country, ravaging, plundering and seizing what they wanted. When we left England not one-tenth of the people were left,

both King and Queen, man and woman and child, were sent to India as exiles, and England was abandoned, totally plundered. We then proceeded to Wales and did the same, only that there everyone, with no exception, begging for mercy, for quarter, fell dead under shot and shell and Kitga bombs. Having plundered Wales we then sped forward to Spain and all the other countries which had remained neutral. None were spared. It was frightful to see the slaughter, and the waters of the sea turned red. Kitga bombs flew through the air night and day till finally Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Spain became as England and Wales. All the other countries were spared except Australia, and Belgium, which were devastated. Then we held a council of war at Berlin, only this time, amidst great processions and banquets. We went to the Emperor's palace and held a consultation there. It was at length decided to attack America, thereby becoming sole masters of the world.

Being an American, I left hastily for my country in an airship and rushed into the office of President McDaiman, a Southerner and a Democrat, who was my friend. I told them about their plans, how they were going to attack the Pacific side and also gave him an account of the destructive Kitga bombs and their indestructible warships. At this time Mexico had the best fleet on the Atlantic, except the United States and Brazil; and, moreover, Canada having become tributary to the United States by her own consent a few years before, we at once stuck together. First

of all, the Panama Canal was dammed in, then the next thing was to stop all foreigners from landing. The next measures were to build more war craft, and then the last question before the people was—the Kitga bombs. We appealed to the leading chemists of the country to analyze the Kitga (for I had brought one), and to make an antidote. Finally a German-American named Vitzer announced his success. It was tried and found excellent. A medical corps was instituted and everyone in the whole of America was injected and trees and shrubs set apart by the government for our maintenance were sprinkled with the antidote.

At the end of the year, in August, 1982, the fleet of the enemy appeared. Admiral Snavé was given command of the Pacific, with General Foster as chief commander of the Pacific land forces and barricades, Admiral Commingston of the Atlantic and Campeña of the Gulf fleet. Lieutenant Hill was given command of the Atlantic forces; and John Edward Carrington, statesman, was made dictator plenipotentiary for the time of war; whilst the President was commander of the army and admiral of the navy.

On August the 1st, 1982, the enemy began firing. They were answered by the guns on shore, until five of their ships went down. Glasses of a purple color were given our men, and the plan succeeded well. At night the searchlights were turned on the enemy's ships and shot after shot drove them back from shore.

Then started the Kitga bombs, the



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 Sitting: G. R. Broussard, Freshman G. L. Mayer, Junior J. T. Bauer, Senior Rev. C. D. Barland, S. J., V. Pres.
 U. H. Berthier, Superior J. J. Druhan, Sophomore Joseph P. Newsham, Intermediate

air was full of them. But they became harmless, for everyone was immune. On the night of the fourth the mine under the flagship of Poizaro exploded killing him, but did not endanger the ship, showing the solidity of the metal, munitalp.

A plot was now formed. We determined to steal upon them by submarines. The plot worked well. The night of the fifth saw the sinking of ten of the enemy's ships. But the next day we heard of the bombardment on the Atlantic. What were we to do?

Then came Vitzer, the man who saved his country. He had invented something more powerful than any explosive substance known. It was a liquid resembling sulphuric acid but floated on water like petrol. If set on fire it would eat up any metal, and he had tried it on munitalp, for I had been

careful enough to provide myself with some. On the night of the tenth we went down in diving costumes and, getting under the ships, emptied many cans of the oil, and running an electric fuse buoyed on a cork, we left, even though we were nearly seen. That night saw the destruction of their fleet. At one o'clock in the morning the roar of the deadly guns summoned them to watery graves. The oil had indeed eaten through the ships and every one had sunk. On the Atlantic side it was the same. The exact proportion had been distributed and it had succeeded.

The war had lasted one year. During that time many were the lives lost, but we showed to the world what in such a case a nation could do.

Thus ended the invasion of the troops.

UPPER TEN

JAMES D. MCINTYRE, '11

After four years of college life, Percy had finally secured his sheepskin, and, following in the footsteps of his many friends, he became a traveling salesman. We find him on his first journey standing beside a huge suit case in the little depot at Crosswitch, awaiting the arrival of the eastbound train.

After being told for the third time that the train was two hours late, he scrambled on a bench and was soon lost in peaceful dreams. How long he slept he could not very well tell, but

when he awoke he saw his train slowly pulling out, and it was only by a desperate effort that he managed to catch the rear car. Half asleep, he tugged up the aisle of the ready-made berths, bumping from side to side at every lurch of the rocking train, and only retaining his balance by the weight of the heavy suit case which he held firmly in one hand.

"Now for a good night's rest," he murmured, as he pulled out his ticket and glanced at the number of his berth. "Let's see—upper ten—well, here she

is," and he unfastened the curtain and, with a mighty strain, cast his suit case into the opening. Suddenly a head appeared at just about the same place where the suit case had disappeared, and its owner, with one hand holding his nose, inquired, "What in the thunder do you think you're doing?—I'm no umpire you're lynching, but if you spill another of those confounded trunks in here, I'll come down there and show you a punch Jeffries would have been proud of." With no more ceremonies he placed with a slam the suit case on Percy's head, and quietly rebuttoned his curtains.

At this stage of the affair the porter, who had heard the disturbance, came upon the scene, and after a heated argument finally persuaded Percy, who had exhausted all of his philosophy, that he was in the wrong car.

When Percy finally found himself settled in upper ten, he cast three or four cautious glances at the floor, and, seeing six feet between himself and the first landing, he decided not to go to sleep until he felt more secure. He remembered the numerous times he had fallen from his bed during his years at college, and the thought in no way relieved him. He tried to think of some way for preventing an unpmed-

itated descent, and decided at length to tie himself in by means of his shirt.

The next morning Percy awoke with a start, and upon glancing at his watch found that he had but half an hour in which to dress. Hurriedly he tried to untie his knots of the night before, but in vain. After calling, "Porter!" until everyone in the car threatened to put him out if he didn't keep quiet and push the button, he finally managed to attract that high official's attention. With a smiling face the porter set him free, and then asked, "What's the matter, boss; think you was gwine to tumble?"

Percy then started to dress and was about to call it a great success, when he found that one of his shoes was missing. Going to every berth in turn, he poked his head in and asked: "Seen my shoe, Mister?" He was usually invited to a rather hot climate, or had to dodge a fist or two. Finally Percy came to the last berth, and sticking his head in asked: "Seen my shoe, Mister?" "No," replied Pat, "have you seen mine?" As Percy was forced to answer in the negative, Pat produced a pair of number nines from his satchel, and, after surveying them at arm's length, with a critical eye, said, "Now, let's see yours."

FROM SUNLIGHT TO MOONLIGHT

A REVERIE.

A. C. M.

How wondrous to behold,
 When daylight wanes,
 The changing of the gold,
 As darkness gains —
 To see the syren cloud,
 In bold display,
 Luring with silver light
 Into his death and shroud,
 Into the dismal night,
 The gorgeous dying Monarch of the Day!

Gold, silver, grey, and then a darksome thing ---
 Thus sinks beneath the wave the great Day's King.
 Behind the hills of palm and elm and pine
 They lay his corse beneath the western brine.

Yet the more lightsome, gentle, bright and soft,
 Breaks his fair sister on the mount aloft.
 The sweet moon shines as ne'er before she shone,
 Like some loved memory of the day that's gone -----
 Only a reflection of her Brother's light,
 And yet, for all, Consoler of the Night.

Sweet Moon, God bless thee! Hail, thou memory tender
 Of Suns we saw when youth was in its splendor!
 Thou virgin mirror of the days of grace,
 The Sun's pure smile is mirrored in thy face!

Thus, when the light and peace and calm have fled,
 And days of joy are darkened as the dead,
 Thou risest o'er the care,
 And o'er the pains,
 The wear
 And doles
 Of souls
 In chains, —
 Thou risest like a memory calm, to fill
 The rising passion with thy "Peace be still".

And with Thee, Memories of the Suns gone by
 Break calmly, gently, softly from on high,
 Strike on the soul with faith that says to mountains,
 "Begone ye, to the sea!"
 Touches the hard heart's rock, until the fountains
 Gush forth eternally---

Only reflections, true,
 Of when the sky was blue.
 Yet more than mere reflections—hours that are given
 To lure us on the rugged way to heaven,
 Yea, bright enough,
 Delight enough,
 To keep us from the shadows of the Shoal
 That often wreck the night-enveloped soul!

MOTHER

F. A. MEYER, '12

"Mother!" you said,
 "Well, dear, what is it?" she answered.
 "Did you say that first letter was A?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the next B? Then comes G?"

"No, dear, not G but C."

You sat on your mother's lap. The wolf-wind howled at the door and you shuddered, cuddling down in your mother's arms. The wilder the wolf-wind the softer was the lamp-light. The story book lay on your lap and mother was reading from it; perhaps she had read the sad little tale fifty times before,—her face grave, her voice low and tragic, while you listened with bated breath:

Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," said the Sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,—
 I killed Cock Robin."

It was the first murder you had ever heard about and it seemed to you quite a hideous spectacle,—a beautiful, warm red-breast pierced by that fatal dart, a poor, soft little birdie dead, by the assassin's hand. A lump arose in your throat. A tear rose in your eye,—two, three tears. They rolled down your cheek.

"P—poor Cock Robin!"

"There, there, dear, don't cry!"

"But, M-oother—the sparrow—he k-killed him."

Alas, yes. The sparrow had killed him, for the book said so. "And,

mother, what did they do to the wick-
ed sparrow; did they hang him?"

"No, dear, they didn't hang him, be-
cause he flew too high and they
couldn't catch him."

* * *

Then mother took you into the gar-
den and laid you in the large swing
grandfather had built for you, and you
were there swaying to and fro in the
shadows; and the shadows swayed to
and fro in the gale; and to and fro
your thoughts swayed in your dream-
ing.

The wind sang in the apple boughs,
the flowering branches filled and bent,
and all about you were the tossing,
shimmering grasses, and all above you
birds singing and fluttering in the sky.
And so you swayed to and fro till you
were the little sailor in a blue suit,
sailing the blue sea.

The wind sang in the rigging. The
white sails filled and bent. Your ship
scudded through the tossing, shimmer-
ing foam. Gulls screamed and circled
in the sky—and so you sailed and sail-
ed, with the sea-breeze in your eurls.

The ship anchored. The swing
stopped. You were only a little boy.

"Mother," you said, softly, for your
voice was drowsy with your dream.

She did not hear you. She sat there
in the arbor seat, smiling at you, her
hands idle, her sewing slipping from
her knees.

You did not know it then, but you
do now,—that to see the most beauti-
ful woman in the world you must be
her little boy.

There in her garden, in her lap, with
her arms around you, and her cheeks
between your hands, you gazed, won-
dering, into the blue fondness of her
eyes. You saw her lips, forever smil-
ing at you, forever seeking your own.
You heard her voice, sweet with love-
words:

"My dearest?"

"Yes."

"My darling?"

"Yes."

"My own little boy?"

And then her arms crushing you to
her breast and then her lips; and then
her voice again:

"Once in this very garden, in this
very seat, mother sat dreaming of
you."

"Of me, mother?"

"Of you. Here in the garden, with
that very bush there red with blos-
soms, and the birds singing in those
very trees. She dreamed that you were
a little baby, warm and soft in her
arms,—and while the wind sang to the
flowers, mother sang you a lullaby, and
you stretched out your hands to her
and smiled; and then—oh, darling!"

"But it was only a dream, mother!"

"It was only a dream—yes,—but it
came true on a night in July, the first
of July it was—"

"My birthday, mother?"

"Your birthday, dear!"

"Oh, mother," you exclaimed
breathlessly, "what a beautiful
dream!"

TO SUMMER

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12

The clanging hoof, the echoing horn
Are gone, Sweet Summer
And the robber bold who struck the trees
And killed the flowers, and chilled the breeze
Is dead, Sweet Summer!

The merry bells, the winter's snow
Died soon, Sweet Summer
And your foul Ixion, with his spade,
Who buried the leaves and played and stayed
Is dead, Sweet Summer!

But elfin Spring, with tender hands
Was born, Sweet Summer!
And from your tomb, the winter's snow,
She nursed you, made the warm breeze blow,
Sweet Summer!

And now in chorus grand and true
The birds, the flowers, the dales, the hills,
The exiled fish, the running rills,
The martial pine, the gallant oak,
(Which from King Winter shook the yoke)
The creeping vines, magnolias fair,
Which fill with perfume sweet the air,
All welcome you!

And so, dear Summer, young and sweet,
Though sneaking snakes may prowl around,
Leaving the damp and filthy ground,
Though warm the days, and hot the sun,
In happiness the rivers run.
The buzzing bees with drumming noise,
The singing birds add to our joys,
And so we greet, Sweet summer greet!

So Year's proud daughter, tarry here
 With sprightly step, walk with the breeze;
 Send fair flowers, charm the trees
 That sweet, strange music fill the air;
 That birds may sing sweet songs as rare
 As Orpheus' harp, and Gabriel's prayer,
 And mortal thoughts to God may rise
 That this earth be a paradise,
 Sweet Summer!

Ye Women Make Fools of Us All

JOHN T. BECKER, '12

Yes, fellows, I must 'fess up. I did once think I had a calling to the foot-lights. I could see myself the shining star of the theatrical constellation, but always at my zenith, never rising or setting. I realized, however, that I would have to do something before I could begin to rise; then I would have to do lots more before I would reach that high station at which I always appeared in my dreams, when drinking wine with Julia Marlowe or eating spaghetti with Caruso. The first cost me \$500, but I do not regret it; the second I never tried, for I had set even before I began to rise, and now I know that I am not cut out to climb the stairs of fame with the applause of the populace for a booster.

It would not be of interest for me to tell why I took a fancy to the stage, neither would it be at all enjoyable, for a fellow never likes to go to the bottom of facts, especially when the contrariness of a dainty miss is the cause of his foolish step; sometimes drink, sometimes carbolic acid, but in

my particular case the stage. She held one side of an argument, I the other, and so we fussed. I did not think there was any chance of mending matters, so I became a little sore on the world and, just for spite, thought I would force myself upon the unsuspecting public.

With \$500, (our bungalow fund), a ticket to Shreveport, a suit case full of race-horse clothes and lots of ambition and high hopes, I left my peaceful little abode and caught the train.

In Shreveport I signed at the best hotel, played society rather promiscuously and consequently reduced my roll of currency in no small degree. After knocking about for a few days I spoke to a moving picture king and got all the necessary dope. Houston, Texas, was the place to try out, make good and get on the circuit which includes all the summer vaudeville houses in the South, with a salary of \$75,—perhaps,—for a starter.

I was thinking of going on as a black-face comedian; but never had anything

more substantial than the thought, until one day I saw a display of blankets at reduced prices in a window. Then the idea struck me. I bought the classiest pair in the window; had a tailor to make me a suit; wide pants and all that,—some sporty? Then I laid in a supply of make-up; left Shreveport for Mineral Wells, Texas, to rest up and compose my act. Roll of bills, dwindling, dwindling! dwindling!

The Wells was a rather fashionable resort; it cost me a little to keep in the swim, but I was game to the core,—as long as I lasted. Finally, I got together a rather good monologue. I thought it was great; consisting of several big hits I had heard. Beneath the spreading pines I did my rehearsing. Then when all was ready I departed for Houston to make good, leaving behind some memories of summer flirtations and a proportional amount of cash. The theatrical man at Houston was already acquainted with my intentions through letters; so when I arrived in the city, after putting up at a swell hotel, I called on the gentleman and was commanded to be around the next morning for trial. I was there.

It took me just two hours to get myself made up; then I came out on the stage, expecting to be met with a round of applause, but, alas, my disappointment! Nothing but empty benches—only one was occupied. The manager sat in a rear seat, almost as jolly looking as a sphinx. With a little nervousness I went through my act. At the real funny parts I paused, expecting applause, but never a smile or a clap

came from my solitary audience. His only move was a slight adjustment of his curly, upturned moustache. When I finished I felt like I had lost everything in the world. I do not know why, but I realized that I had failed and it was by no means a pleasant sensation. The man seemed to pity me, for he was very kind, gently giving me to understand that my true vocation was not on the stage. I guess if he had told me what he really thought I could have had him arrested. Well, that night I went out to drown my sorrow. Success crowned this effort at least, for the next morning I woke up in my hotel feeling like a snowbird in a hot-box, absolutely broke, away from friends, with nothing pawnable except an old watch. The Hebrew, even after I had argued with him for fifteen minutes, declared: "I couldn't give my mother more than \$2.85 for it." It was robbery, of course, but I let it go at that, had a good meal, and then sent a collect message back home to a pal of mine for aid. There was nothing else to do, so I shut myself in my room to await developments. It would not do for me to tell of the thoughts that occupied my mind during that wait. A soliloquy on the bitterness of the world in general and the cruelty of one of Eve's daughters in particular, was about the most I accomplished. About nine o'clock came a rap on the door; I thought a big cop would obey my faltering command of "Come in." But he did not. It was only a messenger boy with two envelopes. The first was from my friend. It read: "Have wired



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you credit at hotel; best wishes." The other was from—well, I won't say who, for she does not use that name any more and you would not know her. It read: "Come back and see our moon. I was wrong." I told you she was contrary and she afterwards said that she would never have given in, but she was afraid that I was going to be murdered when Jack told her that I was in Texas.

I won't tell you all that happened in the next few days, for it would sound like the same old story where "They

all live happy forever after." This, however, you may know: my stage career ended short, for that very night my blanket suit was the property of a proud porter and I was speeding homeward to see—the moon, of course.

And now every time I want her to be particularly good to me I remind her of the time when she almost made me throw my life away just because she persisted in saying that a girl had a right to break an engagement whenever she so wished, and tried to prove it by practicing on me.

VACATION

J. P. NEWSHAM, '12

There is no theme, perhaps, about which so much has been written than the subject I have chosen for a brief essay. The [daily] papers, magazines and periodicals are full of it; clever advertisements abound; attractive trips are offered without end; pleasing prospects are held out to tired business men of cool country lanes, pure air, tall pines, green meadows, ripening orchards, limpid brooks abounding in trout just ready for the bait; in fact, every rural joy imaginable is pictured in the most vivid colors. Of course none of the drawbacks, such as dullness, the loss of modern conveniences, etc., is brought forth in the least; they are relegated to the background.

On the other hand, the lure of the great cities, teeming with life, holds forth in attraction fully as great for a man who has always lived in the coun-

try. Nor are their disadvantages any the less obscured. No mention is made of the fact that the temperature in large cities is, as a rule during the summer months, above 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The smoke and dust and bustle and confusion are hidden beneath a rosy cloud of expectations.

Again we Americans are under great pressure to go abroad while summer holds the reins of the seasons. To cross the weltering wave, to brave the perils of the deep, to stand where Napoleon and Wellington and Hannibal stood, to visit the hallowed spots of ancient and modern history, to scale the lofty monarch of the Alps, Mont Blanc, or to gaze into the fierce caldron of Vesuvius—surely these are desires natural to the heart of man. Grand as all these may be in many cases, the expectation exceeds the realization.

It is true that one does not have to go far from our own United States to have all his sight-seeing desires satisfied. The solemn grandeur of Niagara, forever rolling in impotent rage over the falls, only to dash on the rocks beneath; the awe-inspiring geysers of the Yellowstone National Park, shooting thousands of feet up into the air, mid brilliant colored lights; the snow-crowned summits of the Rockies, clothed in eternal mist; the fair cities of the plain; the rushing rivers—all these afford splendid opportunities for enjoyment, as well as benefit.

My ideal of a vacation is one spent in some way that offers all the advantages of city and country life without any of the drawbacks. Suburban life

seems about the nearest attainment to this ideal, but such is not always the case.

I love travel, but I hate a rush. This may seem a paradox, but it is undoubtedly true that all the joys of traveling can be had by leisurely excursions.

Above all, we should endeavor to make our vacations as fruitful as possible. Good books are excellent companions for the long, hot day hours. We must strive ever to do good before God and man, nor is vacation a time for laxity in morals. Our conscience must ever be the beacon light to lead us on through every situation in life.

DEATH WORSE THAN DEATH

RANDOLPH A. QUERBES, '14

No man was held in higher esteem in the community than Judge Benton. For term after term he had been elected, unopposed, to the office of criminal judge, and such was his reputation for integrity and impartiality that even the unfortunate wretches on whom he passed sentence, as required by law, bore him no malice.

Seated one afternoon in his study, after a heavy morning's work in court, the judge was leisurely going over his mail, dropping much of it into the waste-basket and carefully noting the contents of the rest. Of a sudden he turned pale and rose from his seat in astonishment. The cause of his ex-

citement lay in an ill-written letter in an evidently disguised hand. The letter read:

"Judge—On the first of this month you sentenced to death Dick Salmon, an innocent man. You have so many friends in this district that we know we will not be able to put a stop to your prosperous career, but if you do not move creation to obtain Dick's pardon from the governor, be prepared to suffer a death worse than death. We will bide our time."

There was no signature, but a dagger, clutched in a blood-red hand. Judge Benton slowly read the letter over again. Of the guilt of Salmon he

had not the slightest doubt, but he knew, too, the power and vindictiveness of the Red Hand band, for in the section of the country where he lived many atrocious crimes had been charged up to their account, though who they were and how they accomplished their nefarious deeds had never been made manifest. Turning these thoughts over in his mind, the judge felt that he was dangerously near yielding to the demand, but in a few moments duty and honor triumphed and, walking to the fireplace, he resolutely consigned the letter to the flames. The red tongues of fire seemed to leap up and greedily devour the evidence of the just judge's momentary dalliance with temptation.

Gazing into the ashes a world of thoughts crowded into his mind.

"What can be death worse than death? The loss of my position, my wealth, my friends? But I would willingly lose all these sooner than my life or my honor."

Just then the bell clanged out from the tower of St. John's College, almost across the street, and when in a few minutes the light-hearted voices of the lads released from their studies fell upon his ears, a new train of thoughts began to course through Judge Benton's mind. As he gazed out the window he saw one boy in that happy group,—his boy.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, half aloud, "can it be that the scoundrels mean to rob me of my brightest jewel? That would be death indeed, and worse than death!"

The thought was so overpowering that, turning away from the window, the stern judge sank into a chair at his desk and gave way to tears of unrestrained grief. Within a month Dick Salmon died on the scaffold.

* * *

A year has passed and the scene has shifted to Greenhill college, many miles away. There is a boy on the playground who attracts one's attention. He seems to be about thirteen years old, yet large for his age. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, with finely moulded features, he is yet not a boy to whom his fellows could attach the opprobrious epithet of "sissy," for he held the reputation of being the best all round athlete for his years in the school. Of course he is none other than Judge Benton's son, else he would not figure here.

As the months passed, the awful dread of unknown terrors gradually passed from the judge's mind, yet for safety's sake he thought it wise to send his boy to school far away from home.

One day in November Harry Benton was strolling alone through the woods around the college. During the winter months one of the favorite pastimes of the younger boys was squirrel trapping. A youngster would steal away in the evening and hide his traps in some "good" trees, known to him alone and anxiously await the results next morning. Harry had set all his traps save one, which he reserved for a fine tree some distance southeast of the lake. Arriving at the foot of a wide-

spreading oak he took off his coat to scramble up the branches. At that moment a rough-looking man stepped out from behind the trunk of the tree and caught him rudely by the shoulder. Amazed and terrified, Harry sprang back and, seeing the nature of his assailant, cried out with all the strength of his soul and body, "How dare you!" Without a word the ruffian dealt him a savage blow on the head with a club, and the boy sank to the ground.

On awakening he found himself in bed in a small, dirty room, with a dilapidated wash-stand and a broken chair for furniture. But he was neither surprised nor troubled; he did not remember or care how he came to be in that room; the past was completely blotted out from his memory. A man came into the room and gave him some water. Sitting up in bed, Harry began to ask some incoherent questions about himself and his surroundings. After giving a few evasive answers the man soon found that the boy's mind was an absolute blank as regarded the past. The Red Hand had bided its time.

* * *

A decade of years sped swiftly by for Harry, but on leaden feet for his

grief-stricken father. In vain had he and his friends striven with might and main to discover some trace of the lost boy. He had disappeared as completely as if he had never existed. Judge Benton was still on the bench, grown old more through care than age. He was still the same upright judge and all the more beloved because of the great grief that had cast its shadow across his life. One day in the regular course of his work he called a case similar to that one that had blotted out all happiness from his life. Before him stood a prisoner, charged with murder, a villanous-looking, deformed man of seemingly thirty-five years. On his countenance were stamped all the marks of vice and insanity. One searching look into the criminal's face revealed the awful truth. With a wild cry the judge threw his arms around the wretched man and sobbed out: "My boy! My Harry!" But the creature drew back from him and sneered: "Don't get to blubbering over me, you old fool!" With one last look at his boy the heart-broken old man lifted up his hands and cried: "God pity me! This is death worse than death!" then fell to the floor, dead.

A EULOGY ON COLUMBUS JANNIN MEMORIAL MEDAL

DENNIS S. MORAN, '11

In great crises, which affect either the world at large or certain countries in particular, the Omnipotent God, who holds in His hands the destinies of nations and watches over them with paternal care, creates souls to combat and overcome the colossal difficulties which arise. There have always been men who seemed to hold within them this spark of divinity, whose whole lives, with all their aims and purposes, seemed directed by one dominant thought—that they were the elect of God for the accomplishment of some great design; men who were the possessors of those great ideas which have ruled the world as far back into the dim recesses of the ages past as history and oral tradition penetrate. In the latter part of the middle ages, when a new horizon seemed to spread before the eyes of an awakened Europe, but at a time also when the swarthy, vengeful pirates of Mohammed's breed still hung a lowering cloud over the Mediterranean, threatening the venturesome sons of commerce and enterprise, there arose the man, who was to open the gates to prosperity, closed tight against Europe for over a decade of centuries. That man was none other than the gallant Genoese geographer, that peerless knight of the Cross, that herald of God to new continents and newer peoples, the courageous, the constant, the Christ-like Christopher Columbus.

This venturesome spirit, whom history depicts as one man amongst many, valorous where all are brave, unswerving in trust where all are true, had a singularly varied career, alternately glorious and pathetic. Not much is known of his early life, and indeed so obscure he seemed to be that even the date of his birth has not been fully determined. Yet from obscurity he rose, as the little acorn spreads into the giant oak, and became the greatest man of his age, the cynosure of the eyes of the world, and a mighty pillar in the architecture of mankind.

His youth was spent at sea, making many voyages with his countrymen, the Genoese sailors, the most daring and enterprising of all those traffickers on the pathless deep, whose annals still stand for the amusement, the edification, and the instruction of succeeding generations. As Columbus grew older this passion for a life on the sea grew stronger, and while voyaging near the unexplored waters of Africa, the ambition to become an explorer himself and carry out his own pet theory of going west for land took possession of his mind. This bold plan Columbus at length followed out with a courage and strength of will which no obstacles or difficulties could affright or enfeeble. Chill ingratitude may stalk abroad, distrust be rampant, greed for gold and jealousy work their worst, but our hero

though tried in the balance, is never found wanting,—modest and faithful when honors crowd thick upon him, calm in danger, strong amid titanic hardships, patient against all the heartache and the pain that grim destiny with strange relentlessness had planned for him. His dismal wanderings from land to land seeking recognition, form the first of the pathetic periods of his career, compensated for in some degree by the great honors and generous emoluments granted him after his first voyage. But then again he looms up before us as a man deprived of what was his by every title that justice and gratitude could establish.

No long line of illustrious progenitors was his. Columbus was born of poor parents some time near the middle of the fifteenth century. This great man, whose life forms the binding tie between the old world and the new, early showed his vocation to be that of a rover of the deep. Even then, as during the whole of his after life, the undaunted spirit of this wonderful man shone out refulgent because of his many great and noble qualities. The natural genius of the explorer, combined with a strong determination and confidence in himself, was what won for him his lofty niche in the annals of renown.

Undismayed at the refusals to hear his plans by the courts of Portugal and Genoa, Columbus set out to find a place where he would receive favorable audience. He disclosed his theories, his hopes and dreams to Ferdinand, when that great monarch was under

the very walls of Grenada, expending the noblest and the best that Castile and Aragon could put forth, in a last Herculean effort to drive the treacherous Moor forever from the fair provinces of Catholic Spain. Little wonder then that, while the issue of that terrible struggle was still in doubt, Columbus' plans seemed to the anxious king visionary, impossible of realization, nay, even chimerical. Our wanderer was about to leave the peninsula when one day, as he stopped at La Rabida to obtain food for his beloved child Fernando and himself, the favorable impression which he made on the abbot, Father Juan Perez, entirely changed his prospects. The abbot, relying on assurances which he received from certain ecclesiastical advisers to the court, felt certain that the help which the king, burdened as he was by the expense and cares of a great war, had hesitated to give, would be afforded by the generous and high-minded Queen Isabella. It was a glorious harbinger of the position which womankind was to hold in this land of ours that the only person who seemed fully to understand the majestic scope of his plans and the invincible quality of his genius was the able and gracious Queen of Castile.. Isabella alone of all the illustrious personages of that era shares with Columbus the honors of his great achievement. She placed the resources of her kingdom, nay, even her personal fortune, at the disposal of this mystic mariner, and four centuries of devoted and liberty loving generations pay a

just tribute to her surpassing wisdom and generous faith. Columbus stated his theories clearly, and having proved to his royal auditors the very probable fact of land being found by sailing west, an expedition was at last fitted out.

We may ask here, and not without reason, what underlying, heart-hidden, impelling force was there that could have availed to support our adventurer during so many years of disappointment and poverty? What was it that steeled his heart, which after all was only human, to that venture upon an unknown main, which, according to the wild superstitions of sea-faring folk, was peopled with demon forms and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there seemed not even the remotest possibility of a safe return? For answer we must let our thoughts wander far into eternity to regard the designs of the Eternal One, whose Divine economy as depicted in the magic pages of history, seems ever to have been to force the progress of the Cross continually westward. Columbus' over-mastering idea was that he was commissioned by highest Heaven, both by his name, and by divine command, to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples. The Cross of Calvary, and its eternal sacrifice must supplant the human sacrifice of Aztec, Arawak, and Carib. Columbus never ceases, during the many vicissitudes of his career, to bear about him the brilliance of this supernatural destiny, it surrounds him like a halo, arms him with the faith of

the predestined and keeps him ever consistent with the dignity of his mission. The melodramatic would forthwith depict him as a doughty admiral, quelling a mutiny on the high seas or going down to his grave in penury, unknown, unlettered and unsung. But exact science finds no place for such vagaries, and we must brand them as legends, "false creations proceeding from the heat oppressed brain." True, they might serve to excite our pity, but the eternally famous discoverer of a hemisphere stands not in need of the pratings of such sentimentalists; his career in its every aspect is dignified; every least phase has an element of the sublime; the life of Columbus is a veritable epic.

All preparations for his voyage having been made, the admiral and his valiant crew fortified themselves with the life-giving food of the sacraments. With their Eucharistic King still dwelling in their breasts, and the blessing of God's holy ministers still sounding in their ears, they set sail on their eventful trip, the third of August, fourteen hundred and ninety-two, reaching the Occident on October the twelfth of the same year. I will not try to picture to you the sublime joy felt by Columbus on attaining the culmination of his desires; it would be a task as well nigh impossible as depicting the joys of Heaven. Alexander gloried in the conquest of the then known world; Caesar, in forcing back the confines of the Roman Empire to the British Isles; Napoleon, in seeing his sabres flash beneath the frown of

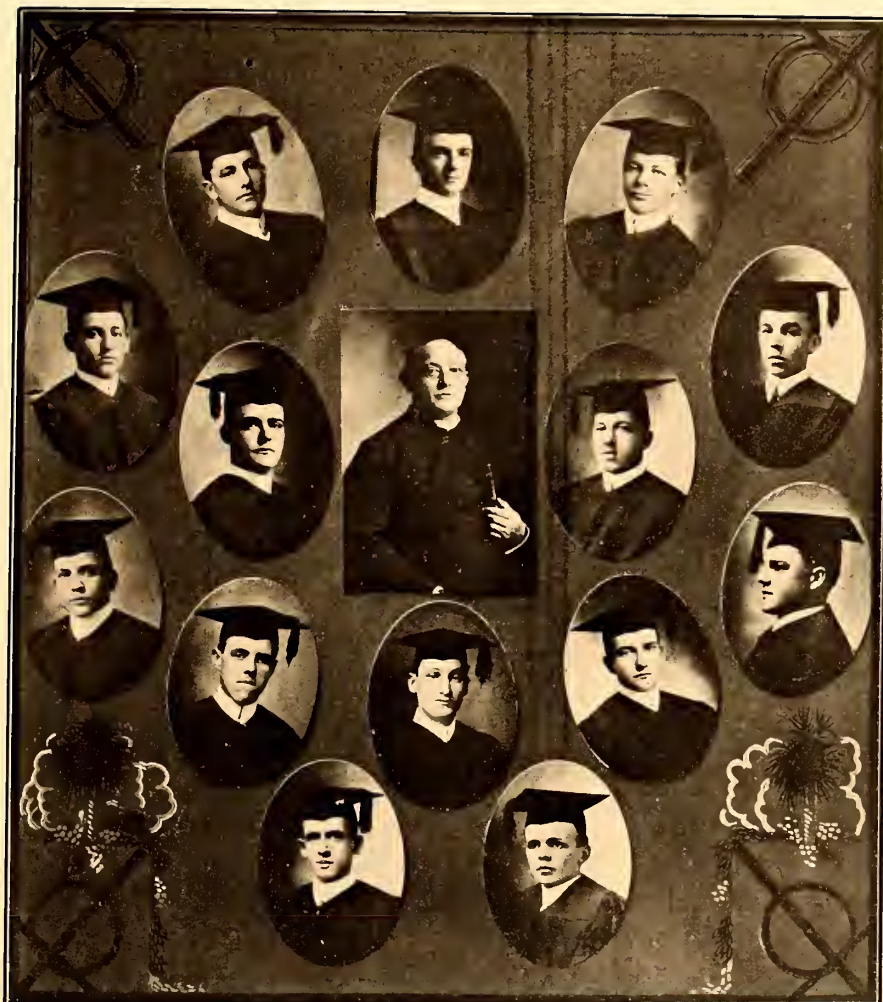
the immortal Sphinx, but what tongue can tell the exultation that filled the heart of Columbus, when, at the command of his genius, there stood revealed a new world.

However, no man while on this earth can attain full and perfect happiness. Columbus was no exception. Both his spirit and courage were sorely tried on this trip, as was the case on his subsequent expeditions. Impatient, timorous crews had to be tactfully controlled. The aborigines were to be made friends. But then, after having gained the renown due him for discovering new lands, and receiving the admiralship and the dignity of viceroy in the new continent, enemies, envious of his position and good fortune, made false charges against him which he had to refute. This he did in clear and convincing terms, vindicating himself from the calumnies directed against him. Yet so insidious were the charges that he lost the high places he had held, and although he did not regain the offices he so much desired, yet his good name has been kept fair and fresh to all readers of his truly wonderful life.

The generation in which a man lives seldom understands the really great man. We live for today, he lives for a day after today. The very simplicity of the master thought of a genius enables him to pierce the veil between time and a succeeding eternity, thus he builds in futurity the monument which too frequently his own day and generation denies him. Columbus, we here of every clime and country hail thee,

discoverer, dreamer mayhap, apostle ever. With a retrospect that now lengthens on toward the fifth hundredth year, we can appreciate in some slight degree the vastness of the horizon which bounds thy vision, the infinite scope of thy genius. A paean of gratitude and praise wells up from myriads of hearts to celebrate thy triumph of intellect and faith. Nor marble nor brass can fitly form thy statue. Continents are thy monuments; unnumbered because numberless are the millions present and to come who rise before our enchanted imagination to show what progress has been made by the great world since thy day, what new highways have been opened to an ever advancing civilization, what vast conquests achieved for God's greater glory and the advancement and triumph of His church.

What attracts the work-a-day man in Columbus is the fact that he himself was so much a man fundamentally even as they are. Though to some extent a visionary, an idealist, the things he did were real things; he was a practical genius, yet neither the practical nor the dreamer in him could obliterate what was so intensely human. He never lost the gift of loveliness, and like good wine, he grew mellow with age. With his life he was far from being miserly; he used it all in the discharge of duty, thus he became one of the foremost agents of God's great purpose for the unification of the race. How perfectly Columbus embodied this plan of the union of old and new may easily be



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judged from the fact that as life's sun was slowly sinking to the night of death, he yearned to use his every power and all his material resources in a mighty effort to reconquer the Holy Sepulchre.

That the whole tenor of the discoverer's life was deeply religious not even the most casual readers of his biography can reasonably doubt. With men of meaner caliber much service on the sea and converse with rough seafaring men beget a reckless disregard of danger, and a certain grossness of manner which readily distinguish them from those who pursue the less turbulent occupations of their land-abiding brothers. The sailor's mind usually teems with the most trivial fancies and superstitions. Every little circumstance is magnified into a portent. Columbus seems to have had a mind far removed from the great bulk of men when "went down to the sea in ships," in respect to such childish imaginings. Close communion with nature on the vast solitude of the deep had given his mind a lofty tone and raised his soul

to a deep inward appreciation of the greatness of nature's God. Long years of contact with the symphony of sea and sky, the mute language of the innumerable stars that shine and twinkle in the eternal firmament above had attuned his soul to harmony with the sublimity of God's universe. This it was that gave almost a prophetic tinge to his day dreams and elevated and purified his great soul.

Magnanimous of heart, Columbus followed out the golden rule of life, treating his enemies feelingly, nay, even with kindness, instead of using the vulgar expedient of personal revenge in the every day life of men of lower ideals. The great virtues of meekness and resignation to the will of God practiced by Columbus during his life were brought out in a striking and forcible manner when on his death-bed and with his latest breath, this "Christ-bearer, world-revealer" uttered the words first spoken by his great Exemplar: "Father, into Thy Hands I commend my spirit."

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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EDITORIAL

A Word to Our It is not here our
Graduates. aim to bring tears to
 the eyes of our boys
 who are about to

bid their last farewell to Alma Mater, by reminding them that their happiest days have been spent and they must now enter on the serious path of life to prove themselves worthy of the Purple and White; neither do we wish to so far strain the situation as to remind them of all they are leaving, as a sweet girl graduate once did in a sobbing voice when she said: "For the past few years every brick in these buildings has held its magic charm," because we believe that there are other bricks just as charming if viewed from the proper angle. Everybody in general knows that with the end of college life serious work begins; it follows in the natural order of events. It is

also a known fact that Spring Hill boys prove true blue after the instructions at Alma Mater. We only wish to say a hearty "Good-bye!" to our friends and wish them all possible success in their future calling.

From the common opinion one is led to think that a boy on receiving his sheep-skin is standing on the verge of a deep precipice, behind him all the good in the world, in front nothing but wickedness, sorrow and sin, with no chance except to leap in and become as his surroundings, whilst in reality he is only turning a sharp corner in the road of life where the highway of right-living is just a bit more narrow, yet still thick with blessings for those who seek; leaving behind many happy recollections of boyhood, 'tis true, but facing the goal of achievement, the road to which is always a little rough

and along which we are all destined to travel. But what of that? Nothing worth while comes without struggle, and we have just that confidence in the Seniors of '11 to believe them capable of fighting a good fight, not to die, but to conquer.

Whatever be your pursuit in life when you join the noble order of bread-winners—be leaders. Men are educated to lead, not to follow. Stick to that good old motto: "Whatever row you hoe, hoe it clean." And Spring Hill will ever be proud to call you her sons.

Then, too, graduating seems to call for a good many tears, broken hearts, etc. To our minds this also is a wrong impression. Nobody is about to take a long trip to parts unknown, or any-

thing quite so exciting. We are all going to stay right here in the good old U. S. A.; and there are many chances, for the world itself is not so large, that we shall see each other a few times again before the end.

If you cannot get around to see us as often as you would like, or if your duty calls you to a far land, remember that **The Springhillian** keeps you posted on the doings of your boyhood friends and brings you back to the scenes of your youth. We are always glad to hear from OLD BOYS.

In parting we could say with Brutus: "If we do not meet again, why we shall smile,
If not, why then this parting were well made."

JOHN T. BECKER, '12.

COLLEGE NOTES

J. BECKER, '12 M. DIAZ, '12

"A Close Shave" was the title of the one-act comedy presented by the Portier Literary Society on April 17th. Scene: A Tonsorial Parlor. Time: The Present, said the program, and so responded the stage setting. It was really an up-to-date barber shop, fully equipped. The whole thing was a marked success, due to the good acting of the troupe; but apart from that, the bravery of Leche and Black commands our admiration, for these were the two who got the close shave,—and Moran and Becker were the barbers; the former, an Irishman, the latter, a gen-

tleman of color. D'Aquin very nobly stood the test of being a barber in love with a rich girl; while Martel help up one end of a very laughable contrast, a hypochondriac in a barber shop.

Prof. Tinsman, our esteemed gym instructor, departed for his home in Pennsylvania when the weather became too warm for hard practice. The Professor is an all-round good fellow, and at Spring Hill he leaves behind nothing but warm friends who wish him a pleasant vacation and hope that, when the call for volunteers for grid-

iron honors is sounded in the fall, he will be with us again to lend his very helpful service.

The College Band has been rather in demand this season. The improvement made in music is wonderful, and it is not surprising that the practice which the members have gone through has developed them to such an extent that the Spring Hill Band has a reputation of no small degree for good and suitable music for all occasions.

Lecture.—On Wednesday, May 17th, the faculty and students were given a rare treat by Rev. J. J. Whelan, of St. Agnes Church, Brooklyn, who pleased us with a most interesting lecture on The Passion Play of Oberammergau, accompanied by some very beautiful views of the village and scenes from the play. The lecture, of its very nature instructive, was rendered more so by the clearness in describing details and the pleasing delivery of the speaker. Fr. Whelan has twice visited Oberammergau, and has formed a friendship with the chief characters, making a thorough study of the customs and habits of the villagers, and of the manner in which the roles are bestowed on the actors whose highest ambition from childhood is to be a member of the troupe, and who spend many years in trying to adapt themselves, in physique and manner, to some chief characters. The views were also very instructive, showing the simple and natural beauty of the village and its people.

Oratorical Contest.—The first contest for proficiency in composition and delivery was held in the Exhibition Hall, Sunday, May 21st. The showing made by the seven contestants was really praiseworthy and proves that Spring Hill is capable of great things along these lines. We are especially pleased at the intense interest taken in this worthy art, and heartily congratulate the seven gentlemen who made the affair an honor to our College and gave the judges something to do when it came to picking the winner. The hall was packed with students and visitors from Mobile, who greeted the decision of the judges with round upon round of applause. Dennis S. Moran, although the race was close, outstripped his opponents in ease of manner and was deemed superior to all in composition. Upon him was bestowed the honor of being the first winner of the Jannin Memorial Oratorical Medal. Next in excellence was George L. Mayer, followed by Stephen V. Riffel. Four others also competed, but are not at all discouraged, declaring that they will do better next time. This spirit is admirable, and we hope that their future efforts will bear fruit. The subject assigned was A Eulogy on Christopher Columbus.

Picnics.—The class picnics this year were conducted rather extensively, and every one of them was a grand success, if we may judge of a good time by the tired feeling in the morning. Some of the classes celebrated in good, old-fashioned form, by going right out

next to nature and cooking their steak on a forked stick, over a smoking fire. These also fished, but we cannot say that they broke any records, although some of them did persist in telling some awfully big stories. Other classes spent the day in a more restful manner, by making a boat trip to Dog River and enjoying the hospitality of the Alba Club. Then, too, there were those who enjoyed a trip across the Bay, spending most of the time in the surf at Point Clear.

The Portier Literary Society took its day off for general jollification on May 9th. The band celebrated on May 24th, and it goes without saying that this body of literary gentlemen and music lovers did not need any one to show them how to spend a pleasant day. Neither was the famous Glee Club far behind in making their day. June 5th, one of joy.

Staff Banquet.—Tuesday, June 6th, was the day set aside for the staff of **The Springhillian** to hold their banquet. Toasts and speechmaking were freely indulged in during a ten course dinner, and if we may judge of our success by the words of praise received on this day we certainly owe ourselves some congratulation.

When Southern Knighthood Was in Flower was the title of the eloquent lecture which Fr. E. C. de la Moriniere gave us on May 5th. The deeds of our fathers, their chivalry, kindness, patriotism and undaunted courage

were, upon this night, recounted before a large audience of visitors and boys. The lecture lasted two hours, and every moment of this time was fully appreciated by all present. It is quite beyond us to pay tribute to such eloquence as proceeds from Fr. de la Moriniere, who has been often praised by pens many times more worthy than our own; but we can thank him, and this we certainly do.

Elocution Contest.—On June 4th and 5th were held the yearly contests in elocution. So great was the number who wished to strive for the honor of wearing the gold medals, awarded to the winners, that two days were required for the contests. In the academic section the successful entrant was Owen B. Muldowney, with "How Salvador Won." Distinctions were awarded to John W. Van Heuvel, Hunter O. Wagner, William M. Nixon and Alvaro de Regil. George L. Mayer won the medal in the Collegiate section, reciting "The Revenge of Hamish." M. Humbert Diaz, Clarence L. Black, Lawrence A. Andrepont and Francis L. Smith gaining distinction. There were ten contestants in the academic section and fourteen in the collegiate. We congratulate not only the winners, but also every one who participated in the contest. It was a very creditable showing indeed.

Parade.—The official city celebration of the bi-centennial of the foundation of Mobile was held during three days, beginning with May 25th. Many

noted men were guests of the city during these days. The affair was one long to be remembered by the citizens of Mobile. Spring Hill figured prominently on the 26th, when the entire student body, headed by the College Band, held a conspicuous place in the parade through the streets of the city as founded by Bienville. The band played all of the old time marches and a number of new ones in excellent style, everywhere meeting with the applause of those crowding the sidewalks. Spring Hill Band is one to be proud of, for it has proved more than once that it can hold its own with any.

Glee Club, now officially organized, with a roll call of thirty-three members, is under the management of Mr. J. B. Bassich, S. J. The Glee Club boys have, on several occasions, pleased us by rendering some good singing, and we feel confident that their appearance in the commencement exercises will be appreciated.

The Annual Prize Competitions in all branches for all classes have been furiously waging since May 9th. The near approach of exams. has also made some get up and take notice. We have observed that quite a few sneak out as early as 4:30 a. m. to plug. Perhaps this is the proper spirit, but we cannot endorse such early rising. It may be true that the early bird catches the worm, but 4:30 is too early; one ought to get a snake for that.

A Golden Jubilee.—Brother Francis Jost, S. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus on February 2nd. Brother Jost is well known to student of former generations as the faithful custodian of the clothes-room for many years. * * *

The time draws near, and we will obey the call of duty. Out to enjoy the sweetness of vacation we go. So long, fellows! And here's hoping that, until we all meet again no one will have had one speck of sadness to mar the brightness of a happy vacation.

MOSQUITO RETTES

J. BECKER, '12 M. DIAZ, '12

"All is over save the clapping—"

Blind John.

There is many a true saying in books of wisdom; some wise, others, otherwise, but to those that have not understood the lines that have been written in these pages, we say "Damnant quod non intelligunt."

(Saltus Lyricus) The fields are verdant, and the lake is still calm and placid; the waters of the mill roll on; the trees bear fruit, and all nature is in smiles; but the candidates for degrees roam about like the scriptural lions, devouring their theses,—calm

yourselves dear brothers in stress, there is still some luck left.

There is no doubt but that we would have won all the medals this year if we had but tried; but we do not like to be greedy. It is a wonderful fact, but true, that we can accomplish what others endeavor. It was on account of our admonition that the parade on the twenty-sixth passed through beautiful Canal street, the pride and glory of Mobile; it was also on account of our advice that the mammoth parade passed through Asphalt street, so that no one of the paraders would get cold feet. All this we accomplished; but more than this. Skippo, one of our beloved brethren, followed his natural bent and skipped. Instantly we wired for Sherlock Rioso and Watso Berthiero. These two celebrated sleuths followed Skippo. Many days passed, and our anxiety rose to so high a pitch that the mob begged us to send Brooksie, The Man With the Teddy Bear. But no; before two days had passed, before we were aware of the fact that the second day was at hand, the triumphant detectives led Skippo to the entrance. Medals are being struck in their honor.

As we go to press we hear of the attempted suicide of Sherlocko Rioso by taking a draught of liniment. There is hope of his recovery. The cause as yet has not been ascertained. But it is the opinion of eminent scientists that he so feared to pass the regular examinations that he thought that the best thing for him to do was to pass a post mortem examination. - Cheer up, Sher-

locko! Here comes Watso with the needle!

Another opinion was that he had neurasthenia. The professor of Neurology was promptly consulted. After rubbing his hands in agitation, the Professor—a very scrupulous man—told us that he could not conscientiously give us a strict diagnosis, but that he believed that the sleuth, having found that he was on the trail of a friend, endeavored to snap his mortal coil by imbibing the sweet ambrosial liniment. (Thank you, Professor.)

Speedy has been elected Fire Chief, and has proved worthy of his post. Not long ago our reporter brought an account of the fire on Jones street. We quote the words of the gentleman:

“I was standing on the curb when of a sudden I heard the cry of ‘Fire!’ ‘Fire!’ I looked around and saw coming at break-neck speed the fire department. Taking out my note book I began to write the facts. But the fire was so scorching that my paper fainted. What could I do? Ah, yes! I remembered that on Jones street there was a bar. So, running there, I snatched a bottle of McGregor’s Special Sparkle and sprinkled it on the paper; whereupon I rushed to the chief with the intention of interviewing him. But the chief was exhausted—so was I. Then I knew no more—I saw blank—blank—blankets, needles, guns, ice—. The reporter was brought home on a stretcher by kind friends; and whether the fire or the McGregor’s Sparkle produced that sensation will never be known.

Not long ago our friend the chauffeur, Paulo, otherwise known as Chips, took sick. He was in pain, so Dr. Drags was called. As the needle was about to penetrate the skin, Chips, the hero of the race track, gave a long sigh and shouted: "If Schoen saw Pinkie and died, would Prohaska?" (Watso, the gun!)

At this we all wondered, but no sooner had the needle shot into the flesh than from the far end of the infirmary came the heart-breaking cry: "If Pete went to Crichton without permission would Mar-tel?" (Quick, Doctor! the Ice.)

There were many bad cases in that infirmary. One fellow, who called himself Prof. Wise, had a fit of strangulation. It appears that he had been endeavoring to pronounce a difficult word of ninety-eight syllables when one of them stuck in his larynx. The Professor is in a critical condition. But we feel assured that he will pull through with the assistance of Dr. Drags. The Professor is a man of wonderful fertility of resource. The fertility is so great that the story goes of a young mischief who sowed History seeds on the resource and medals sprang up in one night. Of course this might be true and this might not be true, but human testimony is the—well, you know what we mean.

Another peculiar case was that of Mr. Blacko. He was endeavoring to extract the square root of a polynomial of several thousand terms, and at the same time carrying on a conversation in French with a sick man by

the name of Whonero, an educated Frenchman from Germany. We introduced ourselves and took seats so as to follow the conversation. Cigars were passed around and we helped ourselves. But upon lighting the cigars the match fell upon an argument directed against Whonero, who was endeavoring to prove that Yenni Hall was of ancient construction, having been found floating on the Red Sea, and an explosion occurred. With the explosion Messrs. Blacko and Whonero disappeared. But under their window were found adjectives, pronouns, nouns, adverbs, and verbs of all descriptions; some intact, others very badly damaged. We left the infirmary after bidding adieu to the celebrated astronomer McIntyro, who waved his telescope from the tower in a final farewell.

The reporter we sent to the Mexican war has not returned. It is the opinion of Sherlocko Rioso that he is studying Spanish with the insurrectos. But the co-sleuth Watso Berthiero says that most likely he is too interested in bull fighting in Merida.

The interviewer sent to the coronation has not sent word, either, but the staff photographer took a picture of King George drinking tea at the Vineyard in the Hotel Cawthon in London. We showed the picture to a gentleman whose name is Becker, who has traveled extensively and has seen the above mentioned King. The aforesaid gentleman laughed so long and loud when he inspected the photograph that we left him laughing as if his heart would



YENNI LITERARY CIRCLE

F. L. Smith J. B. Rives E. Cassidy J. S. Martel E. Webre J. W. Van Heuvel R. Harrigan R. Ducote
 C. D. Hebert R. A. Querbes E. Herbert Le D. Provosty C. Celestin W. E. Barker C. A. Ricou F. Gillespie
 C. N. Touart T. Y. Potter F. A. Meyer Rev. J. H. Stritch, S. J. D. E. Braud J. P. Newsham H. O. Wagner



break, even though we had applied restoratives for an hour and called Watso to come with the blankets. Now, we see no reason for such unusual laughter. However, the picture bears a strong resemblance to a certain gentleman named Karl, and there is also a Hotel Cawthon in Mobile, but that proves little if anything at all.

June 6 a. m.—Today we ordered a box of Karo molasses, and a can will be opened at the banquet of the graduates.

June 6 p. m.—At the banquet we stood up, and waving aloft a glass of Karo molasses, said: "Here's to the health of all the grads and sub-grads! May your future be as blissful as the past. May you meet with that renowned Madame Fortune, but may you never encounter her daughter Miss Fortune. Remember that life is short—art long; that contentment being a short road, has little trouble and great happiness; that a fool and his money may soon be parted, but that it is necessary that the fool get his money first; that when life and death stare you in the face, you may not be afraid of them, rather be afraid of fear; that life is a campaign, not a battle, and in a campaign the greatest generals are sometimes defeated; that to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis of weakness is to know the glitter of life; that the glory of life is to give, not to receive; and lastly that diligence above all is the key to good luck."

Brothers, we part; we don't say good-bye, because we are not accustomed to that; but we wish you God-speed,

happiness, success, and taking your hand in ours, we repeat the words of an immortal bard, who said:

"Farewell that is the word for us;

'Tis not a word, but prayer.

They do not part who do part thus,

For God is everywhere.

And so we end. The pages of the Mosquitorettes bid the readers a long farewell. We humble toilers of the sea of labor, who have sat, night in, night out, endeavoring to uplift the literature of today, take French leave and with silvery voices (German-silvery), bid good-bye. It is true that we have tried to be serious in our undertakings, and John the Janitor has at times written poems; but all this we know will be excused.

When in after years you pick up this book, and looking over the pages and find our names, a tear, an alligator tear, may drop on the printed page. But to make this separation less painful, the staff have agreed to take a slow train.

When the sun will have drifted like a toy balloon into a sea of glory we will be on our way; and, oh, dear reader, our tears fall so fast the reposing, silent waters of the lake have risen.

At the beginning we opened our arms to the public; now,—we have no arms. We cannot write—we are too full for speech. But our goose is not yet cooked,—it is cooking. We have been praised,—and many other things have been done to us. But like a crab we keep on,—backwards. We have believed in the freedom of the press,

and we have been freely pressed. We have advocated the suffragettes, when we knew that we would in turn be advocated. But the errors of mankind have weakened our shoulders and we are almost ready to give up in despair. On the first appearance of this column everyone said, "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus," but we have

proved that, for some, a mule has been produced. We have been told to seize opportunity,—we did. Our opportunity presented itself in the shape of a hornet's nest which we took for iron ore. We will never seize opportunity again. A man who seizes opportunity seizes trouble.

FAREWELL

(John the Janitor's farewell contribution to the paper.)

Some shed a tear, in parting fear,
 The days to come, the future time,
 Though it is drear, no more I'll hear
 The voice of youths, the sweet bell's chime.
 I still in leaving, with hopes relieving
 Cling on to hope, not to despair,
 And though waves heaving, and thunders cleaving
 On life's rough sea, where nought is fair,
 I love to think, to sit and blink,
 Out in the sun, in summer air,
 And wave my hat and cuss the rat
 That took my cake when I wasn't there;
 I want to shout, to sing and laugh,
 And though we leave, and it will grieve,
 I've still got good, stout ale to quaff.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MAXON NIGHT.

Program.

Good Night—Waltz	College Orchestra
Address	Sherman P. Pardue
Welcome Tonight—Song	Glee Club
What Pa Said—Recitation	John T. Becker
The New-born Babe—Song	Mr. H. Donlan, S. J.
On the Ice—Recitation	Lawrence A. Andrepont
Welcome as the Flowers in May—Song.....	E. Leo Ball

Presentation of 'Varsity S.

Presentation of Gift to Mr. E. G. Maxon.

Presentation Address	Rev. President
Reply	Mr. E. G. Maxon
Hurrah for Our Coach—Song	Glee Club

SEMI-ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

The Junior Literary Society Presents a One-Act Comedy, "At a Convenient Distance."

Nine O'clock Wednesday Morning, February the First, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

The Players.

Ledger, an old gentleman	Clarence N. Touart
Rooney, his servant	Francis L. Smith
Dobbs, an old merchant	T. Yeend Potter
Tom, Dobbs' son	Randolph A. Querbes
Dick, Ledger's son	Richard A. Ducote
Simon, Dobbs' brother	Joseph P. Newsham
Doctor's Boy	John W. VanHeuvel

SCENE:—A room in a country house near New York.

Musical Program.

Overture—Semiramide	Rossini
The Orchestra.	

Quartette—(a) Festival March	F. S. Schmid
(b) In Best of Humor	J. Jahn
1st Violin, Prof. A. J. Staub	Viola, Prof. A. Suffich
2nd Violin, E. J. Herbert	'Cello, Mr. J. B. Bassich, S. J.
Violin Solo—Selection from Beggar Student	Millocker
E. J. Herbert.	

Duo—Sounds from Thuringia	Geibel
1st Violin, M. Salaun	2nd Violin, Prof. A. J. Staub
	Piano, C. Siguere.
Waltz—Mystic Dream	Stickney
	Second Division Band.
March—Apache	Losey
	First Division Band.

LECTURE ON MACBETH, REV. E. C. DE LA MORINIERE, S. J.
Program.

Vienna Beauties—Valse Strauss
College Orchestra.

The Resolve.

Macbeth—I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away! and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

The Deed.

Macbeth—I have done the deed.
Lady Macbeth—These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

The Remorse.

Lady Macbeth—Naught's bad, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Macbeth—Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace
Than on the torture of the mind to be
In restless ecstasy.

The Retribution.

Macbeth—And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

Finale—Polka	Lipp
Salon Orchestra.	

"THE CLUE OF THE CUFF."

A Comedy in Two Acts.

Program.

Hector Q. Funk, his life is in danger.....A. J. Bonomo
 Benjamin Butt, always cool and practicalD. A. Casey
 Corporal Beat, has an eye for criminals.....H. J. Miller
 Tony Pryer, old and nervous, keeps lodgersE. T. Desforges
 Officer Harry Cuff, on the force.....H. W. Waguespack
 Scene—Acts I and II: A Room in Pryer's House.

Music.

Overture—"Ye Olden Songs".....College Orchestra
 Selection—"Our Special"College Orchestra
 Finale—"Sousa"College Orchestra

FIRST ACADEMIC EXHIBITION.

Spring Hill College, Wednesday, April the Fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

Literary Program.

ForewordJ. F. Gillespie
 The Catilinian Orations—Paper.....J. W. Van Heuvel
 Oration in Catilinam—Latin DeclamationT. E. Meyer
 The Iron Shroud—StoryP. J. Schoen
 Bernardo del Carpio—English DeclamationH. O. Wagner
 Enoch Arden—PaperJ. A. Cassidy

Musical Program.

Raymond Overture Thomas
 Orchestra.
 Foxy KidStickney
 Second Division Band.
 Intermezzo IolienneMissud
 First Division Band.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A Sketch by the Freshman Class, Spring Hill College, March First, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

Thus while I wond'ring pause o'er Shakespeare's page,
 I mark in visions of delight the sage,
 High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime,
 A column in the melancholy waste,
 Its glory humbled and its glories past,

Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.

Literary Program.

Outline	Richard J. Needham
Delineation	
Antonio	Randolph A. Querbes
Shylock	Allan J. Colomb
Bassanio	Guy R. Broussard

Musical Program.

Amorita Waltzes	A. Czibulka
Orchestra.	
La Sorella	J. Itzel
Violin Solo	C. Pearce
Piano Accompaniment	E. Siguere
Mt. St. Louis Cadets	L. P. Laurendeau
Second Division Band.	
Petits Pierrots	Lose
First Division Band.	

THE PORTIER LITERARY SOCIETY PRESENTS

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Comedy in One Act.

April, 17, 1911.

Scene—A Tonsorial Parlor.

Time—The Present.

CHARACTERS.

Hiram Crusty (a man of means).....	C. Black
Thomas Tonsor (a barber)	H. d'Aquin
Mike McGennis(his assistant).....	D. Moran
Zeb (a colored apprentice)	J. Becker
Heavyface (a hypochondriac).....	A. Martel
Joseph Simper (an exquisite)	K. Leche

Musical.

Pride of the Nation (March).....	Arr. by Prof. A. J. Staub
College Orchestra.	
Trio	Hosanna
Violins	L. Drago and E. Herbert
Piano	Prof. Staub.
Solo	L'Envoi
Mr. H. Donlan, S. J.	

SECOND ACADEMIC EXHIBITION.

May 3, 1911.

Program.

Faust—Selection	Arr. by Moses
Orchestra.	
Prologue	C. J. Martin
Latin Class—Caesar	
Professor	O. B. Muldowney
Pupils	The Class
An Angel of God—Story	E. T. Cassidy
Greek Contest—The Regular Verb	
Umpire	E. L. Newsham
Contestants	The Class
Bernardo's Revenge—Declamation.....	C. A. Ricou
Il Trovatore—Grand Selection	Verdi
Second Division Band.	
Marche des Gardes	Lincke
First Division Band.	

LECTURE BY REV. E. C. DE LA MORINIÈRE, S. J.**“When Southern Knighthood Was in Flower Fifty Years Ago.”**

May 5, 1911.

Southern Medley	Boettger
Orchestra.	
The Bonnie Blue Flag—Song	Glee Club
ROBERT LEE	
Virginia's Message to the Southern States	(Poem)
The Sword of Lee	(Poem)
High Tide at Gettysburg.....	(Poem)
STONEWALL JACKSON	
The Fallen Chieftain	(Poem)
The Lone Sentry	(Poem)
RAPHAEL SEMMES	
The Sword of Semmes	(Poem)
THE PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY	
The Conquered Banner	(Poem)
Tenting To-night—Song	Glee Club
Pride of the Nation—March	Lerman
Orchestra.	

MERRY MAGNOLIA MINSTRELS.

May 6, 1911.

Interlocutor, C. Touart

F. Smith	R. Ducote	H. Wagner
C. Lawless	L. Provosty	
J. Metzger	Y. Potter	D. Berrey
D. Braud	J. Martel	
W. Barker	E. Webre	E. Cassidy
	John Van Heuvel	

Pickaninny Acrobats.

F. Schimpf and L. Lange

Musical Numbers.

Royal March	Lincke
Orchestra.	
"Roll the Old Chariot"	Grand Opening Chorus
Sung by the Entire Company	
"See Dat Watermelon"	H. Wagner
"Sweet Magnolia"	Y. Potter
"Sing Again That Sweet Refrain"	F. Smith
"Uncle Bill's Dream"	E. Cassidy
"On the Tombigbee River"	L. Provosty
"Sweet Sunny South"	R. Ducote
"I'se Gwine Back to Dixie"	W. Barker
"Alabama Blossoms"	J. Van Heuvel
"Darling Clo"	J. Martel
"One More River to Cross"	Grand Finale
By the Entire Company.	

Accompanists: F. Prohaska, Piano; M. Woulfe, Violin.

"Marche des Gardes"College Band

THIRD ACADEMIC EXHIBITION.

May 13, 1911.

Program.

Carissima—Waltz	A. Penn
Orchestra	
Salutatory	James M. Van Heuvel
The Polish Boy—Declamation	Stevens
Louis A. Roussel	
Latin Dissertation—	
Professor	Louis A. Roussel



PORTIER LITERARY SOCIETY

L. A. Andrepont G. L. Mayer M. E. Woulfe
 H. d'Aquin S. V. Riffel F. L. Prohaska C. J. Holland A. A. Martel M. H. Diaz
 P. V. Byrne K. P. Leche J. T. Becker Rev. E. I. Fazakerley, S. J. C. L. Black J. T. Bauer D. S. Moran



Pupils	The Class
Third Academic—Gavotte	Hazel
Violin	Charles Pearce
Clarinet	James M. Van Heuvel
Piano	Rupert G. Touart
The Soldier's Pardon—Declamation.....	Smith
	Leslie D. Cassidy
English Dissertation—	
Professor	Leslie D. Cassidy
Pupils	The Class
Evening Star—From Tannhauser.....	Arr. by F. Mahl
	Second Division Band.
Vilia—Waltz	Lehar
	First Division Band

ORATORICAL CONTEST FOR THE JANNIN MEMORIAL MEDAL.

Sunday, May 21, 1911.

Program.

Subject: A Eulogy on Christopher Columbus.	
Grand Flute Quintet	F. Kuhlau
Prof. A. J. Suffich	J. A. Douglas
K. P. Leche	D. S. Moran
C. N. Touart	

Speakers

Lawrence A. Andrepont	John T. Becker
M. Humbert Diaz	George L. Mayer
Denis S. Moran	Joseph P. Newsham
Stephen V. Riffel	
Pride of the Nation—March.....	Lermon
College Orchestra	

Judges

Hon. George J. Sullivan	
Mr. Henry L. Sarpy	Mr. Matthias M. Mahorner
Mr. Tisdale J. Touart	Dr. Edward B. Dreaper

BASEBALL

DENNIS S. MORAN, '11

Swacina, Spring Hill's former coach, brought out the Gulls for a game with the Collegians. The leaguers went for a shut out, and they succeeded in keeping the nine in check. Only two of Spring Hill's men could connect with the pill for safe bingles, and only once was there a chance to score. Fast fielding by Fox spoiled many a safe-looking drive, and Allen did not once let down his speed. Mobile started in the first. Bayless was thrown out at first by Williamson, Fox walked, and Prevost hit Smith, forcing Fox to second. Jude flew to Paty, and Smith scored when Williamson muffed Spencer's grounder. In the second, Seitz went out by way of Williamson to Paty, Dunn going the same way. Allen singled; Wohner missed Bayless' grounder, Fox walked, Smith's single scoring Allen and Bayless. Swacina whiffed. The third brought in one more. Jude singled, stole second, Spencer flew to Williamson, Seitz flew to Becker, who made a sensational bare-handed running catch of his fly. Dunn walked, Allen singled, scoring Jude.

Bayless scored again in the fourth. Paty dropped Williamson's throw of Bayless' grounder. Bayless stole second, Fox grounded out, Bayless then stole third, and came in on Smith's safe hit. Spring Hill had a man on third with none down in the fourth, but failed to score. Williamson doubled to center, and Becker singled to left, Williamson taking third, Kelly flew to

Swacina and Becker was caught napping off second, Black was bit by Allen, and Bauer ended the chance by skying to Bayless.

Mobile S. L.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Bayless, cf.	4	2	0	1	0	0	
Fox, 2b.	3	1	0	1	4	0	
Smith, ss.	3	1	2	0	2	0	
Swacina, 1b.	4	0	1	10	1	0	
Jude, rf.	4	1	1	3	0	0	
Spencer, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	
Seitz, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1	0	
Dunn, c.	1	0	0	8	0	0	
Cadman, c.	1	0	0	4	0	0	
Allen, p.	2	1	2	0	0	0	
Clarke, p.	2	0	1	0	1	0	
Total	32	6	8	27	9	0	

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	3	0	0	3	1	1	
Williamson, 3b.	4	0	1	4	3	1	
Becker, cf.	4	0	1	1	1	0	
Kelly, rf.	4	0	0	2	0	0	
Black, c.	2	0	0	5	2	0	
Bauer, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	0	
Prevost, p.	3	0	0	1	4	0	
McIntyre, lf.	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Paty, 1b.	2	0	0	9	0	1	
Total	28	0	2	27	12	3	

Score by innings:

Mobile	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	—6
S. H. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Two-base Hit—Williamson.

Stolen Bases—Bayless (2), Smith, Jude.

Struck Out—By Allen 7, by Clarke 4, by Prevost 4.

Bases on Balls—Off Allen 2, off Prevost 4.

Hit by Pitcher—Smith, Black.

Umpire—Manuel.





COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

Moran	Bauer	Paty	Williamson	Prevost	Cassidy	Mayer
Wohner		Riffel	Becker	Black	McIntyre	Trolio

On April 30th the Hill Billies made their third appearance, after winning one and losing one. The final go was all in favor of Trolio. The "Prince" kept up his wonderful record of winning every game he pitched, and he was there with the willow, lining one for three sacks. There was plenty of "pep" in the team, and the way they went after Williams in the second was enough to cause hard feelings. Long hits were the habit, and all but two lined at least one safe bingle. The Billies received a severe attack of stage fright in the second. After two were down, Black singled, Lining missed McIntyre's pop-up back of first, Riffel then singled, scoring Black. McIntyre scored on Bauer's safe hit, and Mike Wohner cleared the bases with a triple to the fence. On a wild heave by Williams, Wohner scored. In the second, Black started the scoring again. Gaines missed Black's grounder, and mighty "Mabel" McIntyre rammed out another triple, coming home on a squeeze play, Riffel sacrificing.

The Hill Billies drew their first tally on a series of flukes. Hayes walked, Bauer missed Black's high throw to second, Hayes went to third, Becker's throw to catch Hayes at third was missed by Williamson, and Hayes scored. After getting the bad playing out of their system the nine tightened up, and not until the ninth did the Billies score. Crabtree was safe on an error by Bauer, Michael singled, Crabtree going to third. Michael stole second, and both scored on a long hit by Benedict.

Hill Billies—	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Johnson, 3b.	5	0	0	2	2	0	
Gaines, ss.	3	0	0	0	3	1	
Pharr, cf.	4	0	1	1	0	0	
Crabtree, lf.	4	1	0	1	0	0	
Michael, 2b.	2	1	1	1	0	0	
Benedict, c.	3	0	1	10	2	0	
Williams, p.	4	0	0	1	1	0	
Lining, 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	2	
Hayes, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	0	
Total	32	3	4	24	8	3	

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	3	0	0	5	3	0	
Williamson, 3b.	4	0	0	3	3	2	
Becker, cf.	4	0	1	2	2	0	
Black, c.	4	2	2	7	0	0	
McIntyre, lf.	4	2	2	2	0	0	
Riffel, 1b.	3	1	1	8	1	0	
Bauer, ss.	4	1	1	0	1	1	
M. Wohner, rf.	4	1	1	0	1	0	
Trolio, p.	4	0	1	0	1	1	
Total	34	7	9	27	12	4	

Score by innings:

Hill Billies	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	—3
S. H. C.	0	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	*—7

Three-base Hits—McIntyre, M. Wohner, Trolio.

Two-base Hit—Becker.

Stolen Bases—Gaines, Michael, Benedict, Hayes (2), Black (4), McIntyre (2), Bauer (2).

Struck Out—By Williams 8, by Trolio 4.

Bases on Balls—Off Williams 2, off Trolio 4.

Batting Averages.

	AB.	H.	Pct.
Pardue	22	10	.455
Becker	63	27	.428
Black (Capt.)	52	18	.346
Riffel	50	16	.320
Bauer	43	10	.232
Williamson	49	13	.220
Prevost	46	10	.217
Wohner	46	10	.217

Paty	24	5	.204
McIntyre	51	10	.196
Trolio	25	4	.160
Tarleton	19	3	.158

Sunday morning, May 14, the two graduating classes, combined into one team, met the Savarona club, and after a hard fight took the greater portion of the score. Bauer pitched a great game, his benders were too much for the others to solve. Only twice did the Savaronas smite the pill for a safe hit, and those two hits came five innings apart. Black cut off all but one ambitious second sack stealer. Besides Bauer's pitching, the features of the game were a long drive over left center fence for a home run by Kelly, and a squeeze play pulled off by Black and "Mabe" McIntyre.

The Savaronas started run getting in the first; Chamberlin walked and stole second, going to third on Walsh's out. Kelly's wild throw of Murphy's grounder let Chamberlin score. Again in the third the Savaronas scored. Overton doubled and scored when Black threw wild to catch him stealing third.

Spring Hill brought around their first run in the fourth. Pardue doubled, and took third when Nelson let Holman's twister get away from him. He scored on a wild pitch by Holman. Kelly scored in the fifth on a hit, a sacrifice and an error by Chamberlin, and in the seventh he brought his wonderful work with the willow, when he landed on the ball and drove it over the fence and into the bushes.

The Savaronas tied the score in their first part of the ninth. Rush walked, Smallwood singled, Nelson walked, and Harmon walked, forcing in Rush. Bauer ended their rally by striking out the next man. S. H. C. came back strong in their part of the ninth. Black and McIntyre worked the squeeze, Black bringing in the winning run.

Savaronas.	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Overton, 3b.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Chamberlin, 2b.	3	1	0	2	1	2
Walsh, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Murphy, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Dozier, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Rush, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Smallwood, 1b.	3	0	1	7	0	0
Nelson, c.	1	0	0	11	1	0
Hannon, ss.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Holman, p.	4	0	0	0	4	2
Total	31	3	2	24	9	4

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wohner, ss.	4	0	0	6	1	0
Riffel, 3b.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Black, c.	3	1	1	7	2	0
Pardue, 1b.	4	1	3	5	0	0
McIntyre, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Patout, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kelly, 2b.	3	2	2	4	0	1
Bauer, p.	2	0	0	1	5	0
Martel, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Total	29	4	8	27	9	2

*None out when winning run was scored.

Savaronas	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3
S. H. C.	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	—4

Home Run—Kelly.

Two-base Hits—Overton, Pardue.

Struck Out—By Holman 10, by Bauer 7.

Bases on Balls—Off Holman 1, off Bauer 6.

SECOND DIVISION BASEBALL

JOHN B. RIVES, '13

The Junior nine covered itself with glory this season. Manager Potter arranged a number of games with city teams, but the glory of these victories paled in the glare of the triumph over the Loyola nine from New Orleans. Most of the Loyola nine had figured prominently in our defeat on the grid-iron last fall, and there was a sort of get-even desire uppermost in most hearts. Well, we walloped them in fine style. Took all three games. Hurrah! We feel that we did more than even up. We went them one better.

S. H. C. Juniors 8, Loyola 0.

First Game.—The first game was scheduled for May 6th and was called at 4 p. m. Daunis Braud went to the mound for the Juniors. What a pitcher! Did you hear his record? This twirler struck out twenty-two men out of the 29 men that faced him, and, listen, he got his picture on the Register's sporting page, on the head of it. Hinderman pitched well for Loyola, but lacked the support that Braud got. The game promised well from the start. Neither side scored till the fifth inning. In this inning Hinderman walked, and soon crept around to the third sack, and crossed home on a passed ball. The Juniors counted again in the sixth, when Chappuis was hit, stole second and scored on Lawless' single. In the seventh two more were tagged on. Hinderman walked two men, and an error and a sacrifice did the telling

work. The last run of the Juniors came in the eighth, when Webre singled, stole second and third, and scored on a wild throw.

Second Game—S. H. C. 7, Loyola 5.

On Sunday morning, May 7th, the Loyola nine came to the campus determined to win or fall in the attempt. They fell in the attempt. The game was close, and for a while the supporters of the Juniors were very uneasy. F. Meyer twirled for the Juniors the first two innings, but the Loyola nine solved his delivery quickly, and Capt. Webre took his place before much damage was done. Gaudin, Loyola's twirler, was hit pretty hard, and Captain Harrison replaced him by Hinderman. The Spring Hill lads played an almost errorless game. Lawless, the S. H. C. Junior catcher, nipped 16 base stealers, and won the admiration of all for his wonderful work.

Loyola scored one in the first, and another in the next, although the Juniors came up to them, making a tie. Lawless singled, stole second and scored on Webre's drive over the right field fence, the longest hit of the game. In the next, Hinderman came to bat with three on bases and knocked a home run, giving Loyola the lead with three runs. Spring Hill reduced the lead to one in the fourth, Webre driving to left for a two-bagger, Braud walking to first, and both scoring on Cassidy's single. Two more runs in the fifth, and another in the seventh

made sure the game for the Juniors.

Third Game—S. H. C. 8, Loyola 0.

In the third game Braud again went to the mound and shut out Loyola, allowing but one hit. The Loyola lads were up against it. They retired from the plate in the one, two, three order each inning. Spring Hill had men on bases each inning, but only scored in the first and last innings. Captain Harrison took his defeat manfully, acknowledged he had fallen in honorable battle, and said he hoped to visit us again next year. That's right, "Mid-get," come along and bring the team with you. You have made a score of friends here at Spring Hill.

First Game.

Juniors—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Arnold, 2b.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Van Heuvel, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Chappuis, ss.	1	1	0	0	0	1
Lawless, ct.	4	0	1	22	1	0
Webre, 3b.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Braud, p.	1	2	0	0	1	0
Potter, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Cassidy, 1b.	1	1	0	4	0	0
Herbert, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	24	5	2	27	2	1

Loyola—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harrison, ss.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Seeman, 2b.	4	0	1	0	2	2
Gaudin, 1b.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Friedrichs, c.	3	0	0	13	3	2
Hinderman, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Massich, 3b.	3	0	0	2	1	0
McEnerny, cf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Dayries, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Souchon, lf.	3	0	0	0	1	0

Total29 0 1*23 12 5

*Potter bunted foul on third strike.

Score by innings:

Juniors	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	*—5
Loyola	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Sacrifice Hits—Arnold, Cassidy.

Stolen Bases—Dayries, Van Huevel, Chappius, Webre (6), Braud (4), Potter, Cassidy.

Base on Balls—Off Braud 1, off Hinderman 8.

Struck Out—By Braud 22, by Hinderman 12.

Double Plays—Friedrich to Gaudin.

Hit by Pitcher—Chappius, Cassidy.

Second Game.

Juniors—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fuller, 2b.	1	0	0	1	0	1
Arnold, 2b.	2	0	0	3	1	1
Van Heuvel, cf.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Chappius, ss.	3	1	0	1	1	1
Lawless, c.	4	3	2	10	2	0
Webre, 3b. & p.	4	2	3	1	2	0
Braud, lf. & 3b.	2	1	1	0	2	1
Potter, rf. & lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Cassidy, 1b.	2	0	1	5	0	2
Meyer, p.	1	0	0	0	1	1
Herbert, rf.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total	27	7	7	21	12	7

Loyola—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harrison, ss.	3	1	2	0	2	1
Seeman, c.	3	0	1	13	0	1
Gaudin, p. & 1b.	4	1	0	4	0	0
Friedrichs, 2b.	4	1	0	1	1	0
Hinderman, 1b. & p.	4	1	1	2	3	0
Massich, cf.	2	0	0	0	1	0
McEnerny, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Dayries, rf.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Hartwell, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	5	5	21	7	3

Two-base Hits—Webre.

Home Run—Webre, Hinderman.

Stolen Bases—Fuller, Van Heuvel (2), Braud (3), Cassidy (2), Herbert, Harrison, Friedrichs, Massich, Dayries.

Bases on Balls—Off Meyer 2, off Webre 3, off Hinderman 5.

Struck Out—By Webre 6, by Gaudin 1, by Hinderman 11.

Hit by Pitcher—Chappius, Herbert.

Third Game.

Juniors—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Arnold, 2b.	4	2	3	2	1	0
Van Heuvel, cf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Chappius, ss.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lawless, c.	2	1	0	7	1	0
Webre, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Braud, p.	2	1	2	1	2	0
Potter, lf.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Barker, 1b.	2	1	0	3	0	0
Baxter, rf.	2	1	2	1	0	0
Total	25	8	10	15	4	0

Loyola—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harrison, ss.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Seeman, c.	1	0	0	11	1	0
Gaudin, 1b.	2	0	0	1	1	1
Friedrichs, 2b.	2	0	1	0	1	1
Hinderman, p.	0	2	0	0	1	0
Massich, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	1
McEnerny, 3b.	1	0	0	2	0	1
Dayries, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hartwell, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	14	0	1	15	3	4

Two-base Hits—Braud, Potter, Baxter.

Stolen Bases—Arnold (2), Van Heuvel, Chappius (3), Lawless (2), Braud, Barker (2), Baxter (2).

Bases on Balls—Off Braud 1, off Hinderman 4.

Struck Out—By Braud 7, by Hinderman 11.

Double Plays—Braud to Arnold to Barker; Braud to Lawless to Arnold.

Passed Balls—Seeman 3.

SECOND DIVISION LEAGUES.

Everything is over now in the baseball line save the award of pins to the victors. The Cubs ended the scheduled games, leaving the Pirates in the rear by five games. Captain Webre held the Cubs together in great style, and brought out the best that was in them. Captain Braud was on the mound for

the Pirates in most of the games, but had little support. The Pirates found it hard to solve Webre's delivery, and when the Cubs had jumped a few games ahead, their spirits dropped. Braud's fight for the Pins was fated to be an uphill struggle, but unfortunately the greater part of his team were not of the stuff that can play uphill games. In this last named number the captain is a grand exception, and was well helped by Cassidy and Herbert, who showed spirit to the very end. The medal for the best batting average on the First League was won by Braud, with Barker a close second.

Second League.—One game remains to be played in the Second League, and this decides the winners. Weatherly's crew are quite confident of their powers since they have erept up from five behind to a tie. Yet Gomez has a fast team, and if they stiek together the issue will be doubtful unto the very end. Patterson is leading in batting and will get the medal for highest batting average.

Third League.—In the Third League excitement was intense to the very end. Boudousquie sailed up from the far rear, and after a neek to neck struggle passed Delahoussayes' nine in the last game scheduled but one, and then gained the prize.

Fourth League.—Wassom took the Pins from Cassidy's nine in a close fight. Features of the series were the pitching of Boudousquie and the outfield work of Charlie Moses. Flatauer was an invaluable help to Wassom in managing the team. Horkan batted highest during the series, and will come in for a share when the awards are handed out.

JUNIOR CHAT

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12

General Remarks.—Well, boys, coming events cast their shadows before, and if anything was ever plainly foreshadowed that thing is vacation. Already we are discussing plans for the summer outing. Some say they are going to Europe or Niagara Falls, while others, less ambitious, intend spending their time in some small village, satisfied with the fact that it is "home, sweet home."

Yard Improvements.—The much-talked of bandball alleys are at last in process of construction. The wall of the natatorium has been divided into four spacious sections, thus making four splendid alleys. Later on the ground will be graded and the dividing walls completed. The boys of next year may well congratulate themselves on so marked an improvement to the yard.

Yard Talk.—The Loyola team came over on the 6th of May, and what our diamond heroes did to them was a shame. They couldn't touch Daunis Saturday evening, and in the second game of the double-header Sunday morning he had them biting just as bad, while in the first Meyer and Webre took their scalps. The victories were doubly sweet on account of the fact that Loyola beat us badly in football.

The game that has sprung into prominence of late, and which bids fair to become in time even more popular with the boys than the great national game,

is "Teeto." The game, though not very well known to outsiders, is simplicity itself, yet is quite as fascinating as either the gridiron or diamond games. Any time you look in the yard you can see the "teeto" whizzing through the air, or some hopeful youngster poisoning himself with the determination to "throw his man out."

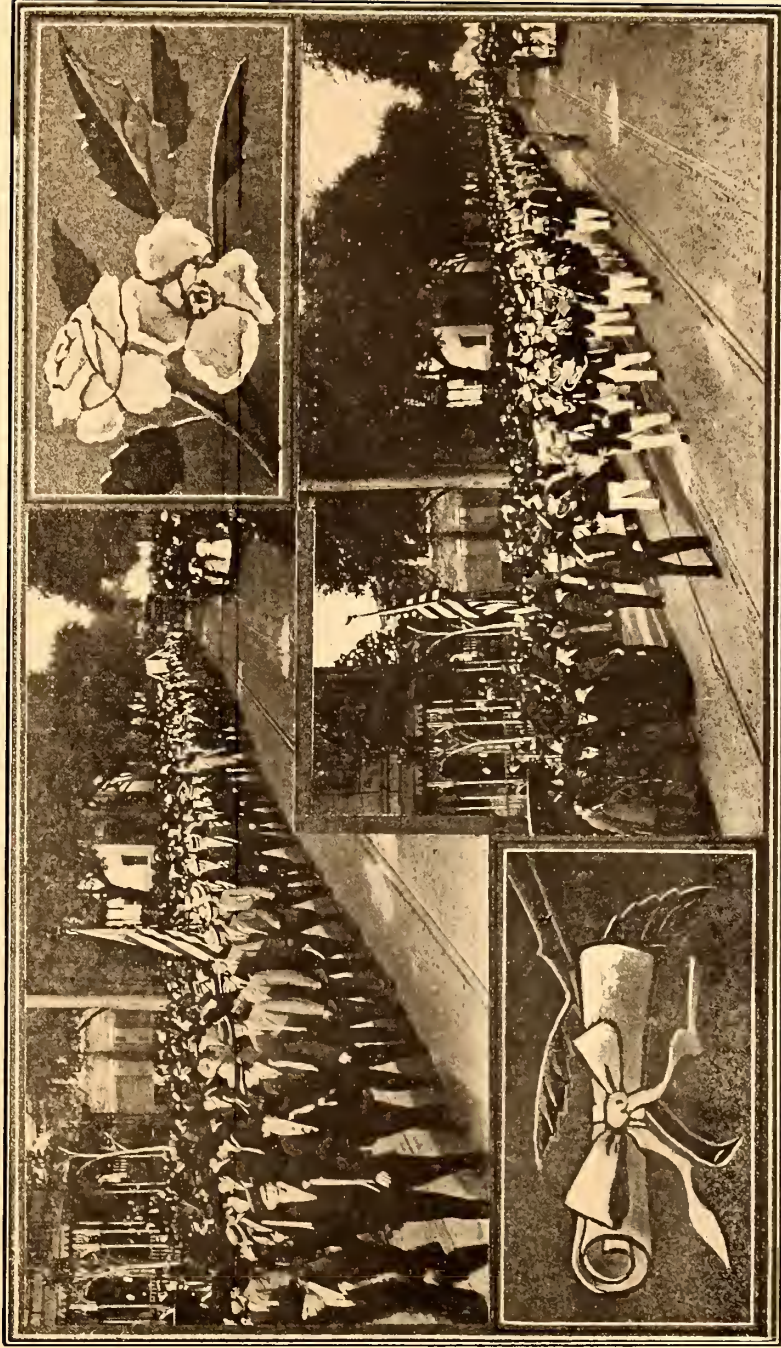
Minstrel Show.—On the evening of Saturday, May 6th, the "Merry Magnolia Minstrels" with Clarence Touart at their head, treated us to a delightful hour of pure fun.

Each minstrel wore a snow-white magnolia in his button-hole, the better to contrast with the ebony blackness of his countenance. The entertainment was given for the especial benefit of the Loyola boys, and was in every way a success.

The jokes were too numerous to be reproduced here. Besides, some of them might reflect a bit on the writer himself; and you know that would never do. After the show the ball players and officials adjourned to the gymnasium to enjoy a treat.

Junior Sodality.—Sodality meetings are held every Saturday morning, and it goes without saying that great fervor, in the service of our Blessed Mother, is evinced by the Sodalists. The candidates were admitted as members on Tuesday, May 30th, and this swells the ranks of the Sodality to fifty-three.

Yenni Literary Circle.—The Circle has held regular weekly meetings on



SPRINGHILL STUDENTS IN MOBILE BI-CENTENNIAL PARADE



Wednesday evenings up to the 16th of May, the picnic day. The debates have been especially enjoyable, the faculty being invited to witness one of them. On the night of the last session each of the members was called upon for a speech, and each responded neatly. The Circle then adjourned "sine die." However, a picnic was enjoyed the next day, the entire day being spent in the lake and woods.

Altar Boys' Association.—The Altar Boys are all striving with might and main to win one of the three medals offered for excellence in serving and general good conduct. Of the three medals one is gold, and the other two are silver. As yet it is impossible to forecast the lucky ones, but this much is sure, that the whole association is to be complimented on its efficiency.

Junior Library.—In spite of the hot weather, so well calculated to keep one out in the fresh air, the Library still claims its quota. Of course, that inveterate bookworm, Joe Berthelot, fills the southwest corner most of the time, but it is a notorious fact that "teeto"

has at last lured "Tub" from his den.

Junior Band.—The band still offers incense to Apollo, thus filling many a pleasant home with sweet harmony. The Junior Band, together with the Senior, again furnished part of the music for the civic bi-centennial celebration in Mobile. They have been highly extolled for their laudable and successful efforts; especially laudable as the day was extremely warm.

Gymnasium.—It is a little warm for gym work at present, and besides we have been deprived of the services of our excellent friend, Mr. Tinsman, for some time. For this reason obligatory gym work has been discontinued, and the gymnasium looks a bit deserted. However, there are a few who still work regularly. Notable among these is our coming athlete, Henry Patterson. He is almost as bad a gym fiend as Joe Berthelot is a book-worm.

Billiard Room.—Interest in billiards has somewhat flagged of late, owing chiefly to the fact the new table is not to materialize until next year.

ALUMNI

Judge Paul Leche was elected '77 State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus at the convention at Plaquemine, La., May 11.

Frank D. Kohn, A. B., of Montgomery was chosen state deputy of the Knights of Columbus.

On April 10 the city of Montgomery passed from the aldermanic to the commission form of government.

One of the five commissioners elected was Cornelius P. McIntyre, A. M.

Philip Le Blanc has been appointed '95 private secretary to Collector of Port Clarence S. Hebert in New Orleans.

At the annual election of the '96 Knights of Columbus, William Cowley was honored with the office of state secretary.

Dr. E. A. Fossier, A. B., was elect-
'99 ed treasurer of St. Luke's Guild
at the organization of this associa-
tion, composed of practical Catholic
physicians and dentists of Louisiana.
The meeting was held April 27 in the
Archbishop's parlors in New Orleans.
Among those who attended it was Dr.
Marion Souchon, A. B., class of '89.

Stanislaus P. Cowley, class of '99,
'99 was married to Miss Anna Stella
Solberg at the Cathedral with a
Nuptial Mass on April 26. The wed-
ding was very quiet owing to the re-
cent death of Mr. Cowley's mother.

Mr. Henry L. Sarpy, A. B., came
'00 over from New Orleans on May
21st to act as one of the judges
in the contest for the Jannin Memorial
Medal.

We have received the announce-
'03 ment of the wedding of Dr. Maxi-
min D. Touart, A. B., and Miss
Claire Baker. The ceremony took place
on June 5th at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson,
New York.

The marriage of Mr. T. Hubbard
'03 McHatton and Miss Marie Elsie
Lustrat will be solemnized at the
University of Georgia, Athens, on June
14th, Bishop Benjamin F. Kerly offici-
ating. Mr. McHatton is a professor in
the University.

T. Peyton Norville, A. B., was
'04 joined in the holy bonds of matri-
mony with Miss Angela Gerow on
the morning of April 25th in the Ca-
thedral of the Immaculate Conception,
Mobile. The Nuptial Mass at which
the ceremony took place was celebrat-
ed by Rev. Richard O. Gerow, D. D.,
brother of the bride, and was attended
by a large gathering of friends. Mr.
Norville is senior partner of the real
estate firm of Norville Brothers.

Louis O. Bordelon was married to
'09 Miss Mabel Lemoine on May 17, in
the Church of the Sacred Heart,
Moreauville, La. A few days later Mr.
and Mrs. Bordelon called at the Col-
lege while on their wedding tour.

John E. O'Flinn, A. B., was a vis-
'10 itor at the College April 23. He
has finished his first year of med-
icine at Oxford, Miss.

The death is announced of Charles
L. De Fuentes, who left Spring Hill to
join the troops of the Confederacy. ✓
Mr. De Fuentes was for many years
chairman of the Louisiana Railroad
Commission.

John M. Hogan, cashier of the Ger-
mania Bank of Savannah, died sudden-
ly at his home on April 8th. Mr. Ho-
gan was a student at Spring Hill in
the sixties, being a classmate of the
late Father John F. O'Connor, S. J.

PASSING THROUGH THE MILL

There's a saying very common but sublime,
And I hear it echoed down the walls of time:
It is: "Passing through the mill."

As I started out in life,
Seeming ready for the strife,
When I asked a man confronting,
"Is there aught in me that's wanting?"
He said: "Passing through the mill."

But when I'd been apprenticed
To druggist, doctor, dentist,
And made myself a clown
To every king in town,
From judge down to mechanic,
And my heart was wrung with panic,
Yet he told me, told me still,
"You need passing through the mill."

Now I'm settled down in life,
But it's not the end of strife—
Still the mill!
So I take it like a pill,
And strive to take it still,
Till I'm ground and ground to sand,
Till I roll to the other strand,
Till I'm in a higher land,—
For all that the soul must stand,
In this passing through the mill.

Ah, on the Judgment Day,
We'll look back this weary way,
And rejoice perchance to say
That we conquered in the fray
Through the mill.

Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI. to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based on Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instill into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

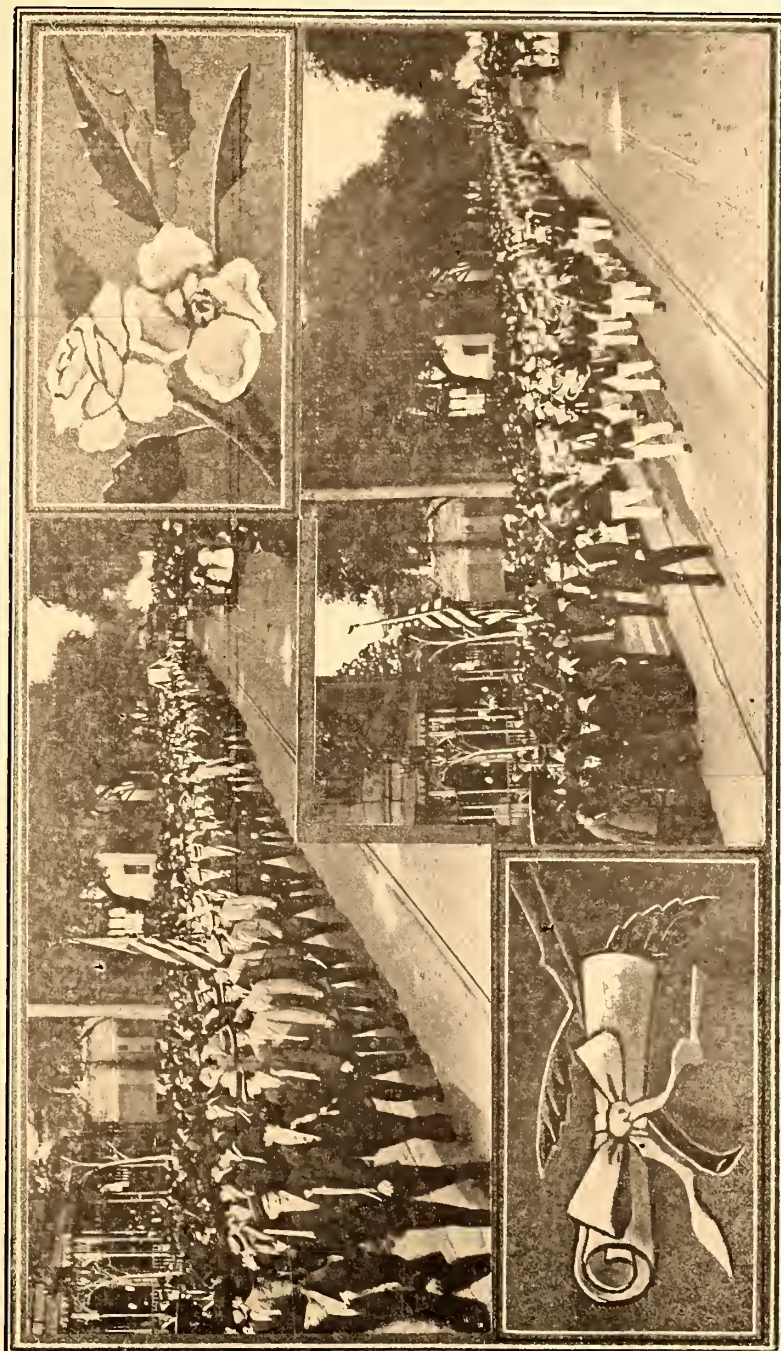
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The plan of studies is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

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SPRINGHILL STUDENTS IN MOBILE BI-CENTENNIAL PARADE



A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Bicentenary of Mobile	<i>John T. Bauer</i> , '11 3
The Adventures with Hoosat	<i>M. Humbert Diaz</i> , '12 8
Yucatan	<i>B. Rios Franco</i> , '11 12
A Suffragette's Dream of the Future	<i>Lee R. Drago</i> , '11 16
The Seismograph	<i>Leo Ball</i> , '11 18
Just What Happened	<i>Stephen V. Riffel</i> , '11 21
Metallurgy	<i>U. Berthier</i> , '11 24
McGloyne's Last Night On Earth	<i>Dennis Moran</i> , '11 27
Portugal	<i>M. Humbert Diaz</i> , '12 29
The Little Gold Crescent	<i>J. Holliday D'Aquin</i> , '11 30
Much Ado About Nothing	<i>Clarence K. Wohner</i> , '11 33
Saved by an Aeroplane	<i>Paul V. Byrne</i> , '11 34
The Limit	<i>John J. Trolio</i> , '11 39
The Grave	<i>Joseph P. Newsham</i> , '12 40
The Interrupted Elopement	<i>Wm. H. Kelly</i> , '11 41
College Notes	<i>M. Diaz</i> , '12 <i>J. Becker</i> , '12 44
Spring Cutlets	<i>J. T. Becker</i> , '12 <i>M. H. Diaz</i> , '12 50
Second Division Items	<i>Joseph P. Newsham</i> , '12 54
Second Division Athletics	<i>John B. Rives</i> , '13 55
Baseball	<i>Dennis S. Moran</i> , '11 58
Alumni	64
Obituary	68



M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12

JOHN T. BECKER, '12

WINNERS OF INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XV., NO. 1

APRIL, 1911

NEW SERIES—VOL. III., NO. 1

Entered as second-class matter, October, 29, 1910, at the postoffice at Springhill, Alabama, under the Act of March 3, 1879

THE BICENTENARY OF MOBILE

JOHN T. BAUER, '11.

It is with great misgivings that I enter upon this task, for it requires a large amount of time and space, both of which are unavailable at present. However, I think that a few words about the founding of Mobile and a description of its early life and customs will prove interesting especially at this time, since to commemorate the event the bi-centennial celebration was lately held in Mobile.

The originator of the idea was the Right Rev. E. P. Allen, D. D., Bishop of Mobile. To his labors and the co-operation of the clergy and laity of the diocese is due the success of the undertaking. The celebration began with a solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving sung by Rt. Reverend Bishop Shaw of San Antonio, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, presiding in the sanctuary. There were present many distinguished prelates and visiting clergy, the mayor and other representative officials of the city and State. The orator of the occasion was Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, S. J., who spoke eloquently on Mobile's two hundred years of uninterrupted Catholic activity.

There was a large parade in the afternoon, composed of all the Catholic societies, schools and colleges of the

city. The event was one whose memory will be fostered in the hearts of the participants as one of the greatest outbursts of Catholic spirit and a most evident manifestation of its increasing power and grandeur. At no time were there so many dignitaries present in Mobile, and no religious celebration was entered upon with such zeal and success. But to come to its cause.

During the reign of Louis XIV. the French government realized the importance of settling and colonizing the southern part of the New World. A fleet of two frigates and two smaller vessels was easily procured, with men to man them, but now arose the question, who would command, who could endure the perils of a tempestuous, unknown sea, the dangers of settling a strange land, who could battle with the natives, ward off famine and disease, and rule with an iron hand, under almost insurmountable obstacles, men of fickle and jealous natures. The man chosen for this great expedition was Pierre Le Moyne Sieur d'Iberville, a member of the Le Moyne family of Montreal, Canada, who had won famous victories over the English forces in New France. He was a man well qualified for the undertaking, being brave,

prudent and clear-sighted, and possessing a characteristic perseverance and energy that made him a natural leader of men. His younger brother, Bienville, then in his eighteenth year, served under him as a midshipman. Iberville was a leading figure in the exploration, discovery and foundation of Mobile. But he died while his city was an infant, and upon Bienville's young shoulders fell the most difficult part of the task, that of carrying into execution the great plans formed by his elder brother. The determination and fortitude of these two men are almost incredible. When we contemplate their youth, the greatness of their task, the difficulties that beset them and then look upon their success, our admiration exceeds all limits.

Four months after its departure from Rochelle, on Jan. 31, 1699, the little fleet cast anchor at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The first sight that presented itself to the eyes of the explorers was not in the least encouraging. To the leeward was a low, sandy island, covered with grewsome bones and skulls, which gave them an idea of the barbarity of the people with whom they were to contend. This island (now Dauphin) was called by them Massacre Island. However, they were not the first discoverers of Mobile Bay. Pineda and Garay, two Spaniards, exploring to find a passage west of Florida, which was then supposed to be an island, discovered the bay and river in 1519, and called it the Bay of the Holy Spirit, by which name it was known for some time. In 1528 Panfilo de Narvaez foiled

in his attempt to oust Cortez from Mexico, undertook, with royal sanction, an expedition to Florida and the coast. After many hardships he landed in Mobile Bay for water, at Bellefontaine, and there is a tradition among the French that the bones found bleaching on the island by Iberville were those of Narvaez's companions. Other early visitors were DeSoto, La Salle, Maldonado and Cabot. But they did nothing towards colonizing the country. After a short stay, Iberville pushed onward in search of the Mississippi. On March 2, after much trouble and danger, for its mouth was hidden in sand banks, reeds and logs, like a palisade, he found the great and much-talked of stream. After due investigation he decided that the stream did not admit of sail navigation nor the marshy banks of habitation. So, leaving Bienville in charge of a fort built near the delta, he departed eastward in quest of a permanent site. The spot selected was a bluff on the Back Bay of Biloxi. Here was built a fort of four bastions, guarded by twelve cannons and surrounded by a palisade. On his expeditions from Biloxi, Iberville discovered what are now known as Bayou La Batre, Cedar Point, the Mobile, Dog and Fowl Rivers, the One and Three Mile creeks and the Chickasabogue. The country on the upper bay and river greatly impressed the explorer; the soil was rich and fertile, with woods containing all the timber needed for the French navy. Besides it was near enough to Pensacola to keep an eye on the Spaniards, it guarded the Mississippi entrance,

was the capital of Louisiana; a meeting place for the Indian tribes and a point from which English influence was to be overthrown. Realizing these advantages, Iberville moved his colony from Biloxi to a site sixteen leagues from Massacre (Dauphin) Island, at the second bluff, which is the present twenty-seven mile bluff. Here, in January of the year 1702, under the direction of Bienville, was constructed Fort Louis de la Louisiane, or Old Mobile. This event was celebrated some years ago by the unveiling of a cross erected by the citizens in Bienville Square, and then also Father de la Moriniere was the orator selected by the city.

Here began the rule of Bienville, for Iberville was away most of the time and died four years later in Havana. So a young man of twenty-six was the chief executive and virtually the first governor of Louisiana, a name that then covered a very extensive territory. Many were the trying situations that confronted the young ruler, pestilence, famine, disease, intricate Indian problems, wars and domestic trouble, which space will not allow me to enumerate. Suffice it to say that through it all he preserved a spirit of energy and endurance that was remarkable. We might imagine that such a man was universally admired and respected, that his plans and views were always considered, and that the officials and citizens earnestly supported and co-operated with him. But such was not the case. On the contrary, his officials were jealous of his success and increasing influence and did all in their power to get him out of office. Indeed, his

commissary, Nicolas de la Salle, and the parish priest, la Vente, went so far as to send false accusations to France, saying that he was undignified, withheld salaries, speculated in royal property, appropriated public funds and was a rascal generally. These charges were unfounded; for during all his labors he made absolutely no profit; he contracted only debts that were unavoidable, and moreover did not receive a cent of salary for seven years.. Writers generally condemn these attacks on Bienville's character.

In the mid-summer of 1704, the ship *Le Pelican* brought over all that was necessary for an infant colony,—live-stock, food, merchandise, a parish priest, a curate, four missionaries, a sick nurse, four families of artisans, seventy-five soldiers and, most welcome of all, under the charge of two Gray Nuns, twenty-three young, respectable girls, who were to marry, and thus serve to domesticate into decent citizens the roving, restless men of the colony. They were all married within a month except one, who was "coy and hard to please." In 1706 there was a great dearth of provisions, because of the neglect of agriculture. The colonists depended on hunting, fishing and commerce, but gave up Indian diplomacy, which would have made it pay. The population at this time was one hundred and twenty men in the garrison and one hundred and fifty-seven colonists, besides sixty unattached Canadians.

On February 10, 1708, the French government sent De Muy to succeed Bienville, but he died at Havana on

his way over. D'Artagnette also was sent to make investigations and reports.

In 1709 the river rose and overflowed both fort and town and left uninjured only high elevations. This necessitated the selection of a new location, and the present site of Mobile was chosen by Bienville. The new Fort Louis was somewhat similar to the old one, only perhaps a little larger. The fort itself was near the river and quite a distance east of the houses, being surrounded on all sides by marshy land. The city consisted of twelve streets about forty feet wide, whose original names are unknown, but they are doubtless the same streets that now form the business section of Mobile.

The system of government remained the same until 1713, when Crozat, a rich merchant, leased the country for fifteen years from the king, and intended through mining and commerce to make his venture pay. He did not like Bienville, and succeeded in obtaining a new governor in the person of Cadillac. His government was not prosperous and in 1717 he was recalled and Bienville was again reappointed and remained in office until 1748, when he was succeeded by Vaudreuil. Because of the sand bar at Dauphin Island and the removal of the capital to New Orleans, the growth of Mobile was very slow. In 1760 we count only one hundred and thirty-one houses and about three hundred people outside of the fort. In 1763, at the conclusion of the war between France and England, all Louisiana east of the Mississippi, Mobile of course included, was ceded to

the English, while New Orleans and that portion to the west went to the Spaniards. However, the Spaniards claimed and ruled Mobile as a part of Florida until 1812, when it was captured and henceforth ruled by Americans.

In 1813 the government, hitherto military, was changed to the commission form. Officials were elected, laws made and streets cut and improved. The city limits began at Choctaw Point, ran due west to where the perpendicular line due north would strike Murrel's ford, over the Three Mile creek, and then down the creek east to the river and thence to the starting point.

In 1818 two fire engines were bought, the first bank established, with a capital of \$500,000, river steamers were running, and the port was full of vessels, one being from Liverpool. Eight thousand bales of cotton were handled by the town of eight hundred inhabitants, and two years later sixteen thousand bales. In 1819 a public well was sunk on Dauphin and Royal, and a burial ground was bought for \$150 half a mile southwest of the city, which is the present old graveyard, now in the heart of the town. In the same year the place was reincorporated by the new State of Alabama as "the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Mobile." About this time Josiah Blakeley purchased a large tract of land across the river and endeavored to build a city to surpass Mobile. Although the project was successful at first, it failed after the death of its founder, and there is nothing left now but ruins and marsh. In 1820 the old fort was abandoned and

its site divided into lots and sold. The great fires of 1827 and 1838 destroyed the old town, and the Spanish and French dwellings are almost unknown.

Henceforth the government and situation remained the same; of course the old city changed and grew with time and customs, so that now it is one of the leading ports of the South, and has a population of fifty-one thousand. With its civil progress and prospects everyone is familiar. Because of its advantageous position, the dredging of the channel and the opening of the Panama Canal it bids fair to be one of the most prosperous shipping points on the coast.

From a religious point of view also the city is progressing. From its very foundation there has always been some one to provide for the spiritual wants of the people. Beginning with Fathers Davion and Douge, we have a long line of pastors and missionaries too numerous to mention.

In 1826, when Right Reverend Michael Portier was named Vicar-Apostolic of Alabama and the Floridas there were only three priests in all that vast territory. The energy and perseverance of this great man were astonishing, as is proved by the work he accomplished. In 1830 he founded Spring Hill College for students and seminarians. Some years later he intrusted it to the Jesuits, and since then it has become one

of the greatest educational institutions in the South. He next established the Visitation Academy, introduced the Sisters of Charity to found hospitals and orphanages, and the Christian Brothers to take charge of schools and institutions, established new churches and built the fine Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. When he died in 1859 he had twenty-seven priests, twelve churches, a college, six academies, twenty schools, two orphanages and hospitals, and of all he could have said: "Alone I did it." His worthy successor, Rt. Rev. John Quinlan, D. D., called the "Apostolic Bishop," continued the good work, and his large funeral in 1883, which was attended by municipal, state and national representatives, shows how much he was respected by the South.

Bishops Manucy and Jeremiah O'Sullivan upheld the traditions of their predecessors and the diocese prospered under their rule.

When Bishop Allen, the present incumbent, succeeded in 1897, the diocese was in an excellent financial condition, but still deficient in the number of priests. Under his rule they have more than doubled. There are now 101 priests, 74 churches, 174 stations and chapels, 41 teaching Brothers, 274 Sisters, a seminary, four colleges, eight academies and 31 parochial schools.

THE ADVENTURES WITH HOOSAT

THE CASE OF THE NEW ROCHELLE COUPLE

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

Since my boyhood I have always lived a solitary life, shunning friends, thereby making no enemies. Not that I was a misanthrope, but that I loved the company of my illusions more than I did reality. When alone I was always careful never to forget a box of Netherlands, a brand which I favored mostly and which was distributed by Grady's Smoker's Mecca.

By profession I was an analytical chemist. I had taken two rooms in a flat, one of which I used as my laboratory (where I performed a few practical experiments for a manufacturing firm of Detroit), and the other I used as my sleeping-room. I remember that I had analyzed a compound for a customer of Grady's Mecca, and had found it to be five parts hydrocyanic acid to one tincture hyacinth; this of course aroused my suspicions, for the hydrocyanic acid (commonly called prussic) was hard to obtain chemically pure. When I afterwards came to learn of the Double Tragedy at Kildare, I found out where and how it was obtained. However, this has nothing to do with what I am about to relate.

As I stated before, I enjoyed nothing better than a good smoke, and so when my cigars gave out I always went to the Smoker's Mecca to purchase some Netherlands. Here it was that I was presented to Mr. Hoosat. It was many years afterwards that Grady explained to me who and what this Mr. Hoosat

was. For the present, since I am forbidden to say who the gentleman is, I only state that he had appeared in New York a few years before this incident happened, and though not well known, (for he detested notoriety) was nevertheless very much loved by the friends he had made. He was not a criminologist by profession, yet in defence of mankind and society, undertook many cases, one of which I am about to tell. Always willing to succor even the guilty, he made it a point to give the criminal another chance. Now that he has gone from my life and I am at liberty to publish this case, I still often wonder where and how he is. Many has been the time that I have wished to see him back again; hurrying through the crowds, making his passage with the aid of a walking stick he had picked up in the Victoria and Albert Museum; and to see the smile that lit his features whenever he saw a friend. Frequently he visited my laboratory, he himself being an experienced practical chemist, knowing the inorganic side better than the organic.

It was a rainy day in April and so I had hied myself to the Smoker's Mecca where a comfortable leather-back chair and a good cigar (leaving out the magazines) always welcomed me. Here I found my friend Hoosat cuddled comfortably in a Morris chair reading a copy of the London Sketch. When he saw me, he arose and came over to me.

"If you are not busy, I would like you to take a trip to New Rochelle with me."

"To be sure," I consented, "nothing would suit me better."

"Then be sure to take the Central 4:05. I'll be there to meet you."

When once we were on our way to New Rochelle he told me that a gentleman had been to see him, much distressed over the fact that his wife had been murdered and that he needed his assistance. On our arrival we strolled around the pretty and picturesque city whose charms I have always admired. Having been to supper we went directly to the residence of Mr. Richardson, the distracted husband. The sad event was beginning to tell on the unfortunate man.

"Calm yourself," admonished my friend, "and let us hear the facts."

"Well, sir," he began, "you must know that I am a lawyer by profession and have been practicing now for three years. Three months ago I was married to Mrs. Ellen Carew, (she was a widow, her husband having perished in the San Francisco earthquake), and she appeared very happy, for she loved me dearly, as I also loved her. About three weeks ago a stranger arrived at the next house. The residence next door, I forgot to say, is owned by a Mr. Forbes, a distant relative of my deceased wife. At first no one noticed the stranger, but one morning, about a week after his arrival, my wife received a letter which caused her much distress, so much in fact that I was afraid she would go mad. I begged her to let me read it; but she answered that I

had better not, that it was news of her father's death. I knew that both her parents were dead; it pained me to see that Ellen had told me an untruth, a thing which she had never done before. So I had recourse to stealing the letter and this is it."

He drew out a paper and handed it to the detective. The letter ran:

"The mountains are ever green, and the cottage awaits the coming of sunshine."

"Pray continue," said my friend.

"Well, she grew more and more afraid, so I thought that the best thing for me to do was to take her on a trip. I went to get the tickets, and when I came back they told me that she was dead."

"Was there much disorder in the room?"

"Yes, but it was caused by the neighbors who came running in after the shot was fired."

"Very well. Good night; we will come again in the morning."

The first thing my friend did in the morning was to visit the room, where he inspected everything. After the shot of course all the people rushed in, so many footprints were observed. All windows and doors had been locked from the inside; but the door opening into the room from the corridor had been forced open by the neighbors.

As for myself, I could make neither head nor tail of the affair; for how could anyone come in or get out without unlocking the doors or unfastening the windows, a thing well nigh impossible, for the windows could not be unlocked from the outside, and the doors

were equipped with night latches. There were four windows and two doors. One led to a second bedroom and another to a hall, connecting with the stairs.

We retired to our rooms after the inspection and I asked Hoosat if it was murder. He answered that so far he did not know.

"If it is suicide, then where is the revolver?" I asked. "How could she throw the revolver out of the window, close it, and come back to the bed if she was mortally wounded?"

But Hoosat answered nothing. We were making a detour around the grounds a while later when my friend suddenly stopped.

"Wait here till I come back."

Soon he appeared with a shoe in his hand and placed it on a footprint in the sand. The shoe fitted perfectly with the print. Following up the footprints we discovered that they reached the residence of Forbes; there they stopped. Hoosat went to see him; he entered without even knocking.

"Who's that?" shouted a voice from a room at the end of the hall.

"That's me,—Hoosat," answered my friend.

"I say," continued the voice, becoming angrier, "who's that?"

"Hoosat is my name," replied my friend.

The door opened and a man advanced.

"Who are you, sir?" inquired the stranger, eyeing us suspiciously.

"Have a card," and Hoosat pulled one from his pocket, on which was written: "Hooareye Hoosat."

"Ahem! strange name that; but what do you want? Mr. Forbes is not in."

"So you are not Mr. Forbes, then. Well, turn the card over."

The stranger did so, and as he did the color came and went from his cheeks.

"I see, sir, that your name is Carew."

"No," with a frown.

"Very well; that is all. Good day; sorry to have bothered you."

On our way back to the house, my friend found something hidden in the sand. Kicking it with his foot he saw a revolver.

"One shot missing," after he looked at the barrel. "Now, let us go back to see our friend the stranger again; he will not refuse our visit this time."

On our entering the room, the stranger arose.

"Sit down," whispered Hoosat, "we can talk better seated."

"Now, this revolver," he began taking out the gun,—"but let me tell you a story. There was a couple in Oakland, Cal.; were very happy; they were married. Then came the earthquake. The husband, who worked in San Francisco, was injured and reported to be dead. The wife, believing him so, came to New Rochelle to live with her relatives. Years passed; the husband, who was thought dead, recovered and came to New York. There he lived for a year and married, thinking his wife dead. By accident he hears of the marriage of his wife, whom he thinks to be still alive. Coming to New Rochelle, leaving his wife in New York, he boards with her relatives so as to be near her. Whilst there his unreasonable love

prompts him to send the message: 'The mountains are ever green and the eotage awaits the coming of sunshine.' Evidently he called her 'Sunshine.' Knowing his presence here she comes to tell him to go away; not finding him here she sees a revolver on the bed. Putting that in a bag she rushes home and shoots herself. He, coming home, hears the shot, rushes in by breaking the door with the assistance of a neighbor and sees his revolver on the floor, puts that in his pocket and runs home, stumbles and falls, revolver drops, here it is." And Hoosat produced it. "But what I did not understand," continued the detective, "is why you deny the fact that you are Mr. Carew? Of course I now understand the reason. You thought that I suspected that you were the murderer."

"Exactly. But I am not guilty. She, as you say, committed suicide. But how did you find all this out?"

"Don't ask," replied Hoosat indignantly, "the proof is not necessary. Another question, so that my theories may be confirmed: Why did you send that message?"

"Because I loved her still. We had only been married a few weeks."

"Another Enoch Arden," mused Hoosat. "But you, sir, you deserve

condemnation; you, after marrying again, wanted to come and claim her as your wife. Sir, right here, I hold the power of accusing and convicting you of this crime. But I will not do it; God will attend to that. You are a scoundrel and a hypocrite."

I had never seen Hoosat grow so eloquent as he did this time. Before the stranger had time to recover Hoosat arose and said:

"Come, let us go."

Mr. Richardson was awaiting our arrival.

"Any news?" he asked anxiously.

"Mr. Richardson," replied my friend, "your wife committed suicide. There was no murder committed." And he repeated the story which I have put forth. When Hoosat finished, the poor man, overcome with grief, bowed his head in his hands and sobbed.

"Come; time for us to go," Hoosat whispered to me.

On our way home I asked him how he knew that Carew had married thinking his wife dead.

"By the letter on the table which he had been reading, starting, 'My dear husband.' Bad case that; sorry for it. Still the world is wicked, very wicked, and we need another flood, another deluge, of fire this time, to cleanse it."

YUCATAN

B. RIOS FRANCO, '11.

Henequen.

Although whole libraries have been written concerning the ruins of Yucatan, I will endeavor in this article to tell what a tourist may see on the way to the ruins, and then describe the ruins as they are. For the reader a geographical description of the place may prove helpful.

Yucatan is the name given to that peninsula comprising the most easterly portion of the Republic of Mexico. The capital and principal city is Merida, a town with a population of over 60,000, located twenty-two miles inland. Setting out for or from Merida by any of the railway lines you are soon in the midst of the henequen fields. As far as the eye can reach may be seen this wonderful plant, which resembles somewhat the century (*agava rigida elongata*) plant. As the view from the car window from first to last will be but the henequen fields in different stages of growth, a word about the plant will not be out of place.

For henequen no other preparation of the ground is necessary than the removing of the stalks of the dead plants of last season, and also the rank vegetation and weeds that may be present. The soil is very poor, the surface being composed almost entirely of rocks. Among these rocks are planted, in regular rows, four feet apart, the young plants, or "hijos" (sons), as they are called. These "hijos" are found clustered about the parent plant, the lat-

ter being tuberous in its nature, sending out shoots in all directions, from which spring up the young plants. The sole care of henequen consists in the planting of it, cleaning out weeds, and finally, after five to seven years of growth, the first cutting of leaves is made. After this first period, regular yearly or semi-yearly cuttings are made, the under leaves being the ones removed. One or more tiers, or rings of leaves, are cut each year. The life of the plant is on the average fifteen years, at the end of which time it sends up a lofty shoot, flowers at the top and then dies. This field of leafless trunks, together with the weeds, brush, etc., is cleaned off by fire directly before the rainy season, the time for planting the new crop. Long before the time this plant has been cut away, another generation has been produced by it, and is well under way perhaps in an adjoining field. The planters, called "haciendados," make a point of having fields in all stages of growth, so that a regular cycle of planting, maturing and cutting is constantly taking place.

A visit to a plantation will prove interesting and instructive. You can there see the various stages passed through, which turn the green, prickly, cactus-like leaves into bales of white, tough fiber. Perhaps, too, you will obtain a glimpse of the half-dressed, sun-bronzed Indians, bare-footed and bare-headed, at work among the rows

with their long, gleaming knives, cutting off the blades of the plant, and stripping them of their sharp spines. These blades are then bundled, loaded on mule-drawn tramways, and taken to the decorticator, or separating machine. All the largest plantations are supplied with the most modern appliances, such as steam-power, narrow-gauge railroads, fiber separating and cleaning machinery, electric light, and all of the modern conveniences that may be found in any city of the United States. So, following the process along modern lines, these leaves or blades are put through huge, steam-driven crushers, where they are mashed to a pulp and the vegetable or soft matter removed. The wet mass of stringy fiber is then combed and spread out on driers in the open air. The fiber thus obtained is about three feet in length and it is in this raw state that it is shipped. Nothing more is done than to compress it in huge machines into bales of uniform size, in which state it makes a journey of often thousands of miles. To the penitentiaries of the United States, to the grain fields of North and South America and of Europe it goes, there to be twisted into binder twine, and employed by the farmers for binding their sheaves of grain. Some three hundred plantations of vast extent comprise the state of Yucatan and employ over 60,000 Indian laborers, engaged in the huge task of furnishing the greater part of the world's supply of fiber. It has proved itself a most profitable business, to such an extent indeed that many planters, formerly engaged in raising corn, cotton and

cultivating the richer lands of the state, have forsaken this and turned their attention to the raising of the henequen. Over the wharves at Progreso pass in the course of a year as many as 600,000 bales of the sisal fiber, which are shipped to the four corners of the earth, and whose returns furnish the country's wealth. Over them is likewise carried a part of the maintenance of its inhabitants in the way of food, clothing and manufactured products. There one gets his first glimpse of the enormity of the sisal crop, which, piled in bales on long iron trucks, drawn by mules over a system of tramways, is always a conspicuous and interesting object. The gigantic warehouses which are everywhere in evidence, cover a large area of the town. A peep into the interior will astonish one, for the thousands of bales of sisal, piled highly and compactly on every side, furnish a slight idea of the enormity of the business. At times there are thousands of bales stored simultaneously throughout the numerous warehouses, representing millions of dollars.

* * * * *

The Ruins.

A distinguished American archaeologist, writing of the Mayan ruins in Yucatan, comes out boldly with the opinion that America furnished the first civilization and was the predecessor as well as the teacher of Europe and Asia. In concluding a most convincing article on the subject he says: "From this treasure-house comes the key to a thousand problems that have vexed scholars and tormented theologians, and a knowledge of astronomy

and mathematics that has dictated the chronologies and cosmogonies of Europe. These people had a regular calendar; they had measured the earth; there is a strong presumption that they had the mariner's compass; they were great navigators and merchants; they gave us an alphabet from which our own has come; as builders they surpassed us; they preceded England as the mistress of the seas; they made our land the granary of the world, while Egypt was savage and the ancestors of our race had neither clothes, weapons nor habitations."

Uxmal, the site of one of the most famous groups of these ancient Maya ruins, is located some distance in the interior of Yucatan, about fifty miles from Merida. There are here located five great structures, or groups of structures, that hold high rank as specimens of Maya architecture. These are: The Pyramid Temple of the Magician, the quadrangle called the Nunnery, the House of the Turtles, the House of the Pigeons, and Governor's Palace. These are surrounded by many more, less in interest and importance only because they are in a more advanced stage of ruin. General features which are to be noted are, first of all, the curious carving that is found upon the faces of the buildings mentioned. Heads of human beings and animals, wild beasts, and specially prominent is the serpent, which probably held a high place religiously with this people. These and many other weird and fantastic creatures, which the imagination of the sculptors conjured up, are here vividly portrayed. Then in the interior of the

buildings, lighted only by peak-arched door-ways are the steep stone stairways, nooks, and corners that awaken all sort of mystic imaginings and invite exploration. In the courts are found stones standing upright, which the Spaniards believed to be whipping posts. However, it is the general character of the buildings and especially the outside front carving which attract more attention. Wandering about the silent tangle of tropical vegetation, which covers every standing mass of ruins, or tramping through the gloomy halls where the only sound is one's foot-fall, or the echo of it, a feeling of awe and mystery steals over the visitor. To this is added wonder and admiration for the people and specially for the architects who raised on high these lofty structures. Men of knowledge assure us that these massive piles can be none other than the evolutions of the genius of some great mind, who, as architect, worked out the plan to the minutest detail. We can be sure, too, that there must have been working drawings made of these buildings long before their construction was started, drawings in which the ground plan, elevation and constructive design were fully worked out and the spacing of door-ways, moldings, panels, and all details of sculpturing fully decided upon; even in fact, to the details of the stone cutting, number, width and angles of courses of masonry. For it is not in the mind of man to believe that one brain could have evolved all this work, retained in memory every detail, and superintended the sculpturing and placing of every stone. However, either

this must have been the case, or, as it is more generally believed, working drawings were made, else utter confusion must have resulted, for, in a single continuous facade upward of 20,000 stones were used, not only hewn in varied shapes, but each sculptured to represent some individual part of a face, figure, or geometrical design, and all fitted together with such a skill as to give the effect of an unbroken whole.

Chichen-itza is the most important of the ancient ruined cities of Yucatan. It derives its compound name from its former occupants, the Itza tribe of the great Mayan stock, and from two remarkable natural pools, or wells, still existing, which undoubtedly furnished the water supply of the ancient inhabitants, and may have determined the original selection of the site.

The principal ruins cover an area of about one square mile, with smaller edifices scattered about the encircling forest. The general structural type is that of the platform pyramid, ascended by means of broad stairways leading up to vaulted chambers. Whole walls are

covered with sculptured figures and hieroglyphic descriptions of vividly colored paintings resembling those of the Aztec codices. Each prominent structure is known to the natives under a distinct name. One of the most interesting is that called the "Tennis Court" or "Gymnasium." Another of the important ruins is the temple called "Castillo," built upon a pyramidal mound more than 200 feet high, the approach being by means of a grand staircase with two colossal serpents' heads in sculptured stone at the base. The Palace or Nunnery (Casa de las Monjas), is also worthy of note.

The reader must bear in mind that this people had no other means of quarrying than implements of stone, no other tools with which to turn out specimens of a far advanced stage of sculpture than chisels of flint.

To archaeologists and students of ancient history, as well as to the ordinary traveler, these groups of ruined edifices, so widely different from all other traces of America's early civilization scattered throughout the continent, prove intensely interesting and highly instructive.

A SUFFRAGETTE'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE

LEE R. DRAGO, '11.

Imagine, if it will not be too much of a tax on your mental capacity, a soft, star-spangled night in the year 1950. Let the scene be a beautiful stone front with winding porticoes and terraced lawn, Fifth avenue or Hyde Park.

Enter hero,—a beautiful blue-eyed lad of eighteen; glowing cheeks, delicate lips, curly golden locks almost hiding a small pair of pink shell-like ears, graceful figure and dainty ankles. He is clad in a hand-painted Japanese real lace-trimmed house-dress, and Harold is his maiden name. He comes out an east door carrying a beautifully bound edition of *Enoch Arden*, advances to a bench in the shadow of the gallery, carefully seats himself and sighs; he lays the book open upon his lap with hands joined over it; sighs again, a deep sigh of real love and fixes his gaze among the stars just where the harvest moon is playing peek-a-boo behind a thin, drifting cloud.

Silence reigns, broken only by the even notes of the crickets and other night bugs. A muffled step is heard on the walk; the front gate clicks; Harold starts from his dream as he recognizes the step of Mabel. His heart beats a tattoo upon his ribs as he silently rises and goes to the front steps. Mabel, aided by high rubber heels, advances noiselessly up the walk. She is tall and well built, with athletic courage and a Roman nose; she wears a business suit of English tweed. As she nears the front porch she carelessly

flings from her strong fingers a half-smoked Havana.

Not a word is spoken,—the two meet; our hero leads Mabel across the lawn to a rustic bench in the summer house, where the following conversation ensues, Mabel talking in a deep, well-regulated voice, Harold in shy and high-pitched accents.

"Your mother, again today, sent me out of her office, and gave me to understand that I must never see you again," says Mabel. (You see, gentle readers, they are old lovers.) Harold sighs. "But I have come tonight, my darling, to tell you of my plans, and if you will be brave I am sure that we can yet manage to find our happiness together in spite of your cruel, hard-hearted mother," continues Mabel; at which a shiver shakes the delicate frame of Harold, causing the strong and protecting arms of the girl to encircle his waist and press his head upon her bosom, where it lies sobbing and shaking.

"But, Mabel," he says in fear, "you know that you are the only girl I ever did or could love, and I would do anything to make you happy, but it does not seem exactly right to leave mother and father without their blessing."

At this moment Mabel gives vent to her love: she gathers the frail boy in her arms and again and again cries out: "Will you be mine? Say you will be mine!"

About this time Harold's mother, president of the First National Bank,

coming home from the club, hears the noise occasioned by Mabel's fond caresses. She bounds across the lawn, discovers the secret lovers, and with an irate snort makes for Mabel; the latter, however, is not to be taken off guard; she turns a back flip over the bench, clears the hedge in one leap, and vanishes into the night.

The mother now turns to Harold, who bows his head before her stern gaze. With one strong arm she grabs the startled lad by the ear, and drags him into the house to give him his nightly lecture on the "Wiles of Women."

Poor, broken-hearted Mabel wends her dark way home, not caring much whether she gets there safe or not.



THE SEISMOGRAPH

LEO BALL, '11.

Pegging down earthquakes is the up-to-date sport of scientists. It is, indeed, a sport to record the "heart-beats" of this wonderful world of ours.

Spring Hill, in keeping with the advance of science, has installed one of the latest and most improved instruments of Prof. Dr. Wiehert of Goettingen. The instrument is very neat and compact. Some may think that because it is practically a new invention it is also very complicated. It is delicate, it has to be, but it certainly is not complicated.

To understand the working of the seismograph, we must bear in mind one universal fact regarding earthquakes, that is, that the earth really quakes or oscillates, either vertically or horizontally, at the point of observation. In any form of energy, the further away the source the weaker is the energy at the place recorded. The same is true with regard to earthquakes, for the waves are a form of energy. The question now is: How can this particular form of energy be recorded?

Every one is familiar with the fact that if a stick is stood on end on a table, and the table is struck a horizontal blow, the stick will fall. The top will fall in the direction from which the blow came. What causes the top to fall? The upper end of the stick, owing to its inertia, does not go with the bottom of it; this throws the line of direction outside the base and the cane falls. You may try this yourself.

It is a very interesting experiment and proves the law of inertia, namely, a body at rest or in motion will continue so forever unless acted upon by some force outside itself.

This gives a rough suggestion of the main principle of the Wiehert instrument, for the tremors of the earth are taken up by an inverted pendulum. The "bob" of this pendulum is very heavy, —eighty kilograms. It can be seen readily that the heavier this "bob" is the more stable it will be in case the base is thrown out of line. Also the more sensitive the instrument.

This inverted pendulum is, during a disturbance, almost motionless. This can be seen by viewing the instrument while it is in motion; the stand to which it is attached is moved with the earth in its oscillation, and we seem to see the pendulum moving. However, this is not so. The horizontal machine cannot be placed on the surface of the earth, owing to its sensitiveness. If it were, it would make a record of a person walking near the building. To avoid this, a concrete pier is built in the ground. This makes surface shocks almost impossible to be recorded. The base of the instrument is fastened solidly to this pier. To this base is attached the suspension of the pendulum. How can the small shocks from the earth be recorded by this heavy weight?

Take the case of the cane. If we make the base or point of support very small, we find it very easy to disturb

the equilibrium. The same is true in the seismograph. The pendulum is suspended on small, flat springs. These springs allow the "bob" to swing in a northerly and southerly, and easterly and westerly direction.

This pendulum, like every other, when started to oscillate, would continue to do so, if it were not stopped. Dr. Wiehert has nearly overcome this by ingenious little brakes, which he calls "air-damping devices." They allow the pendulum to swing out, but on its return it is stopped at the original position. These are connected to the weight by means of thrust arms, which run in the same direction as the pendulum swings. These thrust arms are connected to a system of levers, which multiply the motion of the earth eighty times. These levers are connected to the pendulum and stand. The power is the pendulum and is stationary, while the fulcrum is attached to the stand, which moves with the earth. To the weight arms, or free ends of these levers, are attached writing points. One of the points marks the north and south vibration; the other, the east and west. The ends of the levers rest on a drum, which carries a strip of smoked paper, and revolves very slowly. When there is no disturbance, the lines made by the "pens" are straight, but the least vibration causes the lines to be wavy. To make it possible to tell the time the quake took place and how long it lasted, the writing points are drawn aside every minute and make a little mark. This is accomplished by means of a small electro-magnet, which is connected, electrically, to a special

clock. At the exact interval a small current is sent through the coils, and the mark is made.

Now, suppose that the earth is undergoing a shock. The stand and foot of the pendulum being firmly attached to the pier, will move with it. But what of the "bob?" It is motionless. Then in the levers the power is still and the fulcrum is moving. The weight arms or writing levers, then, are registering the shock, or vibration. In every earthquake there are always the first and second preliminaries, the main shock, and the final preliminaries.

The preliminaries enable us to calculate the distance of the disturbance. Laska's rule is very simply stated thus:

(a) The time of the first preliminaries in minutes, less one, is the distance of the disturbance in megameters. (b) The time of all preliminaries in minutes is three times the distance of the disturbance in megameters. The megameter is about 620 miles.

After the quake is over, the seismogram is taken off and read. On this smoked paper we have all the "capers" that old Mother Earth went through during the disturbance.

There have been several shocks recorded here since last November, at which time the instrument was installed. There is, however, only one that need be mentioned here.

The Spring Hill seismograph, as well as the others in the United States, on December 23rd, began to record little shocks at almost regular intervals. This continued for ten consecutive days. During this time warnings were sent out from the various stations, to the ef-

fect that a vast upheaval would take place in the near future.

On January 4th the real shock came. It was the heaviest that had been recorded. The total preliminaries lasted thirty-three minutes. According to Laska, this gives us a distance of about 6,800 miles. The next day papers all over the world published the news that a town in Russian Turkestan had been destroyed. In the neighboring city of Tashkent, the largest of the province, many people were killed, and much property destroyed. A very amusing incident is connected with this earthquake. The warnings sent out evidently affected some ignorant person's nerves. On January 3rd, Father Ruhlman received from some one, who was seemingly ashamed of his name, a threatening letter. This missive was to the effect that if he did not stop scaring people, means would be taken to make him do so. On January 5th our unknown friend found out that it was not

a "scare" but a reality.

At the same time our scientist received a letter from a Virginian. In this there was a very sensible question. The gentleman asked if there could be any relation between earthquakes and mine disasters. He gave for a reason that after every earthquake there was nearly always a mine disaster. Around all coal mines there are sure to be some pockets of gas. It is not unreasonable to assume that a seismic disturbance might cause fissures from the pockets to the mines, thus allowing the gas to escape. Once this gas gets into the mine we know very well what happens when a careless miner goes down.

The science of seismic disturbance is not yet fully developed, therefore we can only give a sensible reason for facts, the real reason of which is still a subject of dispute. In the near future, though, we will see this new science taught in our colleges and universities, as a fully developed scientific branch.

JUST WHAT HAPPENED

STEPHEN V. RIFFEL, '11.

After a long thesis has been prepared and you are certain that you have some knowledge of what that particular treatise holds, whether it be in psychology or ethics, it is most pleasant to steal away to some foreign land of thought and recall an unusual experience, or bring back to mind some funny little happening which has made a lasting impression on you, instead of tracing the long list of pros and cons of the thesis to be debated in the class-room on the morrow. It was just last summer on one of those fine July mornings, along the Gulf coast that it happened.

"Get up there, Dave; what kind of a trick is this? You must think you are off at college enjoying a long sleep. What are you dreaming of?"

A weird stretch of his limbs, then both hands to his eyes, which was his way of making sure he was awake, then:

"Well, this is a fine time for you all to be coming in, about four in the morning, especially when you know we draw anchor in the morning."

"Another corner heard from. That's enough, Dave; we had agreed to be in at ten last night, and if you hadn't come in on all-fours an hour later you wouldn't be hunting sleep now; you can jump in your jacket and khakis and help get things fixed; all of us have been up nearly an hour helping. Didn't you hear the alarm clock at half past five?"

And so it was that Dave Warley

found himself way behind the rest, but willing to sleep more if the others hadn't found him, deep in slumber-land on a canvas mat which was part of the boat's furniture and which they were looking for, on the bottom floor of the Yacht Club, which mat had been put there by those in charge of the cruise, for those who had promised to be in at ten sharp the night before.

It wasn't five minutes before Dave was putting his mat and suitcase in the cabin and was helping to hoist the mainsail and pack all the eatings in a far corner of the cockpit, with four small brown suitcases stacked on each other in the corner opposite, with as much care as anything ever gets on a cabin sloop. We soon drew up the mud picks, and gave the mainsheet to the winds, to decide our happiness or sorrow for the next few days, as indifferent to our fate as though we four were the most experienced crew that ever sailed in those waters, whereas in reality, three of us couldn't tell the difference between the bow sprit and the boom.

Max Hathaway was somewhat familiar with the surrounding waters and had been on many little cruises near-about, but the rest of us were bent on going it blind, and, regardless of our ignorance, we had decided to have a corking time of it; that was our ultimate end. If you have ever sailed with such a congenial, willing, anxious-to-help-and-quick-to-get-sick crew, you

can understand the terrible strain.

After the first day out we were all pretty well tired, more from the rocking, which we were not used to, than from having overworked ourselves. So Max, the only real skipper amongst us, volunteered to tend tiller if someone would tend light sails. Following his generous offer, lots were cast, it isn't necessary or proper here to say how it was done, and it fell to the part of Bob Lewis, the youngest of the crew, to cook the two meals each day, for he knew more about that fine art of making grits, slicing potatoes and using all the butter on board at one cooking, and opening canned goods and preserves, than any one on board; so this coveted honor fell truly on a worthy subject, but strange as it might seem, he did not like it a bit, as he expressed it: "You seem to think 'cause I take to cooking naturally I like to; but I don't." This outburst came with an angry frown on his face, which caused an inward smile from every one, but no one manifested his tendency to smile, lest Bob might decide that he could diet on preserves and fruit—as for the rest they'd have to.

The next in merit, the task of dishwashing, fell by lot to Dave Warley, the oldest of us and incidentally the smallest eater, which important item tended to make him loved and admired by all, and gave him the privilege of bunking in the cabin when the boat stopped at any place along the cruise, provided he came in before midnight; after that time it was open to any of the occupants of the deck bunks.

In case of company from another

crew, he had to give it up for politeness sake. Therefore all, feeling kindly toward Dave, thought he was the one best fitted for the place, because he couldn't do much of anything else, save tell comical stories in a funny little dialect all his own. So being the only one of the four remaining, it was my duty to tend light sails and watch for beacons.

As the night wore on slowly, and the sea grew restless, Max became silent, for he saw a squall coming within half an hour, but he didn't scare or arouse any one, because they wouldn't be able to prevent it or help in any way. The waves became stronger, and every now and again they would dash against the bow and the spray soon drenched me. An hour later found us in the midst of a furious squall with the stout waves sweeping over the deck, which necessitated taking two reefs and finally taking down all the sail. The tide growing faster and faster, we threw over anchor, but it would drag fearfully, for the current must have had a rate of thirty miles an hour. It seemed as though we were moving forward on account of the fearful rate at which the waves ran past us.

The two in the cabin had long since given up every hope of resting and had come on deck, but not having sea-legs in such rough weather, at first unwilling to let us see them give up, they went in the cabin under pretense of fixing something, but could stand it no longer.

The storm lasted till noon. That was just two hours too much for me, and as long as there was rough sea I was useless. The squall passed over us and had

gone northeast, while the current slackened its speed and the wind slowly became calm, the sun once more shone, just peeping from behind the silvery clouds, which for so long a time had been dark and threatened violence.

When we came to, Max had again made up our minds for us, for though this was not our intended destination, it became so, by his willing it. The luffing of the sail, the rustling of the waves as he drew the tiller to him, and the

creaking of the halyards brought me to my senses. Two hours later we were well on our way, but not to adventure land this time, for those who came for its sake only had their fill for the day at least, and Max was convinced it was too hard work for one to manage a sloop, and not having been engaged to furnish amusement for a bunch of land-lovers, he finally sighted land, as the sun, in all its glory, sank behind the blazing western horizon.

AN APRIL SERMON.

Full many a day, in their drear garb of gray
Lay the woodland, the hill and the glen;
But what magic hand, or what wizard wand
Has bedecked them with flowers again?

I pondered not long, for, lo! t'was the song
Of a minstrel lark mounting on high,
That to me taught the answer I sought,
For he seemed to sing down from the sky:

“Lift hither your heart, for no mortal art
Can bejewel the glen with its dyes.
'Tis God's mighty hand, 'tis God's mighty wand
That bid Nature's gay pageant arise.”

METALLURGY

U. BERTHIER, '11.

The world today is a scientific world in which everything is looked upon from a scientific standpoint. New inventions are coming in, new theories are propounded, new laws are discovered, old hypotheses are either strengthened or supplanted by the new. The world of science is far-reaching and untiring in its efforts for the betterment of mankind, and in finding out the fundamental facts regarding the universe. Amongst the many interesting and important branches of science which have existed coeval with man, the oldest perhaps is metallurgy. History tells us that the Egyptians were quite skilled in this science. The ancients, however, made very little progress in metallurgy owing to their crude methods and false working hypotheses, which were based on the erroneous statements of some pagan philosophers, who asserted that all the baser metals, such as iron, could be transformed by secret process, into the king of metals. Hence instead of trying to study the metals and their ores, their greed for gold led them to concentrate all of their knowledge on the transmutation of the baser metals. When the Arabs, in 640 A. D., invaded Egypt, they became acquainted with the Egyptian sciences, and though they still held to the theory of transmutation, we find an encouraging advance, both in the methods and the science itself. Students from all over the then known world sought the academies founded by the Arabs, and returning to

their native countries, taught the sciences there. Thus metallurgy was propagated throughout the entire world.

Metallurgy is that science which treats of the extraction of metals from their ores and their subsequent preparation for the market. The metals, gold, silver and copper, were known to the ancients because they are often found in a free state, hence their metallurgy is very simple in comparison to the others. Iron, lead, zinc, and most of the other metals generally occur in combination with each other. The processes used for the extraction and separation of these metals are very numerous, but the most general and simple are by amalgamation, reduction and electrolysis.

The amalgamation process is used almost exclusively in gold mining. The ore is first crushed in a stamp mill into very fine particles which are carried by a stream of water to the amalgamation plates, where the metal forms an amalgam with the mercury, allowing the exhausted tailings to be discharged or preserved for further treatment. The amalgam thus formed is then cleansed and heated in iron retorts and the mercury is distilled, whilst the metal which remains in the retort is cast into moulds.

The reduction process is employed with the oxides and sulphides of metals and it is usually used for lead, zinc, copper, and silver ores. This process

consists in transforming the ore into such compounds as can be easily handled by heating the ore in a reverberatory furnace, i. e., in a furnace so constructed that the hot air and gases from the fire pass directly over the ore on the hearth, and in some cases the metal itself is reduced. The reduction is also produced by heating the ore with carbon, hydrogen, or some other reducing agent that will either reduce the metal or form compounds which may be treated in a different manner so as to obtain the metal. The substance remaining in the furnace is generally an alloy of different metals which must be separated before placing the article on the market.

The third process, which is the newest and perhaps of the greatest importance, is electrolysis. On it the very important branch of electro-metallurgy has been founded, and we owe the discovery and preparation of a large number of our rare metals, which before its introduction could not be obtained except by long, tedious, and often dangerous methods, to its wonderful progress and advancement.

Electrolysis makes use of the decomposing power of the electric current by passing it through a solution containing the metal. The compound in the solution is decomposed and the metal is obtained in a chemically pure state, an advantage not to be ignored. Electrolysis has done away with the dangerous and expensive process for the preparation of potassium by substituting in its stead, an easy, safe and economical method, for the production not only of potassium but also of the very

important and useful metals, sodium aluminium and magnesium.

The preparation of aluminium is one of beautiful simplicity and its description will give the reader a clear idea of electrolysis. Aluminium is one of the most useful metals, and more abundant in nature than iron. The oxide of aluminium is extensively found, and is very soluble, in the liquid fused salts of aluminium and the alkali metals. When the electric current is passed through this bath the dissolved aluminium oxide is decomposed, appearing at the two electrodes as aluminium and oxygen respectively, in a chemically pure state. Unless some metals are of high purity they are usually of very little usefulness. Hence it is necessary to purify them as much as possible before placing them on the market. The methods of purification are different for different metals, but the most common is electrolysis. Here again we see what an important element electricity has become in the scientific field; we realize that if it were not for this indispensable science few metals indeed could be prepared in a pure state, and these at a high price.

As an example we may take the purification of copper. The impure alloy is used as the anode or positive electrode and a thin sheet of pure copper or greased lead, as the cathode or negative electrode. These two electrodes are immersed in a solution of copper sulphate acidulated with sulphuric acid. When the current is passed through the solution it causes pure copper only to deposit on the cathode and an equal amount of the same metal to

be dissolved at the anode. Other metals such as gold, silver, and platinum fall to the bottom as mud, whilst the impurities may dissolve in the solution, but are not deposited. Similar methods of refining are used on a large scale for gold, silver and lead; and on a smaller scale for antimony, bismuth, tin, platinum, zinc, and even iron.

It may be said in conclusion that the industrial world owes its prosperity and importance to the strides which metallurgy has made in the last century. For what could we do if the progress of this indispensable science had not improved the manufacture of steel by placing on the market a strong

and reliable article? What improvements could have been possible in the construction of machinery if the metals used were expensive and weak? Metallurgy has at some time or other, in the development of its broad and well extended field, had recourse to almost every science; and the other sciences have profited greatly by its advancement. It is a beautiful art, entrancing, enrapturing and amazing the lover of science by its wonderful processes, changing the dull, uninteresting ore into indispensable metals which the ingenuity of man transforms into appliances for the improvement and betterment of his race.

SPRING RAIN.

On field and road impartial pour
The spring-time flood of quick'ning rains:
Anon the field smiles daisy-decked
But sterile still the road remains.

Twain symbols these of free-willed souls.
On all streams rich the Spirit's grace;
Like field blooms one a lily lane
Like road one yields of flow'r no trace.

McGLOYNE'S LAST NIGHT ON EARTH

DENNIS MORAN, '11.

"Shure, thin an' it was a divil of a foine wake they giv Barry McGloyne."

"Yis," said Dennis, "it was that then."

"Barry was the close friend to me," went on O'Toole, "and I'm now wondering if I did wrong in takin' a wee dhrop av the crathur."

"How's that?" asked Dennis.

"Well, you see it's this way: last summer when I used to be seein' the menagerie afther a few bouts with the bottle over at Casey's I giv me solemn promise to Fayther Breen not to touch another drop for a twelve-month."

"Well?"

"Well, you know I had to show my appreciation av Barry, and whin Widdy McGloyne said to me, says she: 'Pathrick, take a thimbleful of this to keep you sthrong for the evening,' how the divil was I to rayfuse her, an' she looking so swate in that black dress. So I took wan, and wan said wan more, an' if somebody didn't count them how am I to know how much I took?"

"Yerrah," said Dennis, "shure there's no harrum in doin' justiee to Barry, an' it ud be the spalpeen's thriek if you rayfused to take a dhrink, bein' that it was Barry's last night on this earth."

"I dunno, I dunno, but afther a little shlake I will feel that it's all right. Well, Dinnis, good-bye, me bhoy, an' don't wake up Missus Muldoon by bumpin' over the ehiny closet. I'll see

ye tomorrow night at Casey's an' we'll have a game av forty-five."

"Good-night, Paddy, shure 'tis the conscientious man ye are thin. Good luck attind ye."

O'Toole oscillated along the street till he finally made ont his house. The fence served as a guide to his wandering foot-steps and he had soon passed through his gate, when he heard a voiee calling.

"Oh, Pathrick!"

"What is it?" asked O'Toole.

"Come follow me."

"Where be ye?"

"Behint the gooseberry bush."

O'Toole looked over toward the bush and there in outline stood Barry McGloyne. His face and figure were the same, but there was one thing peeuliar about him and that was that O'Toole could see through him. Beads of sweat stood out from Patrick's noble brow and his hairs began to rise one by one. "May the saints presarve me," he groaned.

"Oehone, how slow ye are. Are ye never goin' to move thim long legs?"

Moved by an irresistable impulse, O'Toole cried out: "Comin'," and moved in the direction of the waiting figure. As Patrick moved so did the figure of Barry, always keeping the same distance. On and on they went till they came to a cemetery. The figure passed through the wall, and Patrick came to a dead halt.

"The divil a bit will I go into a cemetery an' the night just half way through."

"Yerrah, shure an' didn't I always know that O'Toole was a coward? Afraid of a puff of air, that's as harmless as a mess o' praties an' milk."

"I'm no coward at innny rate, an' whither ye be angel or divil, an' I know ye ain't the firrust, I'll follow ye." O'Toole climbed the gate, and went on after the phantom. Presently they came to a newly-dug grave where both stopped.

"Whist!" said the ghost.

"Whist!" said Pat.

"Here is where they are goin' to put my body on the morrow, an' I don't like the spot, an' Pat I want you to fill in this grave with me. St'ep in here a minit."

Pat did as he was bid, and the figure, reaching out both hands and grasping the top of the grave, began slowly to drag the hole in upon them.

"Howly murtherin' Moses," screamed Pat, when he saw the intention of Barry's ghost, and in a twinkling he was scrambling out.

"The divil may take you, Barry, and make you warrum, but I'm not the man to fill in this hole for ye."

"Sthop a bit!" cried the ghost.

"Divil a sthop will I," said Pat, and lit out as fast as his feet would fly. He took the gate at a bound, and sped on

down the road toward town. The sky was beginning to glow with the first faint rays of the dawn, when he entered the main street. Slowing up, he glanced back towards the cemetery.

"Shure, I've left him entirely," cried Pat thankfully.

"Begorra, an' it's yourself that is the good runner, O'Toole," said a voice easily at his side. Pat turned and beheld his Nemesis standing there with folded arms, and not at all tired. With desperate courage Pat swung blow after blow in the direction of the spectre, without hitting anything solid, while all the time the spectre stood grinning at Pat's attempts. Just then the sun arose and Pat, sending out another mighty swing for the jaw, lost his balance and toppled over. When he came to again Father Breen was kneeling near him, trying to get a little brandy past his tightly clinched lips.

"Is he gone?" asked Pat.

"Is who gone?" said Father Breen.

"Barry McGloyne's ghost."

Then did Father Breen know that Pat had stepped off the water wagon again.

"Aisy, Patrick, aisy my boy; I see that you have broken the pledge you gave me."

"Yes, Fayther, I did break that one you gave me for a year, but would you mind giving me another that will last me for a life-time?"

PORTUGAL

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

In these days of civilization and advanced humanitarianism, when we take up the history of races past and well-nigh forgotten, which have left behind them the vestiges of greatness as also the stigma of paganism and barbarous civilization, we are apt to look with disgust on those forms of society. But somehow we neglect to study the moral and political standing of the present age; we consider ourselves so advanced in social dealings with our fellow-men that in the cry of liberty we drown the very voice of liberty, which cries that we mock her and that what we call liberty is another word for slavery. In the course of our lives we have come to learn that the person who knows nothing of what he is talking or writing about would do well to throw his pen into the fire and con the lesson of truth and prudence before he endeavors to enlighten his fellow man. We find such people in all the walks of life and they appear more despicable and unnatural if we study them as we should. If a country takes up arms in rebellion in the defense of liberty it should practice liberty, teach in its schools, and profess in its institutions that every man has a right to liberty in that land.

Not many months have gone by since we first heard of Portugal's revolution, of how, tired of a kingdom, the pseudo-liberty upholders decided that for them there was no liberty. So a revolution was started and in the name of that much abused liberty they planted the

tree of republicanism in the land. Some rejoiced at Portugal's fall as a kingdom; others did not. But we expected that they would behave as civilized men, as educated and humane gentlemen. But in the course of a few months we hear of attacks on the priests and religious, how they expelled the priests and burnt their houses and convents to the ground. If liberty was their standard why then did they commit such acts of infamous and barbaric despotism and unchristian cruelty? Such are the crimes committed under the name of freedom and of liberty; acts worthy indeed of barbarians centuries ago, but not of Christians living in a civilized world. If this is liberty, if the act of expelling helpless nuns from the country is liberty, then surely Patrick Henry would rather death, and many others would follow in his path. It might have been more worthy of present day lovers of liberty to have respected them as women if not as nuns, but in the cry of their pseudo liberty they brought upon themselves the everlasting curse of any Christian and free nation. Whenever we hear of the Jews being driven from Russia the world seems to recoil with horror at such inhuman treatment of human beings. But why is it that the nations dare not raise their voice, as it behooves them to do, against the barbaric treatment of the helpless in Portugal? We wonder why it is that Catholics at least have not protested? Why do we stand by and

see our fellow-men so treated? Why is it that we, who should stand together through all, suffer this to go on without effective protest? There should be an appeal that would wake the sleeping spirit of justice, and a protest that would make the pillars of so-called lib-

erty totter to the ground. But, contrary to our expectations, the Christian world has not appealed nor has it protested. Awed by a spirit of unnatural cowardice it has kept that righteous indignation down and suffered the aggression to proceed.

THE LITTLE GOLD CRESCENT

J. HOLLIDAY D'AQUIN, '12.

One evening in June I was sitting on the porch reading the evening paper when I was startled by something hitting me on the arm. I found that the missile was a little wooden box, and, my curiosity being aroused, I picked it up. I touched the catch, the lid flew open and I saw resting on a pad of rich velvet a little gold crescent. Naturally I was surprised and wondered who could have thrown it at me. It was the first time that gold had been thrown at me, in fact all the editors had refused to give me any for my various works. I endeavored to find the owner, but no one answered my advertisement in the Morning Tribune.

My name is William Craford and my pursuits are purely literary and I am by nature a very quiet man. This little incident, however, acted on my nerves, the more so since I had been accosted on the street a couple of hours back by a Turkish peddler who said: "Obey the warning of the Crescent." Before I had time to answer or question him he had disappeared in the crowd and I hunted him in vain.

I had returned home, eaten dinner and was now seated comfortably in my study. I held the little crescent in my hand and idly turned it over and over, wondering what warning it had in store for me. Without the least snap it sprang open and the two halves lay in my open hand. Purely by accident I had touched a secret spring and whilst gazing curiously at the ornament I dimly made out some foreign characters engraved in the gold. Putting on my coat, I left the house, hailed a passing taxicab was soon on my way to old Rax's, who was called "the man of many languages." In ten minutes I reached his shop and on entering it could scarcely suppress a shiver as I glanced at the dirty, unkempt cases and shelves. A little, dried-up old man came shuffling up, rubbing his hands, and gazing intently at me. "What can I do for you, sir?" came in halting English from his thin lips. I took out the crescent, laid it in his hand, and asked him if he could translate the inscription. He took it back of the counter, gazed at it with a magnifying glass,

and said: "Sure, sir, it is in the short code of my native language; this is what it says: "Present yourself in my presence before the end of August. Abdu-Kahn."

"Who is Abdu-Kahn?" I asked.

"You are professing ignorance, master; he is our ruler and you must go to him at once," said he, speaking in the language of the Bokans. Bokan is a little municipality in Turkey which still retained its ruler. Strange to say I had learned their language a few years before and I addressed him in it: "But I had nothing to do with your ruler." "You have; as the messenger of Abdu-Kahn makes no mistakes." Taking the crescent from him, I turned impatiently away, and re-entering the taxi went home. When I arrived at my dwelling I went to my study and, with a good cigar as a companion, thought over my predicament. After an hour or so I made up my mind to take a trip to Turkey and see this thing through. I gave orders to my valet to pack all the clothes that would be necessary and I took care to mention fire-arms, as I thought that the trip might be a dangerous one. Next morning I took passage on a steamer bound for Constantinople. Two days after my departure I found a note under my plate when I went to dinner. It said: "Go to the city of Mukra, there you will find Abdu-Kahn." This did not astonish me very much, as I was becoming familiar with such strange occurrences. In about two weeks we reached Constantinople and from there I went to Mukra by train. On arriving at the city I put up at one of the best hotels

and took a much needed rest.

Next day I decided to take the hotel manager into my confidence and I had him come up to my room. I opened the conversation by asking him if I could obtain an audience with his prince. He answered me with haughtiness: "Sir, he does not allow foreigners to visit him." I became a little haughty myself, and, pulling out the crescent said: "Will this obtain what I wish?" Immediately his manner changed, and, bowing low, he addressed me in an eager tone: "Master, you are able to visit him any time you wish; in fact, you are anxiously awaited." This was the second time that I had been called master, and I found it strange. "Take me to him at once, if it is possible," said I. "As you wish, sir; the carriage will be ready in a few minutes." With that he left the room. In fifteen minutes he returned and announced that the royal carriage was waiting to convey me to the palace. Now, the palace was ten miles from the city, and as there was an insurrection of some party or other, I had an escort of twenty troopers.

Before I left I stuck my Colt in my back pocket, never thinking that I would have cause to use it, but wishing to be on the safe side. I entered the carriage before the gaze of a curious crowd and was soon on my way to Abdu-Kahn.

We had hardly travelled two miles when we were attacked by a passing band of rebels. Their aim was evidently at the carriage, because several bullets came crashing through. I decided that it was safer outside than in, and

just as I was descending I felt a sharp sting in my left arm. This enraged me and rushing madly forward I joined in the fray. We had some hot fighting for a few minutes, but after four of the rebels' men had been killed they retreated into the woods.

I was indeed in a sad fix to present myself before the prince; my clothing was torn, my left arm was bleeding and I had a cut over my right eye that made me feel dizzy. One of the troopers had been killed and a few others wounded, so we halted to bandage them up. I was soon bandaged in a rude fashion and we proceeded on our way. When we reached the palace gates the sun was just setting over a distant mountain and I wondered if I should ever see it again.

However, I was quickly ushered into the royal drawing-room and was glancing at the magnificent tapestries when the prince entered. He was a tall, well-built man, muscular and good to look upon.

He came forward with the words: "My son," but he stopped short and muttered: "There has been some mistake."

"Your Majesty," I said, approaching him, "here is the crescent that was thrown at me; if it is a mistake it is not my fault, as I only obeyed the inscription. Your troopers and I met

with a party of rebels down the road and that is the cause of my dismal appearance."

"Sir," he answered, "I sent for my son, who is in America; my messenger mistook you for him. You resemble him greatly, as he is about your height and build and he is a great deal fairer than I am. As I have caused you much trouble, you must consider yourself my guest during your stay in this country."

I accepted his kind invitation, and for two weeks lived in a royal palace. While there I learned a great deal of the manners and customs of the Bokans, which greatly assisted me in my literary pursuits.

I am now in America, but will never forget that I was once mistaken for a royal personage. All this happened about two years ago, and yesterday I received a letter marked with the royal seal of Abdu-Kahn.

Mr. William Craford,

Leslie, South Carolina, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

No doubt you will be surprised to hear that my son has been found after three years of searching. Enclosed you will find the gold crescent. Keep it as a memento of your trip and also to remember,

Abdu-Kahn.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

CLARENCE K. WOHNER, '11.

Say, you fellows have just about got my goat. You tell me that I must write something, that that something is to be printed under a picture of me with my number on it. I would do anything to oblige, but don't you think the magazine would be more of a success if I were to play off on a sore hand or one of those old gags? Thank you, so do I.

But you tell me that I must make a try even if I spoil the whole show, and I suppose it is up to me.

Gentle reader, do not proceed any further, for I have not an idea what I am going to write about, and unless there comes a heavenly inspiration, which I don't think likely, I assure you that you will spend a very useless space of time trying to make out what I mean.

You see I looked around for some nice subject, such as "Our Lake," "Sunset from the Piazza," etc., in which I could give full vent to my poetic passions, but I find that all these and like subjects have been barred from our paper, and so I will have to turn my thoughts into other channels; a bit of my life history in which a few unpleasant facts must occur will be about the best I can do. Every one of us is very desirous of suppressing unfavorable truths when it comes to a show-down in the golden pages of his biography. But I am going to be frank. I was born in Bogalusa; it is with a courageous and humble spirit that I

mention this fact. I am not going to tell you where this beautifully titled city is situated or anything about it, but suffice it to say that it is one of those places which Moses or Noah would recognize if they were to revisit us. The city itself bears a close resemblance to ye western town after circus day; the streets are always covered with yellow bags, peanut shells, tobacco juice and whittlings.

You will want to know why I can give such a presumed description of towns after circus days, and by doing so you lead me into the discussion of another dark page in my life history. I have been with a circus; have had the misfortune of being left over nights in one or two places and I guess I ought to know how they look. Let me hasten to make a little explanation before you form a false opinion of my character. I don't mean that I was one of those whom the ladies call "awful-looking, half-clothed men," who do all the hustling and sleep under the animal cages at night. No; I was doing a stunt in pink tights under the big canvas. I say stunt, but stunts would be more correct for my contract called me "general useful" during the big show, and I was liable to do most anything; from jumping over the elephants, or racing the pony, down to clown acting on the side.

I like circus life and I like circus people; they are just like one big family and not such a bad lot as people think.

I was fool enough to imagine that the good-looking strong lady who balanced a piano on her feet in the side show was in love with me, but right here is where I got my bumps; for the night before we had planned to wed her highness slipped her contract and eloped with the snake-eater; the manager is still looking for them.

This is where my trouble began, for they tried to hold me to my contract and wanted me to take the snake-eater's place. I did not mind handling the snakes, but I just could not bear the thought of eating the dear things alive, and of being called "Bobo." So I made a get-away, to try my fortune along another line. Believe me, I have tried many ways and means of earning a livelihood, from jerking soda in Canada down to playing the traps at the Bijou in New Orleans, but have never just quite made good. My employment for the last few years has been "doing college," for I long since have realized

that you have to be able to boast of a few letters behind your name before the world will recognize you either as a professional crook or anything else worth while.

The fire is burning low, this pencil has lost its point, so has my head lost the least ghost of an idea which it never had, the press boys are calling for copy, I have labored long and written nothing.

Bang! I realize that I have failed along another line; there is no sweet smell of the printer's ink in my nostrils. I guess I had better keep on "doing college," for I have been rather successful at this. If you should happen to read this far in this insane, juicy jungle of nothing, and if you should happen to throw the paper from you in disgust, remember for my sake I warned you in the beginning.

It is a great satisfaction to be able to say "I told you so."

SAVED BY AN AEROPLANE

PAUL V. BYRNE, '11.

It was an imposing residence on Fifth avenue where the only son of the late Col. Edward F. Dillon, the steel magnate, resided with his mother and sister. Joseph Dillon was a young man of good character, barely out of his teens. They would have been a happy family had not Joe, soon after the death of father, fallen in with bad companions. At first he resisted all

their efforts to persuade him that drink was the only pleasure of which he had as yet not tasted, he thought it would do no harm to drink to his success with his jolly companions. This was the beginning of his downfall, for as fate would have it, when Joe started drinking, that indomitable luck which he had formerly possessed now forsook him entirely, and he found himself

daily getting deeper and deeper in debt. Seeing his creditors clamoring for the money he owed them, Joe determines to leave New York, in order to avoid the humiliation and disgrace which he would bring upon himself and family by being arrested. And now he has changed, by his disgraceful conduct, his happy and cheerful home into one of misery. In the evening his sister Helen often sits in the parlor and gazes wistfully from the window, awaiting the return of Joe, and hoping against hope for an early arrival of her brother, whom she loves even though he is disgraced. After dark her mother joins her, and together they wait for Joe to appear, but all in vain. As the clock strikes twelve, Mrs. Dillon slowly rises and ascends the stairs to retire, leaving Helen to await her brother's arrival. Slowly the long hours of the night pass one by one, and the first rays of approaching day find the weeping girl still gazing dreamingly into the street. Every now and then she listens, but only the ticking of the clock breaks the stillness of the morn. Suddenly the heavy fall of drunken feet upon the porch arouses her from her stupor, and opening the door, the half frightened sister helps her staggering brother to his room.

One evening Joe came home early, and his mother and sister wondered what change could have taken place, as it was so unusual for him to arrive at that time of day. After supper Joe called Helen and his mother into the parlor, and informed them of his intention of leaving the city. In vain did they plead with him to stay, saying they

would pay the debts he had contracted and that he could then start out anew, if only he would not leave them. But their pleadings were of no avail, for though he loved his mother and sister dearly, yet when he thought of the trifling life he had led, he knew that the only way he could control his passion was to leave the city, for then he could not be influenced by his former bad associates. That evening he boarded a train for Chicago, and arrived there the next day. The following morning he left his hotel in a gloomy mood and strolled aimlessly about the streets, wondering where he could find employment, for his funds were at a low ebb, and having no friends in the city, he was at a loss to know where to turn for aid.

While thus walking along, occupied by his thoughts, his attention was arrested by a huge, gaudy billboard, announcing the running of the famous Chicago Derby that afternoon at the Washington Park race track. When Joe had read the sign he determined to go out to the races, as they would serve as a distraction from the monotony of idleness. He accordingly boarded a car at Eighteenth street and was soon out at the park.

His watch lacked half an hour of the time for the races to start, so, procuring a programme he strolled leisurely over to the paddock, where, with hundreds of others, he surveyed the thoroughbreds gathered together from all parts of the country to run for the supremacy of their stables. Here were the horses that would win fortunes for some men and lose fortunes for others.

He then made his way through the crowd and seated himself in the grandstand, where he commanded a full view of the course. It was indeed a sight calculated to thrill the heart of any man, much less Joe, when he looked at that surging mass of humanity scattered over the course, bedecked in all the splendor and fashions of the day, for this great event of the season. Every one seemed to be in a jolly mood and from the gay laughter of the crowd, one would imagine that this was indeed one day the crowd forgot they ever had a care in the world and gave themselves up entirely to the pleasure of the moment. Out on the turf are gathered together the elite of society seated comfortably in their tally-hoes and automobiles, chatting gaily with friends and anxiously waiting for the starting of the races. After surveying the crowd with a keen sense of interest, Joe crossed the track, and picking his way through the carriages and other vehicles, went to the farthest end of the course where he threw himself on the grass, and was soon lost in deep thought. He was suddenly aroused from his reverie, however, by the cry of "Look! Look!" And raising himself on his elbow he gazes in the direction of the crowd. Far off in the sky he sees a mere speck which, as it approaches, grows gradually larger, and as it slowly descends he realizes that it is an aeroplane.

The human bird as it comes overhead veers to the right and circles the course, gradually nearing the ground, when, of a sudden it makes a graceful dive, and alights not far from where Joe was

standing. He was the first to reach the machine and you can imagine his surprise when he saw a beautiful young lady step lightly from the aeroplane amid the thunderous applause of the crowd who had watched her daring feat. In jumping to the ground her dress had become entangled in the mechanism of the motor, and seeing her predicament Joe rushed to her aid and soon she was again free. Turning to Joe with a smile that made his heart quiver, she said in an anxious tone: "Has the Derby been run yet?" Joe replied in the negative, as he gazed into her soft, brown eyes, and turning was about to go, when he felt a soft touch upon his shoulder, and heard a sweet voice say imploringly: "Please don't go yet, because I want you to do just one thing for me, that is if it is not too much trouble." Assuring her that he would do anything in the world that she desired, and he would, too, Joe waited her request. "Would you please be so kind as to take this note and carry out its instructions?" "Certainly," said Joe, as he placed the note in his pocket and stole a shy glance at her lovely profile.

Thanking Joe for his kindness with a gracious smile and a flash of her beautiful eyes she disappeared in the crowd. Joe is so taken by surprise that for a moment he stands bewildered, then collecting his scattered wits he remembers the letter, and opening it he read: "Dear Bertha—Will not be able to take you to the races this evening, as I had promised, as I have been called out of the city on important business. Enclosed you will find fifty dollars

which I would like you to have placed on 'Wildfire' for me. If he wins the money is yours. Lovingly, Brother Carl." As soon as Joe had read the note he hurried to the betting ring and placed the money on Wildfire at odds of twenty to one. The gong is sounded and the horses are warming up. Suddenly Wildfire, a beautiful black steed, comes prancing down the track with his jockey sitting confidently on his back. As the starter is lining them up, a death-like stillness sweeps over the crowd. The barrier flies up. There is a roar from the grand stand: "They're off!" The great race is on. Dixie Queen, the favorite, sets the pace with Mail Boy trailing closely, and Wildfire third. In this order they cover the mile, where Mail Boy tires and Wildfire moves up to second place. When they come into the stretch Wildfire moves up to the leader, and it is neck and neck for a hundred yards, then as they near the wire, Wildfire gives one mighty leap, and crosses the wire first by a nose. When Wildfire had crossed the wire winning the great race, Joe is overcome with joy and he wonders what is the cause of his exultation; for what difference did it make to him whether this horse had won or lost, since he had no money on the race, for at the time he did not know he would be benefited by it. Then he recalls the vision of the girl whom he had left just a few minutes ago, and he knew that this was the cause of his joy at the victory of the horse. This brings back the recollections of his sister Helen who resembles so closely this strange girl who had so fascinated him with her frank

entreaties. Then he thinks of his dear old mother, how good she had been to him, loving him tenderly even into manhood, and he had returned all this kindness by bringing sorrow to his family by disgracing himself and leading a wretched life. When he remembers how his mother and sister had pleaded with him to lead a good life, a tear rolls down his handsome face, and like the true penitent, he resolves to sin no more. Arousing himself from these unpleasant recollections, he makes his way to the betting ring, presents his ticket, receives a thousand dollars, and, depositing the money in his pocket, hurries over to where the aeroplane was stationed. When he arrived at the place where he had last seen it, it is gone, and he gazed anxiously around the course, hoping that perhaps he might have been mistaken as to its location; but it is nowhere to be seen. For a second Joe stood dumbfounded, then after a careful search of the grounds, and finding no trace of the missing girl, he elbowed his way through the crowd, passed on through one of the exits, jumped into a taxi, and was driven quickly into the city.

"Where to?" said the driver as they neared the loop district.

"City hall," replied Joe. When the machine pulled up at Dearborn and Clark streets he jumped out, dismissed the taxi and hurried into the office of the detective bureau. "What can I do for you?" said the clerk as Joe stepped up to the desk. Joe plainly stated the case, mentioning the bet, and minutely describing both the girl and the aeroplane. When he had finished

giving the details of the case, Joe told the chief of police that he wanted every effort made to discover the identity of the girl. "One minute," said the chief, as Joe started to leave. "Did you notice the license number on her machine?" "No," said Joe, as he recalled that he had hardly noticed the aeroplane, as the girl had attracted all of his attention. With a nod to the chief, Joe left the office and went immediately to his hotel, where on entering his room he threw himself on the bed, completely fagged out by the exciting occurrences of the day.

Next morning much refreshed by a night's sleep, Joe ate a light breakfast and on leaving the hotel proceeded to the detective headquarters and inquired if any news had been heard concerning the identity of the mysterious girl. "No," said the chief, "you see, we have no clue to work on and the outlook isn't bright."

After remaining in the city for over a week and hearing no new developments in the case, Joe seeing the uselessness of further delay and anxious to get home, determined to leave the city. Before going he requested the detective bureau to let him know in New York if they should discover the identity of the strange girl who had so mysteriously disappeared. He took the train for New York early the next morning and arrived there the following evening.

His mother and sister welcomed him home and when he had related his eventful experiences and told of the effect that they had on him and of his

resolution to lead a new life they shed tears of joy.

Six months have now elapsed since Joe arrived home, and what a change has taken place. He has forsaken his former companions and given up his disgraceful vices. He has obtained a fine position with a fine salary and his mother and sister feel justly proud of him.

One evening when Joe returned home from his work his sister informed him that a girl chum of hers in her college days was coming over from Chicago to pay her a visit. She requested Joe to accompany her to the train to meet her friend. Joe readily consented and the following evening we find them at the depot awaiting the arrival of the train. When the train had pulled into the station Helen scrutinized the faces of the crowd as they passed through the exits. Just then Helen caught sight of her friend and with a cry of joy ran to meet her.

While the two girls were thus busily engaged greeting each other Joe was wondering where he had seen this girl before, as her face seemed strangely familiar to him. Then in an instant he recalled that this girl must be the one he had met in such a wondrous way during his visit in Chicago. Then he said to himself: "Could this really be the same girl whom I met and who so strangely befriended me?" As he was musing thus with himself he heard his name called and looking up saw his sister Helen beckoning to him. "Joe," said Helen as he approached them, "I had really forgotten that you were

here, I am so shockingly absent-minded."

"Bertha, this is my brother Joe." As they shook hands their eyes met and Joe noticed a slight flush pass over the

girl's face. Observing her embarrassment he lowered his eyes, and seizing her suit-case he relieved her of the burden and all three boarded a passing car.

THE LIMIT

JOHN J. TROLIO, '11.

By the heading of this sheet one might be led to suppose that I am about to unfold a hair-raising plot, woven about a roulette table in the wild and woolly west, concerning a dainty miss, a dashing youth and a bearded villain. But here is where you are going to be disappointed, or rather mistaken, for, not being an attache of the green cloth, I think it would be wise for me to abstain from doing anything so desperate. I merely wish to write a few lines, more for the sake of making a little noise than because I have anything in particular to say; and as this sort of thing is about *The Limit* for any individual, more so for myself, I titled this noise accordingly.

The fellows have always accused me of being a big wind, but perfectly incapable of causing any great damage; and just this facts keeps me from saying anything in my line, for I want to shake off that reputation, or at least I do not wish to confirm it by trying to tell some big "I-don't-believe-you" story. So, for once in my life I am go-

ing to surprise everybody by taking on a little sentiment. Listen to the following and judge if I have overstepped your expectations; also bear in mind that all I have said heretofore is only a prologue,—the big show begins now.

The night waxed, the moon waned—(no, don't count that; I am beginning again).

The ceremony was over; the friends and relatives had already viewed the remains. Through streets lighted with myriads of effulgent bulbs the carriages rolled, across parks and down avenues, finally arriving at the bride's home. The hymeneal feast over, the guests departed, last of all Bob Hampton, the best man, who lingered over the final hand-clasp of his boyhood and college day friend, now a husband; but longer yet over the white hand of the blushing bride. After which Bob, in some manner, found his way to his bachelor quarters and stumbled half dazed into his den. Carelessly he threw dress suit on the sofa, silk hat on a chair,—then sighed. Going to his desk he drew

forth from an aged leather case a rose, withered and worn, together with a faded picture of a beautiful young girl. Again he sighed.

His pipe lit, he sat down in an easy chair and, kissing tenderly the face that looked sweetly up at him from the card-board, he rested his head on his arm and sobbed, a sob that bespoke a heart broken with love but still filled with its sad memories.

After some time Bob raised his head and holding the portrait in both hands gazed longingly, through tear-dimmed eyes, at the picture; then choking back a lump in his throat the best man spoke appealingly to the image: "I never will be happy, Kate—after tonight. He was my best friend,—I know that he

will be good to you. I had to give you up,—for him, but—how I did love you! This was the only token you ever gave me, but now I have no right to it since you belong to another. Farewell, Kate, my only love, and farewell happiness." With these last words the best man reverently kissed the image. Then striking a match he touched the tiny flame to picture and flower, and holding them from him he watched the progress of the flames.

Well—is not this The Limit for a big, over-grown man to sit down and cry over a faded rose and a stained photo? If not I will start over and tell one that is; but no, you would not stand for it; so about the best I can do is to make a noise like a clam and shut up.

THE GRAVE

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12.

First Voice: How silent, how cold, how lonely is the grave. Damp are its sides and chill the wintry wind that bows the giant oaks, laden with gleaming icicles, as though menacing the sleeper beneath the sod.

Second Voice: How tranquil, how free from worldly woe and care is he who rests under the mossy marbles.

First Voice: The blood-crested worm riots over his body and feeds on the flesh with a horrible relish; the venomous serpent finds an abode in the tomb; the loathsome toad sits bleary-eyed on the skull.

Second Voice: Does the blood-crest-

ed worm disturb his repose; does he feel the sting of the serpent? The eyes of the toad may be but jewels in his eternal crown.

First Voice: How terrible is the agony the departed one inflicts on those he leaves behind! How their hearts break as the cold dirt falls on the coffin of one whom they have loved in life.

Second Voice: Let all such appeal to God. He is the Great Healer. In the hour of their adversity, to Him and to Him alone, must they look for aid.

First Voice: But how bare, how desolate are the graves. Deep in the snows

of winter, thick-strewn with the leaves of autumn, bare, desolate, cheerless, like some abandoned desert place.

Second Voice: How bright, how beautiful, are the flower-carpeted graves when spring greets mother earth for the first time with warm embrace, and bids grim winter leave his frozen lair. How white and pure is the glimmer of the marbles in the mellow moonlight and fuller glories of summer. Even in winter the howling winds that wreck the cloud-banked skies cannot disturb the repose of death. The graves are deep in drift of snow, aye, but "Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze."

First Voice: No more shall "the cheery call of incense breathing morn" arouse the sleeper from his nightly couch; no more shall the chanticler's shrill clarion apprise him that Aurora is about to throw back the purple curtains of the dawn; no more shall he dwell in the warm precincts of life.

Second Voice: Much warmer, much more cheerful is the eternal day of

heaven. There is no morn, for night is unknown. Here weary mortals find a haven at last, where, sheltered from the storms that sweep the sea of life, they wander at will through gardens watered by myriads of sparkling fountains, all the while basking in the sunshine of the Most High's glorious countenance.

First Voice: The grave robs a man of all the power, all the renown of life. It leaves him but a mere stone, or at best, a short-lived memory in the minds of men.

Second Voice: What is power, what is renown, when weighed against peace and freedom from care? All we lose in life may be gained in death; all our ardent hopes, all our vain longings may be realized; all earthly troubles we leave behind. Thus should we look on death. Not in fear and trembling should we prepare to cross the great valley, but rather with hope and resignation, until in our hearts we exclaim in unison with the poet:

"Oh! grave, where is thy victory;
Oh! death, where is thy sting?"

THE INTERRUPTED ELOPEMENT

WM. H. KELLY, '11.

Betty Quinn, a coy, fussy little damsel, the daughter of a wealthy banker, sat in her boudoir fretting, pouting and crying as if her little heart would break. She was dreadfully in love with Jack Mandele, a big, handsome, good-natured boy of twenty years, liked by all for his good looks and sense of hu-

mor, but extremely extravagant and careless.

Jack had been paying his attentions to Betty for a long while and not against the will of Mr. Quinn, who it might be said even favored the match. However, he (Mr. Quinn) had a dreadful abhorrence of extravagance and

useless expenditure and now that they wanted to get married he would not permit it because Jack was penniless. Rather he would have them wait until the boy repented of his thriftlessness and began to save.

Betty, on the contrary, impulsive little creature as she was, would not wait a minute; so saying, since they were of age, it was no one's business but their own, they planned to elope."

Finally the door bell tingled, and forgetting her grief she ran with flushed and eager face to meet—Jack. Together they occupied the Morris chair, and cautiously laid their plans, while the unsuspecting parents took a stroll.

Jack, disguised as a burglar, was to come at eleven and they would be off on the midnight train, for he had already confided the secret to his friends and secured the necessary funds for the honeymoon.

At ten she retired to her room and got her things together (the contents of one well-packed suitcase was their luggage), then she sat down to wait.

Her nerves all strung and tense with excitement, she watched the minutes drag slowly by; it seemed an age. Would he ever come? The clock chimed one, only half past. She turned out the light and tried to think of something, but she could not. Another quarter of an hour passed and she heard the back door softly open: it was early yet, but it must be Jack; there could be no mistake.

She saw the flash of his lantern and made her way towards it. Noiselessly she came upon him, ransacking her bureau drawer. It seemed a little for-

ward of him, but it was part of the play and she did not mind. His back was to her and her approach was unnoticed as she came up and grasped his hands. Surprise, fear, courage and control all struggled for mastery in him as she thrust the suit case in his free hand and whispered: "Come along."

His face showed surprise beneath the dark mask he wore, but he saw that there was a game to be played and he must stick it out, so he reluctantly followed, while she, thinking his courage was sinking, whispered words of encouragement.

By and by when they were out of the house and there was no danger of being heard, they slowed their pace and breathed more freely; but he dared not speak lest his voice betray him, and as he rather liked this new sensation he resolved to play it to the end.

The true situation was only now dawning upon him, he realized that he was mistaken for some one else and that evidently that some one else was her lover, so he ventured to kiss her, and she, unsuspecting, submitted without a struggle.

But now the crisis came, for coming down the road at breakneck speed was what seemed to be a mob of excited and aggravated citizens. "Come, Jack," gasped Betty, "we must hide." But when she turned to face Jack, Jack was nowhere to be found, for in fact he was not Jack Mandeley at all, but a real, sure enough robber, and since experience had taught him that a good run was always better than a bad stand, he had speedily vacated the premises when he smelt trouble brewing.

In a moment the whole Quinn family pounced upon our heroine and began, all at once, to demand an explanation; whereupon Betty did the most befitting thing she could under the circumstances,—she fainted. Then she was carried home, matters were explained and they all had a good laugh.

Jack had come at the appointed time but finding Betty gone was at a loss

what to do and in his search for her had disturbed the whole household. Then came the general hue and cry for the miscreant.

The parents, seeing the determination of the young couple, at last gave their consent and in a few days the friends of the concerned received invitations to “a quiet little wedding” at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Quinn.

TU SEPTIFORMIS MUNERE.

The same sun ray on Earth's fair face
The hue of rose and lily paints;
So tints God's grace the varied souls
Of virgin and of martyr saints.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN, Spring Hill, Alabama

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M. DIAZ, '12.

J. BECKER, '12.

Forward.—The boys came back looking healthy after the holidays, but the march down the lane was a little slow, owing to such music as: "The Dear Old Folks at Home;" not played by a brass band, but pretty well felt in every heart. It did look rather gloomy for a while; almost every fellow had a severe attack of "blues," occasioned by causes unknown; but it was not long before some of the good old live chap-pies got to telling of their adventures and misadventures. Of course every boy tried to go one better, and the bidding was a little high when it came time for the Prince to speak. This worthy gentleman capped the climax with his "Forty-five dollar trip to Jackson," bringing forth a good old hearty "hee haw." Besides it is not natural for young America to sit

around and look sad, so in a very short while the "blues" vanished like mist over a river, and every mother's son resolved to face the sad music of class and study with a bold front and be happy. This was no ordinary New Year's resolve, for three months have now gone by and Old Spring Hill has never before held such a happy, contented and thrifty lot of boys.

Retreat.—A few days after our re-turning, the Rev. Father E. A. Cum-mings, S. J., of New Orleans, held a re-treat of three days for the benefit of the boys, and be it said to our credit there was hardly one boy but did make the retreat, and make it in such a way that it will show up in big letters on the right side of the book when it comes time for eternal settlement. Very

deep interest was taken in the instructions of Father Cummings, every word was so practical and well put that it seemed just to hit the proper spot. At Spring Hill this good man will always find a warm welcome, and we hope that he will honor us many times with his presence in the future.

Exams.—The half-yearly exams, though not looked forward to with much anticipation of delight on the part of the drones, came off as usual, and the result was indeed brilliant, for there were very, very few who did not make the rise.

A Convenient Distance.—A very interesting little comedy: "A Convenient Distance," was given by the members of The Yenni Literary Circle during the half-session exercises. The stage setting was very effective, while the action of the play did not lag one minute. Praise can only be given justly by saying that each actor, in his particular role, was a star.

New Orleans vs. Spring Hill.—On February 22nd our cousins from the Jesuits' College of the Crescent City, came over to meet Spring Hill in a debate. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That Life Imprisonment (no Power of Pardon by Executive) Should be Substituted for Capital Punishment." Messrs. Bonomo and Miller defended the affirmative for New Orleans, while Messrs. Becker and Diaz represented Spring Hill by upholding the negative. The debate throughout was hotly fought on all sides, and every

view of the question was thoroughly examined. The contest lasted for two hours, when the judges consulted for some time, and then came forward to announce the glad tidings of victory for Spring Hill. Along with the debating team came the entire membership of the Thespian Society of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans, to whom we are indebted for a very interesting little sketch, "The Clue by the Cuff," which they presented on our stage that night.

Meet.—A general athletic meet, including every manner of out-door and indoor sport, was held for the exclusive benefit of the First Division Boys. On Feb. 22nd the meet closed, when the following boys standing highest in the number of points received handsome prizes: Ducote, Bauer, J. Cassidy, Andrepont, H. Kelly, Orsi, Pertuit, Henderson, Holland, Adoue, Mayer, d'Aquin, Eastin, Ball, Druhan.

Parade.—To celebrate the bi-centennial of the foundation of Mobile the city was gaily bedecked on Sunday, Feb. 25th; the citizens, formed in bands representing the different parishes, paraded the streets of the city and ended at the Cathedral, where Cardinal Gibbons, Mobile's guest of honor on this occasion, gave to all the Benediction. The same evening His Eminence the Cardinal paid us a brief visit; we were especially pleased to have so distinguished a personage as our guest, and feel proud to know that one so high should take an interest in us humble workers. The entire student body of Spring Hill took part in the parade.

Special mention is due the united First and Second Division Bands for the selection of beautifully rendered marches which they played during the parade.

Minstrel.—A good round hour of fun and amusement was afforded the boys on Feb. 26th, when Mr. Bauer introduced his well trained troupe of Dusky Darkies, giving us a good, old-time minstrel show. Many local and universal jokes, some of rather ancient yet honorable birth, caused more than once an outbreak of side-splitting laughter. The musical numbers were very well given, especially the song and dance by "Mules," "Dixie Queen," and "Lily of the Alley." Among the most prominent song hits were "Winter," "Kelley's Gone to Kingdom Come," "Ohio," "Ogalalla," "I'd Love to Live in Loveland," "Dinah," "Down Where de Watermellons Grow," and several others, too numerous to mention.

U. S. S. Birmingham.—The sailors from the battleship Birmingham, though not as sure-footed as they might be on good old solid earth, were a jolly lot of fellows and played a rather fast game of ball. But our boys proved too much for them as the neat little sum of fourteen runs to our credit testifies.

Jack O'Brien, the famed pugilist, now on the vaudeville circuit, was out for a few hours to look over the grounds some weeks past. He gave the boys a few lessons in the gentle art of boxing, as well as a short lecture on health.

March 17th.—Every son of Erin's sod rose early on the morning of March

17th with a smile on his face and a piece of green in his button hole. After a grand parade and the singing of the old-time songs, each member of the Irish Club was called upon for a speech, toast, song or dance; there was not a man but made an effort to respond, and although some went no farther than an effort and a few stammered words, still even these did not fail to bring forth a loud outburst of applause from the lusty lungs of St. Patrick's Sons.

St. Joseph's Day.—The anniversary of our patron saint was celebrated in the manner peculiar to Spring Hill on such an occasion. In the morning we attended High Mass, during which the singing by the choir was very effective; the solos of Black, Pardue and Ball were especially calculated to carry out the solemnity of this grand day. Since it so happened that St. Joseph's fell this year on a Sunday, the following Tuesday was ordained rec. day by our good President.

Chicago Cubs.—On the 21st of March we had with us a squad of the Chicago big leaguers; we did not expect to do wonders against such monsters as Old King Cole, McIntyre and Pfiester, but we did have a good time trying to stop their run-grabbing, finally succeeding in holding them to a score of 14-3.

The Seismograph.—The Mobile Register wrote up the seismograph as below:

The seismograph at Spring Hill College—and its faithful watcher, Father Ruhlmann, sprang into a measure of fame all their own last Tuesday night.

Not so much because this particular seismograph recorded the earthquake reported on Friday—other seismographs did that—but because this particular one did what Father Ruhlmann said it would do. To make it short Father Ruhlmann predicted an earthquake, and it came as forecasted.

And because Father Ruhlmann, through his knowledge of quake habits was expecting this one, he carried off the honors of being the first observer in the world to report the disturbance that shook up far-off Turkestan and destroyed many towns and cities and brought death to hundreds of persons. The father at Spring Hill College scored a "news beat" when he called up the Register office early Tuesday night and asked if an earthquake had been reported anywhere. None had. Father Ruhlmann said there had been one, and that it must have been a terrific one, for his seismograph had cut up the most pronounced capers that it had ever recorded.

First News On the Wire.

The report was immediately put on the Associated Press wires and the news went broadcast. An hour or so later, and all through the hours of the night, the wires brought back other messages. They came from New Orleans, they came from Washington, from Greenwich in England, from Paris, from Berlin, and finally from St. Petersburg. All were just echoes of the report that Father Ruhlmann was the first to make—an earthquake somewhere, and a terrific one, for the needles of the world-wide seismographs

had wobbled as they had not done in years before.

It was shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday when the Spring Hill seismograph said there had been an earthquake. It was after 10 by the clock in Paris; in the capital of the czar the bell in the great Greek cathedral had tolled the hour of 1. But all the seismographs had trembled in unison. It was only the difference in recording time, except perhaps for the fractions that it might have taken the waves to radiate from the centre of the disturbance in Turkestan.

Father Ruhlmann said the shock was probably 4,500 miles away. He missed his calculations a few thousand miles, but this estimating of distance is a thing the scientists have not put down to a fine point yet. One of these days, when the needle wavers the observer will look at it, then put his finger on a spot on the map and say: "There's where she's hit hardest."

Why He Knew It Was Coming.

The prediction that the earthquake was coming was based on minor antics that the needle had been performing for several days. The old earth indicated that she was uneasy. Then Tuesday afternoon there came a quiet spell; the forces were preparing for a mighty effort. The Spring Hill College seismograph needle steadied itself on its one peg that rests on a solid concrete pillar sunk seven feet into the red earth of Spring Hill and waited. Father Ruhlmann also waited; he had predicted that something was doing in the earthquake line and he wondered if it

was to be only a fizzle. Then the needle made the marks on the record seen in the accompanying picture, just like some one trying to draw a straight line when he is riding on one of those street cars that came ambling down the hill toward Mobile. Father Ruhlmann has been vindicated as a predictor.

Meagre reports that came from Turkestan, in Russian Asia, indicate that the earthquake was one of the heaviest ever recorded, much heavier probably than that which two years before almost to a day laid waste Messina in Italy. That the property damage and loss of life is not greater, if such be proven, is because the territory affected is not so populous. Turkestan is a region of vast plains, sparsely settled, though there are some considerable towns and cities with unpronounceable names in the district.

Wonderful But Simple.

The seismograph, a wonderful, but yet simple invention, is placed in the College buildings, just through the partition from the big telescope that reaches out into the heavens and takes note of the happenings among the stars, while its neighbor is doing sentinel duty all over and all through the earth.

So delicately is it adjusted that Father Ruhlmann says a wagon can not pass the college buildings without a record being made of the tremor; in fact the needle is always trembling, but its watchers soon learn to distinguish between a surface tremor and one that comes from out of the bowels of the earth; there is something unmistakable

about an earthquake that even the novice can feel and fear.

By an adjustment of recording instruments the seismograph not only shows the severity of the earth disturbance marked and the approximate distance through the motion of the needle, but it shows the time and the duration of each separate shock or series of shocks.

An inverted pendulum with many curious attachments is the chief actor among the mixture of wheels, levers, weights, wires, magnets, etc. This pendulum stands on its head and tips slightly every time the earth gives a jump and makes it lose its equilibrium. Its harness pulls the wires and levers, which in turn pull a pen and the exact jump of old terra firma is recorded.

The principle of the seismograph is so simple; but when you see all the wonderful parts that scientists have perfected in making it practical, you open your eyes in wonder.

This machine is one of sixteen instruments that have been installed in Jesuit Colleges in the United States. They were made in Germany and cost \$400 each. Every time a disturbance takes place these colleges exchange records.

Lecture on Macbeth.—We clip the following from the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

"Macbeth," Shakespeare's tragedy of murder and gloom, was analyzed as never before in this city in a magnificent lecture by Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, S. J., of Spring Hill College, in the Alumni Hall of the Jesuit College last night, and Father de la Moriniere for

two hours and fifteen minutes held the audience that taxed the hall to its capacity under the spell of his wonderful voice and the power of his descriptions.

Father de la Moriniere is a recognized authority on Shakespeare, and a student who seems to understand and appreciate the master's works with a thoroughness attained by few. He takes the play he is discussing from its every aspect, and gets down into the psychology of the thing, showing with rare ingeniousness the actual workings of the mind of the principal character, and revealing hidden motives that prompt him to deeds of blood and crime.

Father de la Moriniere was introduced in a neat little speech by Mr. Gus Llambias, secretary of the Jesuit Alumni Association, and, as the distinguished scholar is a frequent visitor to New Orleans, and has many friends and admirers here, he was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Father de la Moriniere analyzes a character as a chemist might analyze some compound; he draws the exterior picture of the man, and then goes into his very soul to lay bare motives, and from the very outset last night he gripped his auditors firmly, and held them through the two hours by the very completeness of his descriptions. But one of his rare charms is his voice; it is a voice that thrills while it soothes, a voice combining richness and the power to express human motions, and his readings of some of the lines from the immortal tragedy were so forceful and full of a natural fire that the audience almost forgot the bare stage, and

fancied that the gloomy chambers of Dunsinane Castle and the wild and rugged reaches of Scottish moors were comprehended in its vision.

Father de la Moriniere said that each of Shakespeare's tragedies had a special atmosphere of its own, and that the atmosphere of Macbeth was murky and black, and colored with blood. Shakespeare had seen the story, it would seem, through a sanguine mist. The speaker went on that in the play two great and terrible figures stand out, dwarfing all the other characters, and these figures were Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. They inspire one with more awe than any other of Shakespeare's tragic heroes. Father de la Moriniere took the play act by act, and sketched through each scene, describing the characters as they appear, and speaking the lines from each part. He painted the wonderful versatility of Shakespeare in being able to furnish the witches with a language that so suited their horrible calling, and contrasted the character of the weird sisters with that of Macbeth and others in the play.

The speaker did not take the view of Macbeth's character that some students take, that he was a good man led astray by a wicked, ambitious woman, but he held that he was always bad at heart, had been tampering with treason long before the action of the play begins, and had even revealed to his wife a hideous plot to murder King Duncan and obtain the crown himself. The start Macbeth makes when the witches salute him as king to be, Father de la Moriniere said, removes a load of blame from Lady Macbeth's shoulders, which

had about as much guilt as they could bear, even without that blame. Father de la Moriniere summed Macbeth up briefly as being the most bloody-minded and hypocritical villain that Shakespeare gave to the stage, and in him the liar was on a par with the murderer.

Father de la Moriniere's description of the murder of Duncan, and the ghostly visitors that came to Macbeth, had a touch of the horrible to it, so faithful to the awful theme was the succession of terrible pictures conjured up by his words. He gave, with much dramatic force, the soliloquy of Macbeth when he crosses the castle yard on his way to murder the aged king, and spoke of Lady Macbeth's action as deliberate self-damnation, not merely fiendish, but palpably fiend-like. "The woman who could do such things," he said, "should have the lurid halo of the damned about her brow." While Macbeth was a worse villain even than his wife, he lacked her mettle and courage,

and the woman had to urge him to do the deed that he had planned, yet feared to do, because of the chance of failure.

Father de la Moriniere carried his audience through the five acts of the play to the dark finish, where Macbeth is slain on the battlefield by Macduff, and he summed up the lesson taught in the play. He said that had Lady Macbeth's enthusiasm and firmness been balanced by religion, she might have accomplished great things in the cause of good. She was, however, a woman with no remorse, and her death was not due to sorrow for her crimes, but came as the result of her iron will breaking under the terrible strain put upon it.

During the evening music was furnished by the Jesuit Alumni Band. One of the features of the lecture was the sleeping-walking scene, rendered with tragic effect by Father de la Moriniere.

SPRING CUTLETS

J. T. BECKER, '12.

M. H. DIAZ, '12.

Well, here we are again! Not two weeks ago we opened our "Editors' Office" door to let the air get in,—and also to let people get in. When we advanced twenty reporters were there to interview us. "Spring has sprung," said one. Truly Spring had sprung upon us unexpectedly.

Now that we are satisfied that we have got an attack of spring fever, we say to ourselves, "let us shake hands with each other's watch hands and get to work." (Don't choke.) Yet others have been working upon our good-will to put our photographs in the columns of this Quarterly Review. But never fear, we are not going to do so.

Many people believe that the editor's chair is one of leisure and luxury. Many a time and oft we have left the office with no shirts, torn collars, and other pieces of wearing apparel entirely missing. Why? Because some subscribers are never satisfied until they see us or rather touch us personally.

Oh! The troubles of the editors; but we are satisfied because we make the world better for our living.

(Another one of those things) "Speedy," the private detective, from Scotland Yard has arrived "in our midst." Lately we have missed many a bottle of ink, and such valuable things. So we telegraphed to Speedy that he might appear to unravel the mystery. Truly this Speedy is a speedy man; in four days the mystery was cleared up. It happens that the "Petit Pierrot," alias "Prince of England," alias "John the Bold," has acquired a taste for our perfumed ink; and Mr. Speedy explained the phenomenon by stating that "Petit Pierrot" walked in his sleep; in other words was an astronomy enthusiast, and could not see the stars unless his inside were black; hence the mania for ink. But why did he use **our** ink? Why did he not use the "**Little Man's**" ink?

We were working furiously one night upon a political case when a distracted reported rushed into our office, gesticulating wildly, with no signs of locomotor ataxia. "Another fight at Reno!" he shouted.

But we, with a gesture of imperious command, bade the reporter be still.

"But they lost, they lost," he continued shouting. "They were nervous;

they lacked time. One held out for thirty-two rounds; but even then didn't win out." We had to call in the inevitable "first aid;" and after he had been soaked in "spring" water, he literally "sprung" the facts of the case, which are as follows: An astro-physical bout took place at Reno Scientific Klub, wherein the frequenters of the club, on account of nervousness, were downed by one man.

We have to thank personally Lord Whatshisname and Baron Dryasdust, together with Lady Clam and Baroness Gobble for their invitation to a banquet given on Mardi Gras day in our honor. Of course, Mobile having completed her two hundredth birthday it was our honor to tickle her chin by riding in our big Mercedes (imported from Whistler) on Government street. There was a parade, too, but we will not describe it—we leave it to the International Trumpet Review. We quote from the aforesaid paper of the 29th of February:

Gigantic Celebration in Mobile!
Springhillian Editors View Parade on
Their \$15,000 Imported (from)
Whistler) Mercedes.

"The world-famed editors of the **Springhillian** viewed the gigantic parade which encircled Mobile as the **Springhillian** circles Dixie, on their automobile. Foremost of the editors shone resplendent in their robes of state the illustrious countenances of Mr. Becker and Mr. Diaz, the two writers of international reputation, etc., etc., etc."

We hesitate to quote the rest because we do not like to see our names in

print; because the honor bestowed upon our weak shoulders is too heavy; moreover we detest flattery.

At the banquet Lord Whatshisname stood up and said in his speech:

"We could not glorify enough our two illustrious visitors; if we had twenty thousand tongues with which to praise the two, we would still need more to duly honor them, etc., etc."

The readers may wonder why we have put "etc., etc., etc.," so often. But again we beg to remind the reader that we care not for praise.

Two young ladies saw us the other day (for we always walk together), and we overheard one say, "Oh, Madge (pretty name that) look at the Editors. Aren't they just cute." One wouldn't believe what they said of us; but wait—wait till we put our picture in the—no, NO, a thousand pardons, dear reader; a man just came up and said that if our faces ever appeared in the pages of this paper he would call in the craniologists.

That was enough,—a fine cigar, a drink of MacGregor's sparkle, and a kind, ironic good-bye, and we saw the last of the "knockouts" strangers. But such incidents are of daily occurrence, and we get so that we do not mind such a siege of righteous indignation.

Not long ago Jack O'Brien, the erstwhile pugilist, paid us a flying visit. Flying, because he made everybody fly at his approach, and because he himself flew back to town after an hour's talk. We were searching for visitors with our telescope with a special microscopic attachment when we spied Mr. O'Brien. Instantly we dispatched

our special reporter to interview him. The spectators of the interview told us what happened. It seems that our reporter wanted to measure Mr. O'Brien's biceps; absent-mindedly the pugilist let his arm drop, and our reporter has not returned since. We are preparing to send a bunch of pine burrs to the interviewer, expressing our sentiments.

The Chicago Cubs paid us a visit lately, an aviatorial visit. Again we sent a score of interviewers and caricaturists. One of our quidnunes meekly approached "King" Cole, and touched him on the arm. With a furious gesture the angered monster turned on our reporter, and spat. Spat what? We dare not say. Enough! The reporter was picked up half drowned and carried away from the field of slaughter. Mr. Pfeister is very kind. He gave us a few words. "I will pitch, yes, I will pitch," he said. "Where?" we asked. But the game was over and we rushed to our office.

It was a cold, gusty, summer night in the month of April. The windows were full of panes (some stale) and the sidewalks began to heave (not a case of Red Raven Splits) when stealthily we locked our office and, wrapped in our fur overcoat, stepped out into the frosty air. We were journeying to the club, when suddenly we heard a midnight murmur issuing from a dark, dangerous alley. Sneaking over we strained our ears in an attempt to catch the words. Slowly and sadly we laid ourselves down so as to avoid detection, thinking of making a scoop on some gigantic (nice word that) murder case. We had

already strained our ears in an attempt to catch some words, so all we could do was to creep silently over and strain them some more. As we did so we heard the following conversation:

"How are you on epigrams?" The voice we recognized as the one stolen from some great singer, but now in possession of John the Janitor.

"Never rode one, been on mules," answered a deep, cadaverous voice that filled the,— well, we did not think it would be to the interest of the paper to find out who the owner of the voice was. Suffice it to say that surely no one will ever attempt to steal that voice. But that is not the first time that we were deceived. In fact we have been deceived so often that John the Janitor has begun to write a novel called "Editor's Deluded Delusions, or Love's Labor Lost."

We do not think that it would be just the proper thing for us to omit in these columns an account of the grand and glorious fight we put up with that Monster (we will not mention his name) who called at our office several days ago for "satisfaction" in regard to a certain article in which the Monster's name was freely used. Although we by no means believe in fighting when there is room to run, still in this case we were hemmed up in our narrow office, in which there is hardly room to take off a coat without strangling the wall paper; consequently were unable to make use of our good legs which have lately been in training for the season. It is the best fight we had ever had; sometimes we were on the bottom and sometimes he was on top. (This is not that old joke; it really happened). But looking at the whole fight from a theoretical standpoint we think that

the victory is virtually ours. It was several days, however, before we were able to send out this message to the world: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." After which, congratulations poured in from all quarters of the globe upon our bandaged but noble heads. The police force of Bocachita called to give us their tuberoses and condolences; he sure is a fine man, that police force.

As we are writing the printer rushes in and bids us hurry; if it were not that it is necessary for our paper to come out, we would write longer, but time waits for no man and editors are human.

Spring, then has come, warbling birds, and poets and all that; but we never have time to view the beautiful sky. The other day Leo the Red brought us a picture of Spring; John the Janitor got so delighted with it that he composed a poem on the picture. Here it is:

"Oft in Springtime we get pensive
When the flowers bloom;
But the dust gets reprehensive—
(Jimmy get the broom.)

"Spring indeed is worth the money,
Not indeed our time;
Poets, girls, and boys get funny—
(Cannot find a rhyme.)

"Yet I bid the springtime readers
Happy Easter Day,
Let the poets be the leaders,—
(But not around our way.)"

More poetry by John the Janitor in the next number. Watch out for the great serial novel: "The Flight to Saturn; or The Stolen Satellites, by Sidereal Day.

SECOND DIVISION ITEMS

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12.

In General.—Well, Christmas has come and gone. Too soon by far for most of us. The noisy glamour of holiday life sped by, and we found ourselves back at Old Spring Hill, ready to resume, with the best grace possible, our studies for the half-session exams. They, too, are gone, and Spring, bright, glorious, coy Spring, has superseded Winter. From crimson morn to golden-hued evening, the songsters carol their unceasing roundelays, the woods are bright with apple and dog-wood blossoms, and, withal, the world is so fair and beautiful that it is hard for one to feel dissatisfied with one's lot. How's that?

About the Yard.—Baseball is once more the king-pin. It is an animated scene indeed that presents itself to the eye as one views the "Little Yard." The crack of the bat is almost incessant, and the air is literally full of balls. As for the ground, it is covered entirely with ball-players, from the lordly first leaguers, to the diminutive youngsters, holding forth under the name of fifth league. There is much talk of organizing hand-ball leagues, and it is to be hoped the project will be a success.

"The Yenni Literary Circle."—The Junior Academy has recently changed its name to that of "The Yenni Literary Circle." The name was changed at the suggestion of Rev. Fr. Stritch, the director of the society. A very

beautiful and artistic pin has been chosen as the society emblem. The Circle's colors are blue and white. Debates are held every two weeks, and much interest is manifested in them.

The Junior Sodality.—The same fervor as of old is manifested by the Sodalists in paying honor to the Blessed Virgin. Regular weekly meetings are held in the little Sodality chapel every Saturday morning. The annual picnic took place early in February, a very enjoyable day being spent on Dog River. Rev. Fr. McLaughlin, S. J., has charge of the Sodality, and is assisted by Mr. H. Donlan, S. J. The number of Sodalists has grown from about ten at the beginning of the year to upwards of forty at present. The officers are: Ernest J. Herbert, President; Francis A. Meyer, First Assistant; Clarence N. Tonart, Second Assistant; Joseph P. Newsham, Secretary; Edwin L. Meyer and T. Yeend Potter, Sacristans.

Junior Library.—In spite of the bright spring weather the library still claims its quota from the student body. The books are mostly of a nature suited to benefit the moral and intellectual character of the members.

The Gymnasium.—The usual interest is displayed in gym. work, and it is one of the favorite holiday resorts. Obligatory gym. practice is held ever Tuesday and Friday evening, under the able supervision of Mr. Tinsman of Mobile.

So interesting does he make the work that the time passes all too quickly for most.

Altar Boys' Association.—Under the excellent care of Mr. H. Donlan, S. J., great progress has been made on the road to perfection by the members of the Altar Boys' Association. A number of them are detailed for Holy Communion each morning, and the manner in which they serve Mass is very edifying to the spectator. The new officers elected at the half-session are: D. E.

Braud, President; E. J. Herbert, Secretary, and W. E. Barker, Censor.

Billiard Room Association.—The Billiard Room still receives a liberal patronage, though but few new members are reported.

Junior Band.—The band received compliments galore for the excellence of the music furnished at the Bi-Centennial celebration of the foundation of Mobile. Regular practice is held twice a week from one to one-thirty under the direction of Prof. A. J. Suffich.

SECOND DIVISION ATHLETICS

JOHN B. RIVES, '13.

Many events of interest have happened on the Second Division athletic field since the dawn of the New Year. Basketball leagues, five in number, had been organized before Christmas vacation. Twenty games had been scheduled and we had only played a fourth of that number before going home for the holidays. So on our return we plunged into the series in real earnest. Old Sol was sending down some warm rays about the middle of January; but the vision of beautiful pennants fluttering gracefully in the breeze, the destined prize for the winners cheered us on. And we played the series to the end. Pennants for the victors is a welcome change, welcome for the victorious ones,—as for the losers they did not seem to take much interest when the prizes were given out. The first league played some excellent games. Captain

Potter and Captain Braud put up a spirited fight, and up to the very end the outcome was dubious. The series ended with Captain Potter's team two games to the good. While the first league was battling with might and main, "Shorty" Martel's voice could be heard encouraging his lusty lads to victory over Chappuis' crew.

Celestin yielded the laurels to Murray's team in the third league. But we had not finished yet. Capt. Pertuit had led his team through the scheduled number of games and was quietly awaiting his trophy with DeBonneval at his side, for the Captains of the losing sides came in for a share in the victors' spoils. The noise of whizzing baseballs and the crack of bats was already heard when Capt. Walmsley finished up his games leaving Capt. Nall's men far in the rear:

Line-up of First League—Potter (captain), Lawless, Touart, Metzger, Van Heuvel and Smith; Braud (captain), Dowe, Barker, Horne, Herbert and Fuller.

Second League—Martel (captain), Boudousquie, Rives, Weatherly, Querbess, Herbert; Chapuis (captain), Boatman, Arnold, A. Gomez, L. Provosty, Brady.

Third League—Celestin (captain), Williamson, Ducote, Wagner, Ray, Nelson; Murray (captain), Theard, E. Newsham, Frederick, Ricou, Warren.

Fourth League—Pertuit (captain), Oliveira, Siguere, E. M. Gomez, S. Roussel, Streiffer; DeBonneval (captain), R. Touart, A. Martin, McHardy, Soniat, E. Meyer.

Fifth League—Nall (captain), L. Cassidy, Hickey, F. Schimpf, Wassom, Provosty; W. Walmsley (captain), Ferlita, Long, L. Boudousquie, Bougere, Scheussler.

Track Meet.

Our annual track meet, which has not been held for the last two years, owing to our unsettled condition after the fire, took place on the 23rd of February. Judging from the keen interest and hearty emulation of the participants it may justly be termed a success. We feel proud of our track team and the trophy we won last Thanksgiving Day at the athletic meet in Mobile hangs in our library assuring us that our pride is not without reason. The Juniors were classed in three divisions, according to age. D. Braud was the winner of the gold medal in the first division, having scored the highest number

of points. Lawless would have given him a close run if he had not met with an accident in the hurdle race, which necessitated the withdrawal of his name from several entries. As it was Barker came second, six points behind, and Lawless took third place. The first ten in points had a choice from that number of select prizes.

Results in First Division:

50 yd. dash: 1, Barker; 2, Braud; 3, Brady. 100 yd. dash: 1, Barker; 2, Braud; 3, Brady. 220 yd. dash: 1, Barker; 2, Newsham; 3, Braud. 220 yd. hurdle: 1, Barker; 2, Braud; 3, Newsham. 1 mile race: 1, Newsham; 2, Boatman; 3, Dowe. 3 mile race: 1, Braud; 2, Newsham; 3, Barker. Broad jump: 1, Braud; 2, Patterson; 3, Barker and Newsham. High jump: 1, Braud; 2, Potter; 3, Metzger and Dowe. Pole vault: 1, Braud; 2, Delahoussaye; 3, E. Cassidy. Shot put: 1, Lawless; 2, Barker; 3, J. Van Heuvel. Hammer throw: 1, Lawless; 2, Boatman; 3, Metzger. Discus throw: 1, Lawless; 2, Jno. Van Heuvel; 3, Barker. Throwing baseball: 1, Lawless; 2, Braud; 3, Barker.

In the Second Division the silver medal for scoring the highest number of points was won by A. Boudousquie, with Viguerie following close. In the Third Division the bronze medal for highest number of points was taken by A. Martin, who carried off each event in that division, with R. Touart a close second and Wassom coming in for most of the third places. The regular events were interspersed with sack race, candle race, three-legged race, which caused much merriment, and the whole meet

ended in a tug-of-war which was participated in by the whole division.

Results in Second Division:

50 yd. dash: 1, Viguere; 2, Frederiek; 3, Hebert. 100 yd. dash: 1, Frederiek; 2, C. Martin; 3, Hebert. 220 yd. dash: 1, Viguere; 2, Regil; 3, Dueote. 220 yd. hurdle: 1, A. Boudousquie; 2, Viguere; 3, Frederiek. High jump: 1, Viguere; 2, A. Boudousquie; 3, Oliveira. Broad jump: 1, Regil; 2, Jas. Van Heuvel; 3, Viguere. Shot put: A. Boudousquie; 2, Dueote; 3, Viguere. Hammer throw: 1, A. Boudousquie; 2, Berthelot; 3, Viguere. Discus throw: A. Boudousquie; 2, Viguere; 3, Frederiek. Throwing baseball: 1, Boudousquie; 2, Dueote; 3, Viguere.

Officials: J. S. Martel, clerk of course; C. Touart, starter; J. Rives, chief judge.

Baseball.

Close on the heels of the athletic meet came the organization of baseball leagues. There was plenty of material out for the sport, and when the choosing was over four leagues were ready for the fray. Every holiday witnesses a game. The keen spirit of rivalry between the teams of the leagues bids fair to bring out all latent playing ability ere the winners of the baseball pins are announced. The Junior nine has played three games with Mobile teams and has been victorious on each occasion, with scores 8-1, 1-0 and 13-5. The visitors find Braud rather hard to touch. In the second game against the Pioneers he fanned fourteen men. That's pitching some we believe. 'Tige' Lawless is doing the receiving, and

well he does his work. With Webre on third and Cassidy covering the initial sack, "Chiek" Fuller on second and "Chap" stopping everything that tries to pass between third and second, we think we can handle all balls that dance from the visitors' bats on to the infield. "Duteh" and "Peg" and Herbert have promised to take care of the outfield for us. We doubt them not, and are ready for the fight. Loyola's team wants to come over to play us. Come on, Loyola! Right glad we'll be to meet you, and we'll try our level best to treat you like you treated us on the gridiron last fall.

It sometimes happens that a city team, under the delusion that our sixteen and seventeen year olds are in height and other proportions fit opponents for their own of like age, comes out to try us. When, however, they arrive at the Junior Campus and behold Braud, Lawless and Webre, their hands go down into their pockets, their chins drop and they back up against the wall and say: "Gee! Do we have to play them big fellows?" After assuring them that their challenge called for a sixteen year old team and having heard them say: "Your sixteen ain't like our sixteen," we relieve their embarrassment by turning them over to Capt. Gomez, who, with a little crew of his own, takes them down to the second league diamond and there handles them as befits a defender of the Purple and White.

Line-up of Second Division:

D. Braud, p.; Lawless, c.; E. Cassidy, 1b.; Fuller, 2b.; Webre (capt.), 3b.; Chapuis, ss.; Potter (mgr.), rf.; Van

Heuvel, cf.; Herbert, lf.; Arnold, sub.; Baxter, sub.

Second Division Leagues:

Pirates—D. Braud, p. and lf.; Berrey, c.; Harrigan, 1b.; Fuller, 2b.; Jno. Van Heuvel, 3b.; Arnold, ss.; Baxter, lf.; Touart, cf.; Metzger, rf.; H. Braud, sub.

Cubs—Webre, p. and 3b.; Lawless, c.; Meyer, p.; Cassidy, 1b.; Martel, 2b.; Chapuis, ss.; Potter, lf.; Rives, cf.; Herbert, rf.; Barker, sub.

Second League:

Giants—Moses (capt.), 1b.; Regil, c.; Roussell, Newsham, p. and rf.; Querbes, 2b.; Nelson, 3b.; Ducote, ss.; Smith, lf.; Dowe, cf.; Lange, 3b. and rf.

Pelicans—Wagner, p.; Hebert, c.; Patterson, 1b.; Weatherly, 2b.; C. Martin, 3b.; A. Gomez, ss. and capt.; Brady, rf.; Frederick, cf.; E. Gomez, lf.; Warren, sub.

Third League:

Travellers—Delahoussaye, capt. and p.; Bryant, c.; Ricou, 1b.; Oliveira, 2b.; A. Martin, 3b.; Pearce, ss.; Touart, p. and ss.; De Bonneval, rf.; Theard, cf.; Roussell, lf.

Pioneers—Celestin, capt. and p.; McHardy, c.; Boudousquie, 1b.; Murray, 2b.; Schuessler, 3b.; Viguere, ss.; Long, rf.; Streiffer, cf.; Bougere, lf.; Morere, sub.

Fourth League:

Reds—A. Provosty, p.; Hickey, c.; Meyer, 1b.; Con. Nelson, 2b.; L. Cassidy, capt. and 3b.; Walmsley, ss.; C. Moses, rf.; Waguespack, cf.; Ferlita, lf.; Horkan, sub.

Blues—Wasson, capt. and p.; Abbot, c.; Nall, 1b.; Nixon, 2b.; Schimpf, ss.; L. Boudousquie, 3b.; Flattauer, rf.; Gomez, cf.; Jas. Van Heuvel, lf.; L. Lange, sub.

BASEBALL

DENNIS S. MORAN, '11.

First Game.

On Sunday, Jan. 29, Spring Hill opened its season with a close and exciting game with their old adversaries, the Catholic Athletic Association of Mobile. Dug Neely, last year's favorite on the College team, was slated for the box and twirled an excellent game. Trollo opposed him, doing much toward winning his own game by timely hits. Benedict, a much touted catcher, who signed with the Gulls, was at the receiving end, but the big league star

didn't frighten any of the nine, as they pilfered as many bases as times they got on. S. H. C. started their run-getting in the first, when Tarleton was hit by a pitched ball, Prevost laid down a pretty sacrifice. Tarleton stole third and came home on Williamson's safe hit. Riffel leaned against the ball for two sacks, Williamson going to third. Black signalled for the squeeze, Williamson coming home, Black being retired. Riffel stole home, when Benedict let the ball roll out. McIntyre

whiffed at three, ending the inning. In the next inning, Trollo singled, stole second and went to third on Tarleton's bingle. On Walsh's error Trollo scored. The C. A. A.'s made one round in the third when Benedict hit safely, stole second and third, and came in on Trollo's wild pitch over Black's head. Things looked bad in the fourth when Ery walloped the ball over the left field fence for a home run. Leslie then hit, going to second on Korfaghan's single, stole third and came in on a wild throw by Prevost. In the fifth Trollo singled again, went to second on Tarleton's sacrifice, stole third and came in on Farnell's wild pitch. The seventh brought another run to the C. A. A. Benedict hit safely, stole second and third, and came in on Kelly's drive through short.

Game in figures:

C. A. A.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0
P. Neely, 2b	4	0	0	1	3	0
Ery, lf. & 1b.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Farnell, 1b. & p.	4	0	1	10	0	0
Leslie, 3b	4	1	2	0	1	0
Korfaghan, ss.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Walsh, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Benedict, c.	4	2	3	11	1	0
D. Neely, p. & lf. ...	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	37	4	9	24	10	0

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Tarleton, 2b	2	1	1	2	3	1
Prevost, ss.	3	0	0	1	1	2
Williamson, 3b.	4	1	1	4	0	0
Riffel, 1b.	1	1	1	8	0	0
Black, c.	1	0	0	8	0	0
McIntyre, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Becker, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Orsi, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Trollo, p.	3	2	2	0	5	1
Totals	23	5	5	27	9	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. A. A.	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0—4
S. H. C.	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	*—5

Summary—Home run—Ery. Two-base hit—Riffel. Hit by pitcher—Tarleton, Black. Struck out—By Trollo, 8; by Neely, 7; by Farnell, 4. Base on balls—Off Trollo, 3. Umpire—Lauzon.

Second Game.

February 12th, the Woodmen of the World handed us the first defeat pill, ramming it down 9 to 4. Pardue's arm gave way on him in the third, letting him walk six men. Coach Swacina did not take him out till the fifth, when he started to distribute more passes. Prevost was sent in to take his place, and "Sweet Evening Shadow" kept the wild Woodmen under his thumb till the curtain dropped in the ninth. The game was loosely played throughout by both sides, five errors being credited to the Woodmen and four to S. H. C. Good hitting by both sides kept the interest up. Tarleton and Black drove out a good two-sacker apiece, and Williamson sent one to the tall grass for three bases. S. H. C. drew the cork in the first session. Tarleton, the first man up, slapped the first ball pitched for two bases. Bauer sacrificed him to third, and he came home on Williamson's long sacrifice fly to center. Becker opened the second with a single, stole second and on Black's two-base hit came home. The third inning spelt ruin to S. H. C. Rehm, the first man up, received two passes in one inning, and four others received free transportation, and these walks, together with a two-base hit, netted the Woodmen five runs. Errors let Korfaghan on in the fourth and the same kind of loose playing brought him home. Williamson muffed Farnell's grounder, Rehm

walked; Calametti advanced both by a sacrifice, and Thomas brought both in on a single. S. H. C. in their half made one run, when Bauer singled and Williamson followed with a three-base hit. Farnell bounced one over the fence in the seventh for a home run, and Tarleton added one more to Spring Hill's score by a hit, two stolen bases and an error by Rehm.

The game in figures:

W. O. W.—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rehm, 3b.	3	1	1	2	2	2
Calametti, 2b.	5	1	1	2	2	0
Thomas, lf.	2	1	1	0	0	0
Korfghan, ss.	3	2	0	0	1	0
McGraw, cf.	5	1	1	4	0	0
Ery, 1b.	5	1	1	10	0	2
Leslie, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Benedict, c.	3	0	0	8	0	0
Farnell, p.	4	2	1	1	3	0
Totals	33	9	6	27	8	5

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Tarleton, 2b.	5	2	2	2	4	1
Bauer, ss.	4	1	1	3	0	1
Williams, 3b.	4	0	1	1	6	1
Riffel, 1b.	4	0	0	11	0	0
Becker, cf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Black, c.	4	0	2	5	1	0
McIntyre, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Paty, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Pardue, p.	1	0	0	0	2	1
Prevost, p.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Totals	37	4	9	27	16	4

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. O. W.	0	0	5	1	2	0	1	0	0—9
S. H. C.	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—4

Summary—Home run—Tarleton. Three-base hit—Williamson. Two-base hits—Black, Tarleton. Base on balls—Off Pardue, 10; off Prevost, 2. Struck out—By Pardue, 2; by Prevost, 2; by Farnell, 8. Stolen bases—Becker, Black (2), McIntyre, Rehm, Calametti, Ery, Thomas.

Third Game.

Mardi Gras morning a team from the U. S. cruiser Birmingham ran into an

ambush on the College grounds. After preliminary skirmishes by both sides, decks were cleared and the fray was on. Riffel, Becker, Pardue and Paty gave the United States gunners some striking examples of the ballistic curve, sending the pill far into the enemy's works for doubles and a three sacker. A large crowd was out for the game, who enjoyed the swat fest of the collegians.

The scoring started in the second when Pardue singled, Paty then singled, Pardue going to third. Prevost kept up the good work by safely hitting, scoring Pardue and sending Paty to third. Prevost stole second and Wohner cleared the bases by a safe hit over second. Williamson, in the third, hit safely, went to second on Riffel's sacrifice, and scored on Black's safe drive. Four runs came in the fourth. McCann fumbled Paty's grounder, Prevost skied out, Wohner received a pass, Paty and Wohner executed a double steal, both scoring on Bauer's single. Bauer stole second, coming home on Riffel's hit. Becker was hit, sending Riffel to second. On an overthrow to second by Travers, Riffel scored. The sailors got two over in their part of the fifth. McCann was hit, Donnelan singled, McCann going to second. Barlow's single scored McCann, Donnelan reaching third. Travers walked, Staek was hit. With bases full Dubber walked, forcing Donnelan. S. H. C. in their part of the fifth scored one when Paty doubled, going to third on Barlow's wild pitch. Prevost's single scored Paty. In the next inning S. H. C. made five. Riffel smashed out a two-base

hit, Becker duplicated the feat, scoring Riffel. Black reached first on an error by Rub, Pardue then wiped up the bases by sending one to the corner of the lot for three sacks, Paty's single scored Pardue. Paty stole second, and went to third when Rub missed Prevost's roller, coming in on Wohner's sacrifice fly.

The game in figures:

U. S. B'ham—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Travers, 1b.	3	0	0	6	0	0
Stack, 2b.	2	0	0	1	1	0
Dubber, lf.	1	0	1	3	0	1
Rub, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	2
Jones, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Savage, c.	3	0	0	6	2	1
McCann, cc. . . .	2	1	1	1	2	2
Donnellan, cf.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Best, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Barlow, p.	3	0	1	0	2	0

Totals23 2 4 18 10 6

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	3	1	1	7	1	1
Bauer, ss.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Williams, 3b.	4	1	2	2	1	0
Riffel, 1b.	3	2	1	3	0	0
Becker, cf.	2	1	1	2	0	0
Black, c.	4	1	1	6	3	0
Pardue, lf.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Paty, rf.	4	4	3	0	0	0
Prevost, p.	4	1	2	1	3	0

Totals32 14 14 21 10 1

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

U. S. S. B'ham	0	0	0	0	2	0	—	2
S. H. C.	0	3	1	4	1	5	*—	14

Summary—Three-base hit—Pardue. Two-base hits—Riffel, Becker, Paty. Base on ball—Off Best, 2; off Barlow, 1; off Prevost, 4. Struck out—By Barlow, 3; by Best, 1; by Prevost, 5. Hit by pitcher—Becker, Dubber. Stack, McCann. Stolen bases—Wohner, Bauer, Williams, Black, Paty (2), Prevost, Travers (3), Stack, Savage.

Fourth Game.

The Sunday following Mardi Gras a batch of diamond experts under the leadership of Lauzon came out to wipe

up with the College nine. They started off in whirlwind fashion, sending five around in the first, but their initial energy was slowed down, though not until they sent three more over in the second. Loose playing by S. H. C. in the first was the cause of the runaway, for when the nine settled down Lauzon's Pig's Feet couldn't do a thing. A record-breaking crowd was out to see the game, and when S. H. C. rallied in the eighth, sending five men over, the fans pulled for the collegians with great interest. Everyone said it was the best and hardest fought game seen here this year.

Calametti, the first man up, singled; Zieman's grounder was missed by Bauer. Calametti taking second. Lauzon hit safely, scoring; Calametti Pierre's single scored Zieman. Lauzon came home on McGraw's drive, Pierre going to third. Bauer missed Korfaghan's grounder, Pierre scoring. McGraw was caught napping off second, Korfaghan stole second, went to third on Prevost's miff of Ery's roller, and scored on Parker's single. Ery was caught stealing third, and Farnell grounded out. In the second round Calametti started off by a single, Riffel missed Zieman's grounder, Lauzon sacrificed Calametti going to third, Zieman to second. Pierre's single scored both. Pierre stole second, and on Becker's wild throw to catch him at third, came in with the last score for the Pig's Feet.

S. H. C. ran two in during the fifth when Riffel singled, and went to third on Black's single. Parker dropped Pardue's fly, Riffel scoring. Pierre

threw wide trying to get Black off third, Zieman missed the throw, Black scoring. In the eight, S. H. C. rallied. Bauer singled, went to second when Farnell missed Williamson's grounder, and scored on Riffel's liner over second. Becker's hit scored Williamson, and Black's single brought in Riffel. Becker came home on Farnell's wild heave over Pierre's head, Black going to third. Pardue and Black worked the squeeze, Black scored and Pardue went out. McIntyre ended the rally by flying out.

Lauzon's Pig's Feet.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Calametti, 2b.	5	2	3	1	1	0
Zieman, 3b.	5	2	2	3	2	2
Lauzon, 1b.	4	1	3	9	0	0
Pierre, c.	5	2	2	6	3	0
McGraw, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Korfaghan, ss.	4	1	0	0	3	2
Ery, cf.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Parker, rf.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Farnell, p.	4	0	1	0	1	1
Totals	38	8	13	27	10	6

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Bauer, ss.	5	1	1	2	1	2
Williamson, 3b.	4	1	0	4	4	0
Riffel, 1b.	5	2	2	10	0	1
Becker, cf.	4	1	1	4	1	0
Black, c.	4	2	2	3	2	0
Pardue, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
McIntyre, lf.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Prevost, p.	4	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	37	7	9	27	14	3

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Lauzon's Pig's Feet....5 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—8
 S. H. C.0 0 0 0 2 0 0 5 0—7
 Summary—Two-base hits—Lauzon, Wohner. Base on balls—Off Farnell, 1; off Prevost, 3. Struck out—By Farnell, 6; by Prevost, 2. Umpire Swacina.

Fifth Game.

March 9, expecting to do great things against the College, the representatives from Old Barton wandered out to the

College, and received, at the hands of the nine, the worst defeat suffered this year. Pardue and Trolio held the boys down to three hits, allowing only two men to reach second. Pardue had to quit pitching after the second on account of his sore arm, and Trolio, who took his place, had everything his own way. S. H. C. played errorless ball, and they were able to hit the ball, getting sixteen hits, three of them for two sacks.

First Inning.—Wohner led off with a single, stole second, and on Blow's wild pitch went to third. Williamson then worked the squeeze with Wohner, scoring him, and was then retired at first. Riffel singled, went to second when Gernigan dropped Becker's fly. Riffel and Becker worked the double steal, and both scored on Black's line drive.

Third Inning.—Riffel doubled, Becker singled, Williams dropped Black's third strike. Blow then threw wild trying to catch Riffel. The latter scored. Becker and Black advancing one base. McIntyre's single scored Becker and Black. McIntyre stole second, went to third on Prevost's sacrifice, and scored when Williams let one of Blow's benders get away from him.

Seventh Inning.—Riffel singled, but was caught napping off first. Becker singled; Black followed suit with a safe drive. McGraw dropped Prevost's fly, Becker scoring and Black going to third. Prevost stole second, and Trolio scored both by smashing one to the fence for a two-base hit.

Eighth Inning.—Bauer singled, Riffel hit safe, and Becker lined one to left

field fence for two sacks, Bauer scoring. Black's single scored Riffel and Becker.

Barton—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Brown, 2b.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Havard, ss.	4	0	2	1	3	0
Gernigan, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Howell, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	0
Blow, p.	2	0	0	2	4	1
Treadway, lf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Williams, c.	1	0	0	6	0	0
Hieronymus, c.	2	0	0	2	0	0
McGraw, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Gaines, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	0

Totals	29	0	3	24	11	4
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S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	5	1	2	2	4	0
Bauer, ss.	5	1	2	0	2	0
Williamson, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Riffel, 1b.	5	3	3	10	0	0
Becker, cf.	5	4	3	2	0	0
Black, c.	5	2	3	9	1	0
McIntyre, lf.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Prevost, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Pardue, p.	0	0	0	0	3	0
Trollo, p.	3	0	1	0	0	0

Totals	41	13	16	26	11	0
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Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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Barton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
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S. H. C.	3	0	4	0	0	3	3	*—13
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Summary—Two-base hits—Riffel, Becker, Trollo. Stolen bases—Wohner, Bauer, Becker (2), Black (3), McIntyre, Prevost. Struck out—By Trollo, 8; by Blow, 7. Bases on balls—Off Pardue, 1; off Trollo, 1; off Blow, 1. Hit by pitcher—Pardue, Williams.

Sixth Game.

The morning of the 21st the Chicago Cubs paid us a visit, giving a seven inning exhibition game. This game was the best the College ever played against big company, and those who saw the game declared the collegians a heady bunch, and good hitters. In the batting Pardue, Bauer and Becker figured chiefly. Pardue's triple in the fourth was a pretty drive away into the corner of the lot. Bauer showed what he could do with the pole by

batting one thousand for that game. Needham of the Cubs umpired.

Chicago made one in the first when, after two were down, Angermeier and Saier walked, and Sheehan walloped one out for two sacks, scoring Angermeier. Two came in the next inning. Fisher's grounder went past Wohner; he then stole second and third. Ball walked and stole second. Cooney drove both in with a hit. Both sides got one in the third. Saier doubled to right, and scored on Kane's single. S. H. C. got one across in their part. McIntyre singled, and went to second when Williamson walked, coming home on Becker's safe drive. The fourth brought one more for S. H. C., when Pardue tripled, and Black scored him with a single. In the fifth Angermeier walked, Saier walked, Sheehan sacrificed both one base. Williamson missed Doyle's grounder. Angermeier scoring and Saier taking third. Doyle stole second and Kane brought in Saier and Doyle on a single. S. H. C.'s last run came in the fifth. After two were down, Williamson tore a picket off the fence for two sacks, and then Becker sent one to right center for another two-bagger. Williamson scoring. The next inning McIntyre reached first as Riffel dropped the ball; Ball singled and Cooney doubled, scoring McIntyre and Ball. Angermeier walked and Saier leaned against one for his second two-base hit, scoring Cooney and Angermeier. In their last inning Chicago took three more. Ball hit safely, Riffel fumbled Cooney's grass cutter, Ball going on to third. Cooney stole second, Ball scored on Angermeier's single to

left. Cooney stayed on third and Angermeier stole second. Saier's long drive scored Cooney and Angermeier. Johnny Evers and Archer were interested spectators.

The game in figures:

Chicago Cubs—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Ball, lf.	4	3	3	2	0	0
Cooney, ss.	5	2	2	0	3	0
Angermeier, c.	2	4	1	8	2	0
Saier, 1b.	3	2	3	8	0	0
Sheehan, 2b.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Doyle, 3b.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Kane, cf.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Fisher, lf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Pfiester, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
McIntyre, p.	2	1	0	1	2	0
Cole, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	14	12	21	10	0

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wohner, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	1
Williamson, 3b.	3	1	1	2	0	1
Becker, cf.	3	0	2	2	1	0
Pardue, rf.	3	1	2	0	0	0
Black, c.	2	0	1	6	2	0
Bauer, ss.	2	0	2	0	1	0
Riffel, 1b.	1	0	0	7	0	2

McIntyre, lf.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Prevost, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	24	3	9	21	8	4

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7—

Chicago 1 2 1 0 3 4 3—14

S. H. C. 0 0 1 1 1 0 0—3

Summary—Three-base hit—Pardue. Two-base hits—Williamson, Becker, Ball, Cooney, Saier (2), Sheehan. Struck out—By Prevost, 5; by Pfiester, 2 in two innings; by McIntyre, 3 in three innings; by Cole, 2 in two innings. Base on balls—Off Prevost, 7; off McIntyre, 2. Umpire—Needham of the Cubs.

College Nine Batting Average.

	A.B.	H.	Pct.
Pardue	22	10	.455
Becker	47	21	.447
Black	40	15	.375
Riffel	43	14	.326
Bauer	32	9	.281
C. Wohner	33	9	.273
Williamson	44	11	.250
Prevost	37	9	.243
McIntyre	37	8	.222
Paty	19	4	.211
Tarleton	19	3	.158
Trolie	19	3	.158

ALUMNI

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21.—As a tribute to the memory of one of his classmates, a brave young New Orleans officer, who gave up his life for his country at the battle of San Juan Hill, Major E. H. Schulz, engineer officer in charge of the Missouri river, has decided to name one of the three big steel towboats now building for the river the Joseph N. Augustin. The other boats will be named the John A. Gurney and the Louis H. Lewis, after two other classmates, killed in the same battle.

These three officers and Major Schulz were graduated from West Point with the class of 1895. Major Schulz went into the engineer corps, and the others into the infantry. When war was declared against Spain in 1898, the three infantry officers were ordered with their regiments to Santiago. In the charge up San Juan Hill July 1, Gurney and Lewis were killed outright, and Lieut. Augustin was wounded, and died the next day.

Lieut. Augustin was only twenty-four years old when he was killed. He

was a son of J. Numa Augustin, and a member of an old and widely known family. Lieut. Augustin was educated at the Jesuit College in New Orleans, and then at Spring Hill College, graduating at the age of sixteen. He was appointed to West Point June 17, 1891, and in his four years at the Military Academy was one of the most popular men of his class. He was gifted as an entertainer, and took part in all of the academy's social activities. After his graduation he was assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and served at various posts in the Southwest until his regiment was ordered to Cuba.

Lieut. Augustin died the day after his second wedding anniversary. He was married July 1, 1896, to Miss Alice Palmer, daughter of Capt. A. M. Palmer of the Quartermaster's Department. She is now living in Washington.

The boat to be named after Lieut. Augustin is now being built at the yards of the Dubuque Boat and Boiler Works at Dubuque, Ia. It will be 126 feet long, 24 feet beam, with a steel hull and powerful engines and boilers of the latest type, and fitted to serve both as a towboat and an inspection. It will be launched July 1, 1911. In the cabin will be placed a portrait of Lieut. Augustin and a tablet containing his biography.

Judge John St. Paul, A. B., on '84 the 19th of January, was re-elected President of the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans.

Gulliermo F. Schultz, B. S., class '89 '89, of Tampico, Mex., lately

wrote for catalogues of the years during which he attended Spring Hill. Mr. Schultz is a successful business man in his native city.

Clarence S. Hebert, A. B., was appointed by President Taft collector of customs at the port of New Orleans, and John A. Wogan, who entered Spring Hill in 1874, was appointed assistant sub-treasurer of the United States at New Orleans, succeeding Mr. Hebert, who had held the latter position for the past eight years.

Reese Hutchison, A. B., class '95 '95 of Mobile, the inventor of the akonophone, is Edison's personal representative in naval affairs, and is now engaged in the problem of equipping submarine torpedo boats with the Edison storage battery.

Alvia E. Hebert, A. B., on December 7, was elected advocate of Council 714 of the Knight of Columbus, New Orleans.

John F. Jossen, B. S., class '00, '00 assistant cashier of the City Bank & Trust Co., Mobile, has recently recovered from a prolonged illness.

Tisdale J. Touart, a well known '01 young lawyer of Mobile, was appointed assistant solicitor for Mobile county Monday morning by Governor O'Neal. The position was only recently created by an act of the State legislature, and several older and more experienced lawyers have been applicants for the position.

Mr. Touart has lived in Mobile the greater part of his life and is a native of this city. He is a graduate of Spring Hill College, where he took the bachelor of arts degree. He afterwards attended Georgetown University and graduated with the degree of master of arts. Upon graduating from Georgetown University, Mr. Touart entered the law offices of L. H. Faith and E. W. Faith and after studying law there for some time, was admitted to the bar in 1906.—Mobile Register, Feb. 21.

At the last election of the Knights of Columbus in Mobile, held December 13, Tisdale J. Touart, A. B., was elevated to the position of Grand Knight. Among the other officers, the following Spring Hill alumni were elected: Michael J. Vickers, Deputy Grand Knight; Walter F. Walsh, Chancellor; Charles J. Green, Outside Guard; James K. Glennon, Trustee; T. Peyton Norville, Lecturer.

Maximin D. Touart, A. B., M. D., '03 has sent around cards to his friends announcing that he has opened his office in New York.

William A. Staehle, B. S., was '04 elected a member of the executive committee of the Jesuit Alumni Association on Jan. 19.

On February 7, J. Louis Blouin, A. B., of Lafourche Parish, was married to Miss Catharine Bruns in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, New Orleans. After a bridal trip East, the newly-wedded couple made their home at Ellington Plantation, Luling, La.

Kenneth M. Gaiennie, B. S., is engaged in business in Shreveport, La.

Cyril J. Bassieh, A. B., is a member of the firm of Frazier & Bassieh, contractors. Shortly before Christmas they completed the city hall in Brookhaven, Miss.

R. Kenneth Rounds, A. B., of '07 Moose Jaw, Manitoba, Canada, was chosen a member of the committee on organization for the Council of Knights of Columbus instituted in his resident town last Jan. 2. He is likewise librarian of the Young Men's Catholic Club; and, as enthusiastic an athlete as ever, plays right forward on the basket ball team representing the town, and belongs to the champion baseball club of that part of the country. They are waiting for it to thaw out up there before they "play ball."

Nicholas L. Vickers, A. B., has been taken into partnership by his father, who has purchased the entire interest of J. E. McHugh & Co., real estate, fire insurance and loans. Mr. Vickers, Sr., is also a Spring Hill alumnus, having entered the College in 1877.

Last December, Henry I. A. Burquieres, B. S., '07, was united in the sacred bonds of matrimony to Miss Sallie Hyams Trufant, at the Jesuits' Church, New Orleans.

Robert M. Breard, A. B., is '08 engaged in the practice of law in the office of Stubbs, Russell & Theus, Monroe, La. He recently entered his name on the subscription list of **The Springhillian**.

Ermilo E. Escalante, A. B., is now in his third year of medicine at Tulane. He made the first two years at the Jefferson Medical in Philadelphia.

Paul T. Landry, B. S., is in his second year of medicine at Tulane.

John J. Brown, B. S., after a '09 spirited contest was elected manager of the Tulane Varsity baseball team Jan. 13. Later he resigned the position, as he wished to devote more time to his studies.

We quote the following from the New Orleans Times-Democrat of Feb. 15:

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 14.—The engagement of Miss Marguerite Desloge Bain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. M. Bain of Flora boulevard, and Charles Henry Adams of New Orleans, was formally announced at a Valentine "500" afternoon, given by Miss Bain's sister, Mrs. Charles Bernard Raoul Fitz-Williams, at her home, No. 3857 Flad avenue. Miss Bain is a graduate of the Maryville Sacred Heart Convent, and is one of the most popular girls in her set. No date has been fixed for the wedding. Mrs. Fitz-Williams' guests were all intimate friends of the young bride-to-be, and numbered sixteen.

Claude L. Chappuis, B. S., was elected Recorder of the Knights of Columbus Council of Crowley, La.

Lawrence J. Fabacher, A. B., class '09, was recently elected a director of the Jackson Brewery, New Orleans.

James E. Duggan, A. B., writes '10 from Columbia University that both himself and Anthony J. Touart, '09, successfully passed their mid-year examinations in law. Henry M. Costello, B. S., who started mining engineering in the same university, later passed over to the law course.

Edward J. Lebeau, A. B., at the end of March paid the College a visit and was happy to meet old friends again. He is connected with a large builders' supplies firm in Pensacola.

Philip D. Ball, A. B., class '10, having passed an examination in law before the State Board of Florida, has been admitted to practice in Pensacola. He still retains his position as private secretary to Judge Seth Sheppard of the United States Court.

Thomas Byrne, B. S., who has been a visitor at the Hill since last Christmas, has gone on a trip to Europe with his father and mother.

J. Lawrence Lavretta, A. B., is taking music lessons in Berlin from one of the leading teachers of Germany, Professor King Clark, of Chicago. He says it is hard work, as he spends about three hours daily in vocal and instrumental music. He expects to return to Mobile next November.

P. Walter Walsh, A. B., is studying law with the firm of Stevens & Lyons of Mobile.

OBITUARY

VERY REV. JOHN F. O'CONNOR, S. J.

Spring Hill mourns the loss of Very Rev. John F. O'Connor, S. J., the Provincial of the Jesuits in the South, and one of her own most distinguished alumni. The sad event took place in the Providence Infirmary, Mobile, on the morning of March 27, after a painful illness of four weeks, borne with great fortitude and Christian resignation. From the New Orleans Morning Star of April 1, we take the following sketch of his life and sympathetic appreciation:

The shadow of a great sorrow has fallen upon the hearts of Catholics throughout the South, and an almost irreparable loss has come to the Archdiocese of New Orleans in particular in the death of the distinguished Jesuit, Very Rev. John Francis O'Connor, S. J., Southern Provincial in the United States of this illustrious order, who died on Monday last at the Providence Infirmary, Mobile, Alabama. His death was not unexpected. For several weeks he has lingered with the light of another world in his eyes, while devoted friends hovered near, and from thousands of hearts throughout the Southland prayers ascended heavenward that he who had wrought so faithfully and well under the banners of the Cross of Jesus Christ might be spared yet awhile to continue the great work to which his life had been consecrated. Occasionally there was a gleam of hope for the faithful watchers, and at times it was thought his naturally strong constitu-

tion would stand him well, but on Saturday last the message came to Very Rev. Emile Mattern, S. J., President of the Jesuits' College in Baronne street and Vice Provincial of the Southern Jesuits, that a sudden change had come; Father O'Connor was sinking fast and could not possibly survive but a few hours. Father Mattern left again for Mobile and stood at the side of his devoted superior and brother priest, when the end came.

Peacefully, quietly, like a child falling asleep in the arms of a loving parent, Father O'Connor went to rest in the bosom of His Eternal Father. His entire life from a boy up had been a preparation for this supreme moment.

For him who had fought so long and valiantly and who had no thought but the will of his Divine Master there was nothing to fear. Death was a joyful going forth, a triumphant home-coming, a loving welcome to the eternal Fatherland. His death was a great blow to the Jesuit Order in the United States, and especially in the South, where he has labored so long and where he has been known for upwards of a quarter of a century as one of its most famous and eloquent priests and orators. Not only the Jesuits, but the entire section mourns his loss. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, paid a noble and most affectionate tribute to the memory of Father O'Connor. His Grace was deeply affected at his death, and only the fact that he was just conva-

lescing from a severe attack of the grippe prevented his going to Mobile to testify to the high regard in which he had held the noble dead by being present at his obsequies. "I have lost a dear friend," said His Grace, "whose great talents and abilities none could appreciate more truly. Father O'Connor did much for religion in this diocese and the church has lost one of its noblest and truest sons and defenders."

Father O'Connor went to Mobile in company with His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, and other clergy of the diocese to be present at the Catholic Bi-centenary Celebration of the Foundation of Mobile on Feb. 26.

In taking the car he accidentally fell and was dragged a considerable distance. Recovering himself, he boarded the train, and reaching Mobile, took part in the notable celebration. But his system had suffered a severe shock, and he was found very ill in his room the day following the celebration. His condition was such that his immediate removal to Providence Infirmary was ordered by Dr. E. S. Feagin, one of the most prominent physicians of Mobile, who was summoned to his bedside. As soon as the news reached New Orleans Father Mattern, rector of the Jesuits in Baronne street, went immediately to Mobile, and remained nearly a week at the bedside of his devoted co-laborer. After the immediate danger was passed Father Mattern returned to New Orleans for several weeks, only to be summoned again on Sunday to close in death the eyes of his friend. The end came at 9:45 on Monday morning.

Few priests in the South were better

known than Father O'Connor, and none more highly esteemed or truly loved by all classes. It would be hard to define a character so noble, so true, so exalted, so filled with the gospel conception of the dignity of the priesthood, so imbued with the tenderness of his Divine Master for all who sorrowed, and for all who needed the hand of a friend to lift them from the bondage of sin and despair. Gentle, charitable, loving, he united with a calm dignity and reserve of manner the highest qualities of the student and the scholar, the poet and the linguist with all the earnest helpfulness that could reach down to the lowest depths of misery and degradation to which human nature could sink and lift it up to Heaven and God. It may indeed be said of him that he was "all in all" to all men; no thought was too lofty that he could not grasp it, no problem too profound that he did not seek to solve it; no grief too deep that he could not fathom it; no soul too stained that he did not put forth his efforts as though his own salvation depended upon it to restore it to purity and life again. As an orator he stood in the front rank; as a man he was a very priest of God. As a laborer in the vineyard of Christ he was unwearied in zeal, never faltering till he was stricken and the call came to lay down his earthly burden. He was one of the greatest missionaries of the Jesuit Order in the United States and his converts were many. His diction was superb, his presence earnest and inspiring and his delivery impressive and majestic.

No one could hear him without being

touched to the heart's innermost depths, and whether in the pulpit, the confessional, the classroom, or at the bedside of the sick and dying, his great gift as a director of souls manifested itself and brought his listeners captive at the feet of Christ.

Father O'Connor was born in Savannah, Ga., September 17, 1848; he was the son of Denis O'Connor and Mary Ahern, highly respected citizens of that community. He received his early education at Spring Hill College. On May 3, 1865, he entered the Society of Jesus, having the distinction of being the first boy to enter the Jesuit novitiate from Spring Hill College.

He was sent by his superiors to the Jesuit novitiate in Lyons, France, where he made his first studies for the priesthood. Thence he went to England, where he completed his studies and training. Returning to the United States, he was stationed for some years at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., as professor of the Junior Jesuits. In April, 1875, he was ordained priest at Spring Hill College, and later spent some time in advanced theological studies at Woodstock College, Maryland.

Fr. O'Connor filled at various times the chair of science, philosophy and the classics, respectively, and his great abilities becoming more and more apparent he had the distinction of serving as vice president of Spring Hill College from 1878 to 1879.

He made his final vows August 15, 1884, and that same year he was made rector of the Jesuit Church and College

in Galveston. He served in that capacity until 1887, when he was appointed rector of the Jesuits' College of the Immaculate Conception, in Baronne street, in this city. He filled the office of rector with great ability until 1890, when he was sent to Augusta, Georgia, as rector of the Jesuit community there. He remained until 1891, when he was placed in the active missionary field in the South. He was everywhere in demand, his marvellous success having been equalled by few missionaries in this section. In 1902 he went to Shreveport to open the Jesuit College there and served as president of the college and rector of the church until 1906, when he was made superior of the New Orleans Mission. He held this office for a year, when the Southern Province of the Jesuits was erected in 1907, and he was honored by being made the first Provincial. The office was a most important one. Father O'Connor's jurisdiction extending from Georgia to Key West and Galveston, with headquarters in New Orleans.

Father O'Connor was noted for his great humility; his one desire outside of his ardent zeal for souls was to avoid notice or attention. He was simple and unostentatious, truly pious and humble, and these characteristics in one so great added to the general veneration in which he was held.

Father O'Connor's funeral took place on Wednesday morning from the chapel of his alma mater, Spring Hill College, and was largely attended. Every member of the Jesuits' Order in Mobile and many of the city clergy were present, as also a number of visiting priests.

Right Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, who held Father O'Connor in high esteem, celebrated the low mass which is prescribed for the burial of a Jesuit, and, according to their inflexible rules governing such occasions, there was no sermon or eulogy of the dead.

The final absolution was given by Bishop Allen. Father O'Connor was buried in the college cemetery; his grave was covered with flowers, the offerings of devoted friends. Among the clergy outside of Mobile present were Right Rev. Abbot Paul, O. S. B., of St. Joseph's Abbey, St. Benedict,

La.; Very Rev. E. Mattern, S. J.; Very Rev. Albert Biever, S. J., and Rev. Fr. De Potter, S. J., of New Orleans; Rev. Fr. Wilkison, S. J., of Shreveport, La.; Rev. Fr. Moynihan, S. J., of Macon, Ga.; Rev. Father Sherry, S. J., of Augusta, Ga.; Rev. Fr. Brislan, S. J., of Selma, Ala.; Rev. Fr. Savage, of Montgomery; Rev. Fr. Madden, of Macon, Ga.

There were also large delegations from the religious communities of Sisters in Mobile. Very Rev. Father Twellmeyer, S. J., president, and the officers and students of Spring Hill College, attended in a body.

IN MEMORY

**Of Rev. Father J. F. O'Connor, Who Died in Mobile, Alabama, on Monday,
March 27, 1911.**

Over the high white altars the gleaming tapers shed
Their soft effulgent splendor, above the honored dead.
"Requiem" sobs the music—floats the incense cloudlike there
"In aeternam" drift the echoes, where his children kneel in prayer.
They mourn the victor anointed—passed from their midst away
Moored by a faith eternal—to realms of a lasting day.

Oh! dirge that sweeps through the morning. Oh! smile of a dying priest,
Above the gloom and shadow, like dawn from a Golden East
Comes the memory of lessons given—your life a chord divine,
Brightening the hearts of your children, your Godlike actions shine.
Sleep on at the foot of the altar, thy sacrifice is o'er.
The murmured "De Profundis" means "Resurgam" evermore.

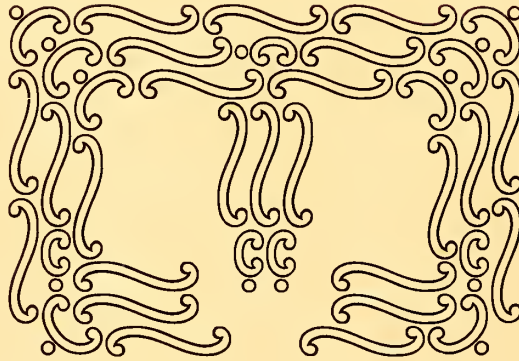
Long, long through the years we will miss you, oh, face, hidden under the pall.
The clasp of a hand true and tender, and smiles that were meant for us all.
Loved Pastor! up near His great altar, oh, plead for us, pray for us still;
Your sorrowing, grief-stricken children a-toil on Calvary Hill.

Annie M. Kelly, Shreveport, La.

The earnest sympathy of the faculty and student body is offered to the bereaved family of **Captain Richard Murray**, who died in Mobile on Feb. 16. Captain Murray was a valued friend of the College, which was indebted to him for many acts of kindness. All his sons were educated at Spring Hill, John

and Richard being at present in attendance.

We are in receipt of a card from John Martin, B. S., '00, announcing the death of his mother at Laredo, Texas, Dec. 15. To him we extend our sincere condolence in the loss he has sustained.



A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

The Sun of Bethlehem—Francis L. Prohaska, '13	3
At Bethlehem—J. P. Newsham, Jr., '12	5
A Tale of a Bear—Dennis S. Moran, '11	7
A Christmas Prodigal—Francis L. Smith, '14	11
Sunrise from the Piazza—Francis A. Orsi, '13	13
How the Cedar Became the Christmas Tree—Clarence N. Touart, '12.....	14
A Phono in Megalopia—M. Humbert Diaz, '12	15
The Spirit of Peace—J. P. Newsham, Jr., '12	20
On the 'Bo—Leslie McDaniel, '13.....	21
A Name for Christmas—E. I. F.....	24
Yucatan—B. Rios Franco, '11	25
Down Where the Good Fellows Go—Jno. T. Becker, '12	27
Autumn's Plaint—M. Humbert Diaz, '12	28
Letter to an Old Professor—Francis A. Meyer, '12	29
Acrostic—Francis A. Meyer, '12	30
Editorial	31
There Is No Room—E. I. F.	32
College Notes	33
First Division Items—J. T. Becker, '12; M. H. Diaz, '12	36
Football—D. S. Moran, '11	38
Winterettes—J. T. Becker, '12; M. H. Diaz, '12	49
Second Division News Letter—J. P. Newsham, Jr., '12	52
Lines—A. F. Vasquez, '12	53
Second Division Athletics—J. B. Rives, '13	54
Christmas—Francis L. Smith, '14	55
Exchanges	56
Alumni	57
Our Team—James D. McIntyre, '11.....	59
Banquet to Team	60
A Triolet—A. Gervais, '14.	61
Book Review	61



SECOND DIVISION TEAM.

Standing—Chappuis, Barker, Rives, Berthelot, Williamson, Bondousquie, Potter, Touart, Smith.
 Sitting—Van Henevel, Cassidy, Webre, Dowe, Fuller.

4 pp. 38
 Vol. II, No 2 New Series
 for name that
 correspond with
 the picture.



THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XIV., No. 2

DECEMBER, 1910

NEW SERIES—VOL. II., No. 2

THE SUN OF BETHLEHEM

FRANCIS L. PROHASKA, '13

*Why sighs the night wind sadly,
Why falls the snowflake madly,
Where He, the Light of Summer, softly glows?
Why chills the darkness drear,
Can poverty be here,
Where He, the wealth of Heaven, takes repose?
Yet joyful, gladsome, cheery, merry all,
The night, the snow, the wind, the gloom, the pall.*

*And though from near and far,
The wind and tempest war,
There resteth fair the Love, the Calm of Heaven;
Why fear and trepidation,
Why trembling agitation,
When to the earth the Babe of Peace is given?
Why terrifying storms and fears increase,
When sleeps the Calm that bids the tempest cease?*

*Aye, ever thus shall pride,
Where mountain storms abide,
Stand raging while the meek in valleys dwell;
Thus in the dark of sin
Shall fill the heart within,
And hate the light that can the passion quell.
But all in vain the darkness and the night,
The Lamp of Bethlehem pours abroad its light.*

*What soul feels not within
The darksome rage of sin,
The struggling and the strife for peace and rest?
But souls that still strive on
Are like the light, the sun,
Partake the pleasure of that Infant Blest.
On, on they struggle to the end of strife,
To Bethlehem, to the Way, the Truth, the Life.*

*Sweet Babe, amid the storm,
Let me but see Thy form
And feel the warming of Thy tender frame;
Let me but hear Thy voice,
Bidding my soul rejoice,
And in the tempest breathe Thy blissful name!
Breathe but Thy name and then from east and west
Let lightnings rave, I'll bare my calm, pure breast.*



AT BETHLEHEM

*A Story of the First
Christmas*

J. P. NEWSHAM, JR., '12.

One frosty winter's night, long, long, ago, a shepherd boy guarded his flock far up on the mountain side. It was in the rugged country of Judea, and ever and anon from across the Sea of Galilee came strong gusts of icy wind. The lad wrapped his toga more closely about him and clinched his teeth in a fierce struggle against the cold. Look at his face as he gazes at the stars set like diamonds in a sapphire throne. How bright they are, and yet his lustrous eyes seem to outshine even the most brilliant of them. Something in his whole bearing attracts our attention; some indefinable feeling catches at our very heartstrings as we peer into his face. A comely lad he is indeed, but still we cannot help but know, deep down in our heart, that this is not what draws us to him as a magnet draws a loadstone.

Suddenly a great surprise comes into his eyes. There in the east has risen a strange new star, brighter than any in the galaxy of heaven. Instinctively he knows that it is the star of salvation, and a great joy fills his heart; for with it life, light and happiness have flooded the world. To his ears, the wind shrieking among the wild mountain crags, the wavelet as it laps on the shores that hold the bounds of the deep, the shrill cry of the cormorant

winging a solitary flight over the Galilean Sea, all seem to whisper in divers accents the name of Christ. He hears the call, and his heart responds; like the Magi he answers, "I come." Taking up his rude bundle and kissing the ring he has worn since childhood, he begins the journey with the star as his only guiding light.

* * *

Let us journey in imagination to Persia, that storied land of old. It is a fresh, bright morning some twenty years earlier than the event just narrated. The perfumed breeze blowing across the fertile vales and wooded hills that surround Persia's capital city, seems laden with all the incense of the East; the rising sun is just turning the mighty Tigris into a sea of amber and gold; the birds are singing their matin hymn; a more beautiful and pleasing scene can hardly be imagined than that which lies stretched panorama-like before the eye, as one gazes from a window of the throne-room in the royal palace.

And yet this very room is full of hopeless misery and all the grim accompaniments of despair. But a few hours ago the infant son of the king has been stolen, as he lay asleep with the royal signet ring on his finger. Search parties are being organized to

scour the country in every direction, but it is with a sinking heart that the King hears of their failure. In holy resignation he yields to the will of the Mighty One.

* * *

Twenty years have passed. Time has laid a heavy hand on the brow of the Persian King. No longer is his arm strong to strike for his country; no longer is his hair glossy as the raven's back; no longer is his voice deep and loud like the rumbling of thunder, or the hoarse baying of the sea on the rocks. Still, though he feels that life's candles are nearly burnt out, something tells him that he will see his son in the flesh ere death comes upon him. Often in visions he has seen him beautiful with all the soul's expansion, and always guardian angels have hovered over him.

On a certain night many hundred years ago the King stood on the balcony of his palace watching the stars and wondering what mysteries they concealed. Even as he looks a star rises on heaven's blue coat brighter, more beautiful than any earthly thing. He, too, hears the call, and like the shepherd lad, he answers, "I come."

Thus it happened that father and son—for the shepherd lad is no other than the Persian Prince—travelled in the same direction, and with the same guide; and Bethlehem, nestling amidst its olive groves, proved to be their common destination. The young Prince preceded his father into the Divine Presence by but a few hours.

How bare the stable, thought the Prince, and how rude the cradle, the

rough-hewn manger! There lay the infant King, His tiny body wrapped in swaddling clothes, and warmed by the breath of dumb animals. Down falls the Prince in adoration, while angel choirs are singing, and all the world seems to rejoice. He offers his ring, for it is all he has, to Jesus, and Joseph accepts it for Him. How proud he is to see it glisten on the finger of the Divine Infant! With a heart full of joy, the Prince throws himself on his knees in a far corner to pray fervently to the Father in heaven.

At this moment the Persian King enters in state and he also offers homage to the new-born King. But, stay! is not that the royal signet ring of Persia that seems so to delight young Jesus; or is but another vision, another creation of an overwrought brain? St. Joseph sees his surprise and tells him the story of the shepherd lad. Slowly it begins to dawn on the mind of the King that his long-lost son is found at last. Turning around, he comes face to face with the Prince, grown tall and comely, but still the same Prince stolen so long ago from his father. Now the King knows that God was instrumental in causing his great grief, and that it was but a burden to try his fidelity.

Imagine the joy of their reunion, smiled on and brought about by the most intimate influence of Christ. Well, dear reader, we will leave the father and son united in the presence of their God on the first Christmas morn; on the morn of a day that has been celebrated for nineteen hundred years throughout the length and breadth of the world.

A TALE OF A BEAR

DENNIS S. MORAN, '11.

"Um-m-m-m-uh! foh de lub o' Mike!"

"What's the matter, Hen?"

"Nuttin'; jest some fool b'ar been 'roun here durin' de night and stole dat good ham yo'all was savin' foh Christmas."

Well, here was tough luck, if the smoke's words were true. I came out of the cabin and went over to the "cache" where Hen was looking wistfully at the place once held by the ham. It was gone all right, and the trail the bear made was plain as day. The large box which held more of our grub was scratched by Bruin's paws, but as he was contented with the ham and didn't bother us or try to enter the shanty, we felt pretty well satisfied.

"Well, Hen, what's doing now? Do you feel like travelling that long 20 miles into Anaconda and getting some of that delicious ham you like so much?"

Hen twirled a meditative kink while figuring out the time the trip would take

"Yas, ah reckon ah kin do it, but ah sho' would like to get mah revenge on dat b'ar fust."

"All right; you can get all the revenge you want, for we are going after him very soon."

As I turned to leave, "Pug" O'Brian and J. Walcott Harrington, Jr.,

strolled out of the shanty and came over to us.

"What's the row?" questioned O'Brian.

"The hunk of pork has eloped with Bruin to hibernate," I answered.

"Where ith Hibernate?" put in J. Walcott.

That queered it; even old Hen had the laugh on him. The absence of said ham quieted the laugh, though, and the quartet bent earnestly to the plan for getting some good bear meat to take the place of our lost Armour's Special. Pug and I went back to the "palace" for the rifles. We handed J. Walcott his piece of ordnance, which, by the way, was a .22 squirrel scarer. He handled it gingerly, albeit lovingly, showing him to be a true hunter at heart, if not in eye and hand.

"Ith dith going to be a weal hunt?" he asked.

"What'ch you think it is—target practice?" asked Pug.

Pug's words didn't seem to liven up poor Walcott. Instead, they made him feel a little down in the mouth. He was for staying at home to watch the shack.

"Look here, Wally," I said, "do you think we're going to leave you here to be chawed up by any strange cougar or bear that happens along?"

"Yeth, Wally," mimicked Pug, "you

weally would be twerribly mussed up by the animuls."

"Mistah Harrin'tun, yo'all bettah come 'long; it sho' ain't healthy 'round heah by yo'se'f."

Poor Wally saw that the best course lay with us; so along he followed.

After we had covered a mile or so through the woods, a few flakes of snow drifted down. Hen dropped back little by little, and then returned to fix up the shanty against what might be a fair-sized snow storm. The three of us kept on, our hounds running before us, noses close to the trail. At noon we stopped to put down a little grub, then we were off again. The snow all this time was coming down in large flakes, covering up the once fresh trail. Terror, my hound, started up a cottontail, and Wally, seeing fair game ahead, plunged after him. Pug and I kept straight on, until hearing the "ping, ping" of Wally's rifle, the uproar of the dog, and Wally's yells, which were calling on us for help, our curiosity mastered us and we turned in the direction of the sound. How he did it I don't know, but there was Wally, and on the ground near him was not the rabbit, but a full-grown lynx.

"Great guns! Wally; how did you do it?" I asked.

"That ith the biggeth tom-cat I ever thaw; and when I cried 'Meow!' he thnarled hawfully, and Twerror fluffed all up and gwowled. Ith wath sumthin' twerrible."

Pug looked as solemn as an owl, and I didn't dare laugh.

"The critter has the whole sixteen shots in him," remarked Pug, who had been examining Wally's rifle to see how it was done. The repeater was empty.

"What's to be done with it?" I asked.

"Watch your Uncle Pug," and straightway O'Brian began to skin the lynx. After his task was accomplished, Wally gave us the startling information that his feet were cold. Well, as there wasn't much chance to get the bear, we struck out for home. The snow was driving against us, and it was almost impossible to see a hundred feet to the front, but we had to keep travelling. About 4 o'clock Wally gave out; he was blue in the face and the poor duffer could barely navigate.

"Take a good healthy swig of this, an' it'll warm you up," said Pug as he handed Wally the flask of brandy. Then O'Brian and I rubbed his hands and face and pounded a little on him to bring back the circulation.

"D'ye think we kin carry him back? How far have we travelled?"

"I confess, Pug, you've treed me. I don't even know in what direction the shack is; it's so dark."

"Then this is a devil of a mess; don't know where we are; Wally too played out to move, and," here Pug examined his pockets, "only two biscuits with a hunk of meat. We sure can't live long on this, so let's fix up a break and tomorrow we can start for somewhere, and thank our stars if we ever get there."

"Oh, come off; don't be so lugubrious." I made light of the matter, and the Irishman's face took on an optimistic grin, telling me better than words that we would come out all right.

"Well, let's start in, then," he said.

A thick growth of underbrush helped us considerably, as the snow had not covered much of the ground beneath it. O'Brian's hatchet did wonders, making a snug little windbreak of twigs and boughs. All the holes over it I covered with snow to a fair thickness, then I cleared a space in front of the opening. All the dry branches I could find by the very uncertain light I stacked together, then I hacked at a fallen log, and after warming the ozone with sundry cursory expressions on our luck in particular and things in general, I had a pile of dry chips. By dint of patient whittling I had enough to start the fire and the tiny flame grew into a comfortable blaze.

Brandy on the inside and a warm fire on the outside thawed Wally out. He ate to the last crumb the biscuits Pug gave him, then stretched lengthwise by the fire, asking us to kindly keep the sparks off him, as he wished to sleep. O'Brian and myself sat down and sucked on our "dudeens" till the tobaccy fried on us, then he of the sunset dome stretched out by Wally, saying that I should take first watch. I sat propped up against the log, feet to the fire, refilled my bowl and smoked. My thoughts turned to our present situation. We certainly were in a bad fix, miles from nowhere,

and no landmarks to guide us. Well, I didn't care much, and anyhow I was too drowsy to mind.

Why was the fire beginning to glow with that greenish hue? Heavens! how cold my back was! I lay down with my back to the fire; that seemed better, but now my feet and hands burned me; my body was pricked with red-hot points. I must get away from that fire. Stop! What was that moving outside? I listened, but could hear nothing, yet surely I did hear a movement just then. Yes; there it is again. Heavy breathing and a soft body rubbing against the sides of the house. A growl. Why don't the dogs chase the intruder away? Oh, yes; I left them at the windbreak with Wally and Pug. What's that? Distinctly the sound came to my ears: "P'chap, p'chap, p'chap!" Good Lord! it's the bear, and in our grub again. Where was my rifle? Here it is. Cautiously, very cautiously, I opened the door and glided out. In the white light of the full moon I saw him. What a monster, and how those teeth glistened as he went after his meal. Quietly I dropped on one knee, took steady aim at the most vulnerable spot, and--"click!" Again I pulled the trigger, but the same "click." The bear heard and turned. A slow growl rumbled out from his throat, and with head lowered to the level of his haunches, he gazed full at me. Those little eyes of his burned holes into me. I stood there looking at him as he slowly raised himself on his hind feet. Move or yell I could not. A terrible fear paral-

ized me. With what devilish slowness he came toward me! Was this to be my end—crushed to death by a bear? My head swam, darkness came upon me; I reeled and fell into the arms of the bear. His teeth bit into my shoulder, but I didn't seem to mind; again he bit, but how soft his teeth were. The third time he sunk his fangs into my shoulder. I came out of the faint and looked up.

Hen was shaking me by the shoulder and asking if I could take a little hot coffee and some toast. Pug was at the couch, grinning like his baboon ancestor, and Wally, his phiz wreathed in a heavenly smile, came over to shake hands. They propped me up with pillows, and while I made away with the coffee and hot buttered toast, Pug told me how it came about.

* * *

"This is the short and long of it," he began. "When we wandered around in the storm we had the right direction for home and didn't know it. The fact is that we fixed up our windbreak

about two hundred yards from this shack of ours. A little after I turned over you dozed off and fell into a stupor from the cold. Old Jo-Jo had you as bad as Wally. Hen was expecting us to get in and he didn't become uneasy till 9 or 10 o'clock. Then he starts out to do his part. He fired that old gun a dozen or more times, yelling as loud as he could in the meantime. Finally he got help. His optics ain't any too sharp, but they were good enough to show him the glow of our fire, and he got wise. One lantern he left on the bench outside to guide himself by and with the other he made a bee-line for our diggin's. Wally and myself he woke up and gave us a little stimulant; but you the whole community couldn't wake you up—you were froze stiff. I thought you had croaked and gone skyward. We carried you here, and that is the end of it—except one little item which you should know, and that is, Hen killed the bear a little after he returned home."

A CHRISTMAS PRODIGAL

FRANCIS L. SMITH, '14.

Autumn, the painter of forests, has passed away, leaving in his wake vast meadows of yellowed down, the top of which is made hoary by the white frost, glistening in the feeble sunshine.

And now Winter, the proud and cruel monarch of blizzards, bears down upon us in all his pomp and glory.

Then the first snow comes. How beautiful it appears to the gaze as it falls softly all around us, covering the roofs of the houses and spreading its pall of whiteness over the cold mounds of the dead. All the landscape appears as one mass of glittering gems, throwing back the shimmering of the sunshine, made doubly beautiful by the brightness of the snow. Here and there, jutting upward from the whiteness, stands a leafless giant, now revealing more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacies of its branches. And with Winter comes that weird silence that bespeaks the want and desolation of the heartless season of ice.

Thus day after day rolled on until at last the eve of Christmas has arrived. Now, indeed, the world has awakened from its slumber and Nature fits on a new garb of glistening whiteness to do honor to the Babe on this night born in a stable of Bethlehem.

Now are the echoes of midnight revelry wafted from all parts of the world. The stores are filled with Christmas gifts; fine candies are put up in gaily-

decorated boxes for the Christmas tree. Street venders are busily engaged in selling holly wreaths and mistletoe.

Thus was the state of affairs this Christmas eve night in the little city of ——. I had been in the back of the town on a mission of charity and I was just then returning. I drew my overcoat more tightly around me and gave freedom to a train of thoughts as I bent my footsteps toward my home. "My, what a season of want this is," I told myself. Every day some poor old beggar came to my door to ask for a bite to eat and an old coat to protect him somewhat from the cold.

My thoughts here flew afar off to the snow-covered city of Bethlehem and followed that Bright Star shining so beautifully in the heavens, and thus to the shivering little Babe, lying in the manger.

Here I was brought back to my senses with a jolt by a low, almost inaudible moan. I halted for a moment, but not being sure that I had heard anything after all, I started on again, taking it as a trick of my imagination, or else the moaning of the wind. But again the same low note of agony arrested me. It seemed to come from an old hut in front of which I was standing. It appeared to be but an old shed, worm-eaten and damp, and almost ready to fall. It could boast of only one rotten door, which was all battered up.

I strode quickly over to a window in the side of the shed and gazed in. What a gruesome picture was placed before my astonished eyes! The pale moon, casting its sickly rays through the window, revealed a small, bare, ugly room. In one corner of the room was an old wooden box, covered with dust. And in the other a heap of straw upon which was stretched the figure of a man. My God! What a sight it was! His old, wrinkled face was stamped with the features of death, and his head was covered with a tangled mass of gray hair, made silvery by the pale moonlight. His gaunt body was clothed in an old pair of trousers and a tattered shirt; two pieces of rag around his feet served as shoes. His breath came in sharp, quick gasps, alone breaking the weird silence that pervaded over all. Suddenly he raised himself with an effort and his white lips moved, and these are the words I heard as I stood there horrified and shivering:

"O God! is there any forgiveness for me, the greatest sinner that ever walked the face of the earth? My Lord, I have denied Thee hundreds, yea, thousands of times. I have battled against Thee; I have blasphemed Thee; I have even hated Thee! How often have I nailed Thee to the cross, Thou who hast suffered the torments of Calvary for me, an ungrateful

wretch! My Jesus! Thou who wast born upon this night, hear the prayer of a contrite sinner; let my soul be born again with Thee; and Thou Jesus, forgive! O forgive!" The last word was wrung from his heart in a moan and echoed wildly in my ears. His head fell back; slowly his body stiffened; his face became pointed and marble-like; a smile appeared upon his cold features and stayed there—a smile of happiness.

The wind outside howled and shrieked and hurled itself fiercely against the creaking shanty with the fury of a hundred demons.

But inside was the peace of Paradise. I almost seemed to hear the voices of angels softly and sweetly rising from around the heap of straw, singing the forgiveness of a penitent soul and the praises of the Babe of Bethlehem! "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

The next day I had the man buried in the Catholic Cemetery and for many a day had fresh flowers placed upon the neat little grave in the corner of the cemetery.

Never indeed will that picture be blotted from my memory, and I pray God that I may be as penitent when I face Almighty God in judgment as that poor unknown prodigal in the wretched little hut that Christmas eve night.

SUNRISE FROM THE TOP PIAZZA OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

FRANCIS A. ORSI, '13.

Before the first faint streak of rosy-fingered dawn had begun to gleam beyond the horizon I had snugly ensconced myself in a great arm chair on the top balcony of the east wing of the College, prepared to watch the glorious Day-King as he mounted the heavens in his chariot of fire.

Silently, almost imperceptibly, the brilliancy of the stars began to wane as the east changed from deepest blue to a lighter and brighter hue. The change was now more rapid—almost suddenly it seemed as if a vast conflagration had broken out on the opposite side of Montrose, whose dim azure outline silhouetted against the flaming sky was barely discernible in the hazy distance.

It was now dawn and every object, both far and near, was beginning to assume its proper size and shape and color.

To the left the view was cut off by the "bearded oaks," which were literally alive with birds feeding on the abundant crop of luscious acorns. Suddenly the birds took wing and whirled away to the southeast, down among the pines. While I was wondering what could be the cause of this sudden move, my eyes lighted on a great hawk perched among the boughs just vacated by the birds.

Far away to the right lay the green-

clad hills stretching on in endless succession towards the Gulf of Mexico. But all this was poor and commonplace when compared with the enchanting scene which was now unfolding before me.

The level sun's broad disc was now just clear of Montrose, and from out his fiery furnaces streamed a flood of such dazzling light as no human eye could gaze upon. Right before me lay mile on mile of alternate hill and dale, all clad in their robes of perennial verdure, now shimmering in a sea of blinding light. But look far out beyond both hill and dale—whence comes that perfect sea of living light? Is it some lake of molten silver catching up and reflecting and even seeming to intensify every ray of that mighty flood of bright white light streaming across Montrose? No; it is the broad expanse of waters of Mobile Bay, with its bright and gently undulating waves lightening with its borrowed splendor.

Enraptured with the surpassing beauty of this scene, I sat facing the east like a Moslem waiting for sunrise, to begin his orisons, until one of my companions, fascinated by the same sublime spectacle, touched me on the shoulder and said: "Don't you know, I've travelled through many lands and over many waters, and never yet have I beheld a scene to compare with that!"

HOW THE CEDAR BECAME THE CHRISTMAS TREE

CLARENCE N. TOUART, '12.

On that Christmas when Our Saviour was born, not only heaven and earth rejoiced, but even inanimate nature sung his praises. The shepherds in the stable knelt and adored the God-man. The wind, whistling through the trees, seemed to make them speak words of praise of the Infant. Outside the cave there stood three trees, a palm, an olive and a cedar. They were holding a conversation concerning the birth of the Saviour. Each one swayed by the wind bent its branches over in an endeavor to see the Blessed Infant within.

Said the palm: "I have fine large branches to offer the Blessed Infant as a fan to keep the warm air from around his brow."

The olive declared: "I can offer sweet-scented oil to perfume the air in the stable."

As the cedar began to speak the others interrupted, saying that it had nothing to offer save prickly points, and that the perfume of the cedar was that of ill-smelling rosin. The cedar realized this and drew back in shame, not jealous of the good fortune of the other trees, but contented in its simplicity. Near the cedar, unseen and unheard during the conversation, an angel had listened. He felt sorry for the cedar and resolved to help it.

The palm went into the cave and offered its token with these words: "Accept this humble gift, O Lord God of the palms. In order that you may have

your little brow cooled, I present you with my finest leaf for a fan."

Next came the olive and with these words presented its gift: "O God, Ruler of the olive trees, receive this sweet-scented oil, so that the foul air of the stable may be excluded from your presence."

During this time the cedar stood back in the shadows. It was not jealous of the others; no, not it; it was really swaying to and fro with joy. Its branches whistled in the wind with great glee at the speeches of the other trees.

Then the angel, calling down the stars from heaven, decorated the cedar with them until it shone with a brilliant lustre. He entwined the Milky Way in its branches and fixed a beautiful comet on the top. Taking the cedar into the stable, the angel placed it near the Infant's crib. What a beautiful sight it was! In the middle was a large white star which shed its brilliance throughout the stable. On all sides of it were arranged stars of various sizes and hues, so that it resembled a magnificent rainbow. When the Infant awoke He paid no attention to the gifts of the palm and olive, but He was enraptured over the beautiful cedar. Such was the beauty of the tree that it was given the exclusive distinction of being the "Christmas Tree" which delights so many little souls, and large ones, too, on every Christmas morn.

A PHONO IN MEGALOPIA

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

The "Seeing Washington" car, full of curious travellers, passed with a chug-chug and a honk in front of the residence of one J. Kaverly.

"That's it!" shouted Cook's agent through a megaphone that looked like a conical water tank under repairs. "That's the residence of ex-President Kaverly of Megalopia—a little two-by-four, one-horse principality hugging the boundaries of Nicaragua. Notice the French window on the north side? Yes! That's where the would-be assassin, Calvera, was caught in a thrilling tussle by Michael O' Flinn, the star detective of the police force."

The humming, chugging, vibrating auto-bus was shaking the life out of everybody. I noticed everyone and laughed. They were all jumping up and down like popcorn in a frying pan. The fat, quiet, jovial-looking gentleman sitting by me, with the wide sombrero and a humming bird's egg size imitation diamond on a stud, smiled half cynically. While being churned in the car and bending forward with a casual movement as if he had forgotten his collar button, he patted me on the left member of a Society Brand pair of pants.

"Ever heard of Kaverly before?" he inquired, mopping a semi-bald forehead, shaped like a door-knob on a log cabin, with a rainbow-colored handkerchief.

"Can't say that I have," I retorted, as the jarring of the car made my voice feel like the scratch of a seismograph on smoked paper during a South American earthquake.

"You strike me as coming from the South, son; somewhere along Alabama, eh?" he spluttered, falling all over me whilst endeavoring to regain his equilibrium.

"How's that?" I angrily inquired, for I did come from around Alabama.

"Most people around your part of the country never read the small paragraphs at the bottom of the last page of a yellow journal. You know, Central American outbursts of passion are so frequent that they can't be put in a headliner. I was at Megalopia myself when they made Kaverly president. It happened like this:" (Tableau, auto pitching like a demon; fat jovial gentleman making Ciceronian gestures; Congressional library in view.)

"Megalopia was a noisy, lazy, gum-chewing republic, ruled by a cognac toper named Pezra, or anything you want to call him. He was a bad lot that guy. But had plenty of bones and could rattle them. There had been trouble there of late and Kaverly was sent as a correspondent for the "Moon." Well, we landed down there and that town looked to me more like a rotten potato stewed up in a Chinese restaurant than a 'pueblo.'

"Mosquitoes? See this, young fellow?" and he rolled up a sleeve, exposing a big, fat arm with pin holes all around it, looking more like a pin-cushion than a member of the human anatomy.

"Well," he continued, "those holes were made by mosquitoes. And the first thing that met us was a delegation of mosquitoes that welcomed us without a brass band. We took a 'coche' and went up town, passing along a narrow street on the order of a Jersey City sidewalk. They stuck us in a hotel, or what we might call a bucket shop, called 'Hotel Quartel.' Right in front of the two-by-three-and-a-half frat house a brass band was playing a desert waltz for the benefit of an outlandish congregation, which I afterward learned was the garrison. Talk about your barracks and uniforms; why, man, the quarters looked to me more like a grandstand in a Texas League town, minus whitewash, than anything like snoozing quarters. And the soldiers—all had on red uniforms with enough gold to put Vandy in the shade. And mean looking! Phew! They resembled bronco steerers coming in for a crap game. They danced, sang, drank some hot stuff called 'agua ardiente,' which made you dance the barn dance without the frills of society advertisement, and sleep the next half of the 24 hours. Old Kaverly was sore. So was I. We couldn't sleep at night nor in the day time. They kept up the singing and fooling till 1 o'clock at night. Electric lights? No! Not a one! They burned a big bonfire

to scare away visiting mosquitoes and to see by.

"Well, Kaverly finally hit upon an idea. He took a couple of firecrackers we had brought along to celebrate New Year's with and threw them in the bonfire. Talk about scooting! Scooting ain't the word; why, they dived into their rat hole of a 'quartel' or whatever it was, and everything was quiet till next day. Presently the sergeant came around to inspect us, with a murderous-looking 'machete' and one side of his face encased in bandages—effects of the fireworks, I guess. Talk about curse words, why, you could make a dictionary out of them. He made the air so redhot cursing that the mosquitoes would drop dead, fried to a frazzle. I could hear him hiss through his cute mustache, 'Americano!' We could see the air sizzling hot around him and Kaverly would stick his head out of the window and shout, 'Hey, there! What's the matter? Scoot! D'ye hear! Evade! Erump! Shoo!' Then I'd light a firecracker and hit the old broken-down horse on the legs and see the thing jump and scour the territory with the hissing sergeant cursing on his back, whilst the wide 'sombbrero' floated in the breeze.

"That ended the midnight assemblies, and for the next week Kaverly was considered a bad egg. I didn't care as long as I could sit in front of the scorpion-filled hotel, smoking a big cigar and trying to kill 'skeeters.

"One night, however, Kaverly brought forth from the bottom of the trunk an old broken-down phono-

graph and began playing for the boys. In no time we had the entire population of Megalopia listening to the gruff voice of an old comedian trying to sing, 'In the shade—gr-gr-sprut-sprut-of the.' 'They'd sing and dance and listen whilst the machine would keep on its 'sprut-g-r-r-grut.' Then there was a commotion. Before we knew it there steps up a pair of skinny 'caballos,' drawing a Victoria, in which sat the president. Everybody bowed and salaamed before him, and as he stepped up to me, everybody shouted 'Viva el presidente!' What! was that the result of the election?' I inquired of Kaverly, who was busy talking to the president. 'No, you fool; they are shouting for the president,' he answered uncomfortably. So the president heard the phono and was so delighted that he invited the president of the neighboring republic of Migara to come and hear a 'wonderful talking box.'

"Did he come? I should say. Why, the whole family came along, all dressed like queens in a carnival affair. Had pretty daughters, though. Kinder fell in love with one of them myself. Yes, the whole family came, and both presidents and their respective families occupied a position in the auditorium and listened to the darn thing bellow, 'Wait till the sun shines, Nelly—gr-gr, prut-trutt-gr.' 'Magnifico!' shouts his honor from Migara.' 'Muy bueno! Fine! Good!' And he shook his head in terms of satisfaction. Then speaks up the prettiest daughter, and says something like 'Otra vez!' 'Oh, yes,'

said I; 'sure, fine; I know it, very good; bought it at New York. Si, senorita.' She shook her head and smiled (that smile went right through me, too), and pointed to the machine.

"'Oh! I see! You want me to play it again? Sure!' So I played 'Dixie.' They seemed to like that, and clapped their hands and hit their fans against the backs of the chairs to express their sentiments of gratitude. This ended the concert, though it seemed to me more like a home 'gather around' than entertaining the president. Both presidents then inspected the machine, and Kaverly, seeing that they were so well pleased with it, offered it to the one who wanted it the worse.

"His honor from Megalopia expressed his wishes to obtain it. The other guy said he wanted it. Then there followed so many cross words that I stood near the door listening to it, though it sounded like the breaking of china or an Indian celebration. They both drew swords and began cutting the air to pieces. The clatter and clang of steel summoned the soldiers from the 'quartel,' and they all came forward like a crack football eleven in a scrimmage. They grabbed the 'presidentes' and locked them up, amidst the wails and cries of the pretty daughters. I saw it was my time to act. Placing the phono in the captain's hands, I said, 'Take it.' Then they all yelled with delight and their yelling made tears flow from my eyes, for it reminded me so much of a college glee club.

"'Viva Kaverly, Presidente!' they all shouted, and they put the old boy

in the Victoria and drove him to the palace. Pretty decent place, that palace. After seating him in the president's chair they all went out, bowing and grinning like savages with a looking glass.

"Did we take the presidency? Sure! The old boy was so pleased that he ransacked the whole house till he found some good cigars and 'agua ardiente,' and smoked and drank till I made him quit. 'Nice comfortable situation, eh, old boy?' I said, biting off the end of a fat smokerino; 'reminds me of the days in old New York.' 'Yaas,' he drawled, putting his feet on the mahogany desk, upsetting a bottle of ink; 'fine, juicy, sticky position. I'll make you—' 'What's that?' I shouted, as I heard a rumbling noise coming up the stairs. 'Hades let loose, eh? Well, here goes!' and I drew my revolver.

"No use; put the bullet-kicker in the pants; they ain't going to hurt you; they're a good set of boys,' responded Kaverly, speaking of the 'quartel' community.

"They might and they might not be; at any rate, I draw my kicker; they look like a bar room bunch to muh.' Then in came the bunch of bronco-busters with the machine, expostulating in several different tongues. 'No save!' I shouted; 'get under the desk or I shoot the noise-maker.'

"Drop it, you fool,' groaned Kaverly at the other end. 'Senores,' he said, turning to the soldiers, 'you want phono? Phono no run? Yes! I see!' And he showed them how to twist the handle. Then they retired, thanking

us and calling Kaverly 'presidente,' and they put two guards at the door.

We kept on chewing the rag and smoking, awaiting the next rehearsal of a tragedy, and up comes senor the sergeant (who, by the way, later tried to assassinate Kaverly), with a big 'machete' and a mustache turned up till I thought it would scratch his eyes out. But the guards would not let him in. They said, 'Presidente ocupado.' He was furious. He wanted to fight. Cursed in divers manners and went off.

"Say, old boy,' remarked Kaverly, after a few minutes, 'things are turning up hot as pancakes in a railroad restaurant and regular as money in a big bank, so I'm off to hunt some money and anything else I can find!' He took off his coat and set to work. Presently he came in with diamond pins and pearls and all kind of jewelry. 'Put 'em in your pocket; never mind about the cost!' We slept well that night, and in the morning Kaverly couldn't find his coat.

"Take any old thing and let's expect the fireworks,' I advised; 'we don't care for expenses.'

"Just about that time the whole bunch of cutthroats came bouncing into the room like dice out of a coon's fingers. They wanted to fight, to kill; they drew their machetes and hurled cusswords at us till the room was hot. 'Phew!' I remarked, smiling fearfully; 'it's powerfully warm in this presidential cell.'

"What's the matter?" thundered Kaverly, in an authoritative manner.

'You had better look out; those machetes are shap,' I admonished.

"I'm president! Skidoo! 23! shoo! be off!" But there they stood, shaking their fists and their machetes till the air seemed to turn to buttermilk. "Tell that to Sweeney!" I shouted, with the bullet-kicker in my hands; 'pooh! no bueno! mucho bullo! Sabe?' 'But,' I said, turning to Kaverly, 'I know the trouble; the phono is busted.' 'What! the phono busted? Oh, Lord!'

"Then up steps the president Pezra, or anything you want to call him, accompanied by the royal escort, demanding an apology. We saw it was high time to be leaving. I drew my gun, sent three shots in the air, one at the crowd, and making an end-run through a French window, landed square on the lawn. I got up in time to see Kaverly make a center rush through another window and we then flew down the road to a little shack they called the railroad station. Taking out the reliable six-shooter, I commanded the engineer of the two-inch-gauge track, good-for-nothing hill-climber to go. It was so sudden that the poor fellow didn't know what lever to pull. When we did go we saw the garrison close behind us cutting the atmosphere with their machetes till the air bled.

"'Mucho bad,' I shouted; 'too mucho bullo.' Then followed a crash of sound waves that put the bombardment of Port Arthur in the shade. 'Bah Jove, old chap,' I groaned, wiping the beads of perspiration from my forehead, 'we're anathematized.'

"'What?' he queried, frowning, 'I don't know what that means; did you

get it from them? But (then his face lit up like a persimmon in the sunlight) fortunate circumstance, I've got on the president's coat full of money and jewelry!' Then he searched the other pockets. 'Gosh! look at these smokin' erinos! Here goes; have one? Yes?'

"And sitting on the platform of the empty car, he calmly lit a cigar, put it between his lips and sighed as the train pulled up an ant hill: 'It's a bad, tough job to be president of Megalopia.' 'Oh, no,' I answered, rather satisfied with the experience; 'I think that the boys are a good lot!'

"'Carruja!' shouted someone from the other end.

"'What! is there a conductor on this overland?'

"'Sure thing! See that thing there?' and I pointed to an imitation of a sleepy sandwichman; 'he's the conductor.'

"The said representative of the railroad raised himself up like a camel in Barnum & Bailey's and shouted again:

"'Cambias para Mehaba!'

"'I was about to—'"

Just then the "Seeing Washington" auto gave a lurch and the passenger by my side who had been entertaining me with the story, tumbled all over me like a scrambled ostrich egg.

"All out!" shouted Cook's agent, as the car stopped. "Tomorrow we have a ride to the Liberty Statue all for 50 cents, two quarters, five dimes, ten nickels."

"So long!" I shouted to my fellow-passenger, who was endeavoring to crawl out of the 'bus. "See you again sometime."

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

J. P. NEWSHAM, JR., '12.

It is a remarkable as well as a congratulatory thing to note the progress made by the spirit of peace in the last half of the decade just passed. Since the Russo-Japanese war it has advanced with gigantic strides until, at present, practically the whole world is at peace. Nor is the future prospect any the less bright on account of certain complications in Central America, for has not Central America ever been a hot-bed of revolution, of plots and counter plots, which, like clouds in a summer sky, soon blow over, leaving behind nothing but an unruffled expanse of azure.

Consider the blessings of peace. It brings happiness and prosperity to nations, domestic joy to the individual; it eliminates the horrors of warfare, the curse of Cain, the severing of the bonds of brotherhood, and all the grim panoply of war. Jealousy and cupidity have too long spread sable-winged destruction over this fair earth of ours; too long have hatred and envy held supreme sway; too long has man denied his Maker's precepts.

Of course, at times, it is necessary for a nation to uphold its rights, sacred and inviolate. But at such a time passion should not sway the minds of those who hold the balance of power, but rather, they should discuss every pro and con of the question calmly, sanely, reasonably. It should be ex-

amined in every light, from every point of view, and then carefully weighed in the scales of justice.

This is an enlightened age, and one in which man is just awakening to a realization of his power for good or evil. That power is a heaven-born gift, a gift which we have no right to treat lightly by its abuse. War is contrary to the spirit of Christ, for has not the spirit of Christ always been synonymous with the spirit of peace? Its triumph marks the triumph of brain over brawn, of reason over brute force; it is but another victory of Christ, another rung in the ladder by which we climb from lowly earth to exalted heaven.

Calmly, then, we hope this world of ancient strife will roll on; calmly, tranquilly, smoothly, like some gallant ship that has weathered the gale, and now seems the more joyously to leap from curling crest to snowy summit. From now on the rule of right binds the nation as well as the individual, the city as well as the town, the empire as well as the state, till it enclasps in its sevenfold embrace the entire human family; till as the Christmas season, so full itself of the very essence of the spirit of peace, approaches, the whole world, from north to south, from east to west, from pole to pole, shall resound with one cry: "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will."

ON THE 'BO

LESLIE McDANIEL, '13.

"Hello, 'Bo."

"Why, Buddy, howdy?"

At these words I sat up and looked around. I had been lying stretched out at full length on a grassy bank beside the track of the Frisco Railroad in Northern Mississippi and was just dozing off under the soothing influence of old Sol when the above remarks aroused me.

"How's biz?" rejoined Bo.

"Duller'n de back of an axe; hain't had a handout since yestiddy aforenoon," was the doleful response.

"Hard luck, old pal," said Bo, soothingly; "but seein' as yer belong to de perfesh, I'll jes' set yer up to a Delmonico."

I peered through the weeds that girt the track and saw just across the siding, which was filled with cars, a pair of genuine, simon-pure "Weary Wil-lies" of the tribe of the "great unwashed." The one whom I later recognized as Buddy was a jolly looking chap with a big, round fat face, stubbled over with a fortnight's growth of whiskers. His raiment was rather cosmopolitan than metropolitan—a composite of the genteel, the Gentile and coxcomb: a Prince Albert coat, a "fried egg" hat, corduroy pants, well ventilated shoes and, to all appearances, flesh-colored socks. His *compagnon du voyage* was of a very different makeup. Of slighter build, with nicely chiseled but drawn and

pinched features, a certain air of refinement in his general bearing, he wore the marks of having seen better (and bitter) days. His clothes were old and threadbare, but of a piece one part with another. He used the swagger and the lingo of the genus "hobo," but it didn't seem to come natural to him—rather put on with a "when - you're -in- Rome-do-as-Rome-does" sort of air.

By this time Buddy had spread out on an old newspaper some hunks of bread and meat and a couple of pieces of pie.

"Hully gee, Buddy," said Bo, opening his eyes as if an Eldorado had suddenly opened up before him, "where did you connect wid dat? Des hyar glims o' mine hain't sot on nothin' like dat since I run away from home in dear old Carliny."

"Where'd I connect wid it? Not at none o' dem big, highfalutin' houses out on Swell street—nope, got it right back dar—see dat shanty by de pike? I was a beatin' back doors all mornin' 'fore I run onto dat gole mine. Went up to a big house out dar in de wes' end an' knocked as gentle as a cat purrin' de carpet. Purty soon a big cook open de door—I could smell de most enticeneest grub a-cookin' what you ever sot a tooth on—and I says, says I, 'Missus, would yer be so good as to help a poor man in trouble? I have a wife and thirteen children, five

o' 'em twins.' 'Fido, Fido, whar is you?' de big cook say; an' as I know my name waren't Fido, I jest skeep-daddled. An' I waren't none too quick, nuther, for Fido was right dar wid de goods; or, better'n dat, he was arter de goods, fer he was axing me for de loan o' my pantaloons at ev'ry clip. I bounced dat yard fence wid a mighty swoop, I'm a-tellin' yer, and didn't stop shinnin' it till I struck de nex corner. Den I hit up dat little shanty yonder, an' a poor ole woman in a gingham dress wid a couple o' dirty-faced kids a-clingin' to her apron come to de door. An' when I ax if she could gimme a handout she went an' fetched me dis. Chile," he went on, "you're a young un yet an' have a good deal to pick up about de road, so jest take a bit o' advice from your uncle as has been a 'boin' it for a many a day: Don't waste yer shoe ledder beatin' back doors o' folks what's got lots o' spondulix. Dey hain't got nuthin' fer you. Take to de little houses—folks in dem can't brag o' much, but bein' in pretty near de same boat as yerself, dey feel fer you and dey'll split up what little dey have wid yer, God bless' em!"

"But where's yer booze?" said Bo. "You surely don't intend to disgrace de perfesh by makin' a feller 'bo git on de outside o' a prohibition feed?"

For answer Buddy reached into an empty freight car in the siding and took out a little brown jug.

"Gwan now, dat's more like it," said Bo, sidling up closer to Buddy and smelling the jug. His delight was

soon changed into astonishment when he saw Buddy seize a string hanging from the mouth of the jug and pull out a long chain of bits of sponge.

"Have a drink," says Buddy,—"Delmonico's best, Mumm's Extra Dry," as he hands Bo one end of the string of sponges.

"Beat it, wat do yer take me fur?" says Bo, "an ostrich or a sausage mill?"

"Nuther one, Bo, but jes imagine yer a cane-mill an' squeeze de juice out o' dat end o' de string." And suiting the action to the word he took one of the bits of sponge into his mouth and chewed it with unmistakable gusto.

"I say, Buddy," said Bo, staring widely, "war did yer get de moonshine?"

"Mum's de word, Bo; I jes went up to Flanagan's an' ask him to sell me a jug o' his best an' wen he done filled up de jug I took it and started out tellin' him to charge it to me. Well, I thought dat dar Hibernian would break de jug over my head, but he didn't. He jes took an' poured de rot-gut back in de barrel an' handed me back de jug wid a "git out o' here quick, and don't let me see yer ugly mug agin." Well Bo, let's us tank de Lord for what booze as wouldn't pour out fur Flanagan."

"Longum iter per praecepta, breve et efficax per exempla" exclaimed Bo as he squeezed the juice out of a piece of sponge.

"What's dat? wat's dat, Bo? Git dat off agin, will yer?"

"Aw it haint nuthin'," said Bo—"It's only a way o' sayin' dat ef yer wants

folks to do anything dar haint no use a tellin' o' em—jes buckle down to biz and do it yerself, and ef it's de real ting dey'll foller yer like sheep follers arter a bell wedder."

"Yer don't tell me so," says Buddy, whose turn it was now to stare. "But wat gits my goat is war did yer ever tumble on to such highfalutin' jaw-breakers?"

For answer Bo turned his eyes away and looked serious and sorrowful.

"Wat's de matter, Bo" said the big tattered and battered outcast of human kind with such a ring of genuine pathos in his voice that tears started to my eyes. "I always knowed yer didn't ezactly b'long to de frat," he went on.

"Well, Buddy," said the other, brushing aside a tear that glistened on his long black eyelashes, "if you want to know I'll tell you. First then, the manners and the lingo I've used with you were all put on,—acted. I've only been "'boin' it," as you call it, for a little more than a year. Over there beyond the mountains in dear old South Carolina, I have as good a home as there is on earth: a dear old father bent with years and the lovingest mother, both crying their eyes out over this miserable prodigal son; and brothers and sisters as good and kind and generous as God ever made, and —and—" but emotion overcame him and he could not go on till Buddy gently placing his rough hand on his shoulder begged him to continue.

"Well," said Bo, "I was brought up piously in that dear old home and ev-

ery night and every morning found me on my knees begging God's protection and help and blessing. When I got old enough I was sent to St.———'s College. I was talented and industrious, so Latin and Greek and all the rest came easy to me. I stood high in the esteem of the Fathers and all the boys. I was first in class and among the best in sports. Thanks to the wise counsel of my dear father and mother and of my ever-watchful teachers and superiors I fell in with the best class of boys and all was happiness and peace and sunshine for four years. My graduating year came and with it many privileges and diversions. We felt that we were beginning to be real men now and so wanted to act like men in everything. But, alas, what an idea of manhood some of us had! My chum was the typical hail-fellow-well-met. I thought he was the best friend I had on earth but—O God, if I hadn't been so well taught never to wish evil for any one I would curse that friend into the lowest depths of hell! When I hesitated and, pricked by feelings of remorse did not want to follow the ways of the fast set in drinking and other so-called manly sports he would pretend to agree with me and say that of course anybody who would go too far in these things was a fool; but that if I wanted to be a man at all I would have to be able to take a drink now and then with a crowd of good fellows and let it alone then when I didn't want it. I was taken in and,—well, it was the old, old story—the first drink called for a second, and

the second for a third and so on until once I got beastly drunk. That downed me in my own eyes—one of the worst things ever happened to a man—and then I went on and on till I was down in the eyes of all the boys whose esteem was worth having, and finally I was caught and expelled from the college in disgrace.

I didn't dare face the dear ones at home with such a record behind me; to drown my remorse I drank harder and harder,—then to keep from starving I took to the road. 'Corruptio opti-

mi pessima,' my dear old teacher used to tell us, that is: when the best fall they never stop till they reach the lowest depths of degradation. And alas, so it has been with me."

"Slam—bang—clank—clank--clank," went the cars in the siding one after another as an engine coupled on to the train and started east with "Buddy" and "Bo" riding the "hog rods" and singing in wildly plaintive tones:

"I don't like myself nor nobody else,

Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la-la."

A NAME FOR CHRISTMAS

E. I. F.

*There are many names for Christmas
In this English tongue of ours;
We have heard them, often heard them,
When the Spring and Summer flowers
Decked the hill and dale and meadow
In the hues that rainbows wear.
We have heard them, often heard them,
When rich Autumn's prospect fair
Shone in gold and red and yellow
O'er the landscape far and wide.
We have heard them oft when Winter
Mantled earth in snowy white,
Making field and grove and valley
Spotless in the angels' sight.
But the dearest name now given
To this day of hope and joy
Is the one first breathed in heaven—
Christmas' name is that of Love.*

YUCATAN

B. Rios Franco. '11.

Although everyone knows there exists a place called Yucatan still the different ideas which many people have formed about this beautiful State are rather vague and imperfect.

There appeared in the American Magazine not long ago a series of articles by George Kibbe Turner entitled "Barbarous Mexico", in which the author takes Yucatan to represent the most subtle part of his argumentation. It is hardly necessary to say that those who read the articles were surprised to hear such outrageous insults against Mexico, for as you and I know that country is considered as one of the up-to-date nations in civilization and in commerce. Her values for the past thirty years of President Diaz' administration have increased wonderfully. Mexico is considered to-day the most peaceful country, having kept peace for thirty years or more and her President is styled the "Pacific President".

Everything induces us to believe that Mr. Turner's articles were merely a pecuniary affair, the fact being that it is the first time that anyone wrote and gave to the literary world such absurd details about Mexico.

Let us put aside Mr. Turner's false impressions for a while and proceed to the description of Yucatan, where I have had the good fortune to live for fourteen or fifteen years, and if I venture to make a few remarks on that

country I trust they will not be regarded as pure imagination.

To begin with, Yucatan's principal production is the fiber known as Sisal hemp, which is produced in great quantities and exported to the different markets of the world. This fiber constitutes the strongest factor of the wealth of Yucatan and the well-to-do people of this locality who own hemp farms are known as the "Hemp Kings", the majority of them residing at the beautiful city of Merida, distant eight leagues from Progreso, the principal shipping port.

At the Ferrocarriles Unidos de Yucatan Depot in Progreso we take seats in a train fit for a prince to travel by, and in thirty minutes from the hour of departure we arrive in Merida.

Merida is one of the most beautiful cities in Mexico and there are many things which will attract the visitors eyes. The house of Montejo is a pre-historic building, finished in stone, situated at the south side of the "Plaza de Independencia." The City Hall and the beautiful cathedral which was built in the time of the Spaniards are also in this square. Close by, is the Peon Contreras Theatre, named after our great and world renowned poet, Dr Jose Peon Contreras, which will seat more than three thousand people. There are numerous other sights about Merida which are worth seeing, but space does not permit a detailed ac-

count of the advantages and peculiarities of this beautiful city.

Merida is a great city for tourists on account of the Chichen-Itza ruins which are much visited by foreigners. The educational institutions of Merida are well advanced and progressing every day, there being many public schools for boys and girls. The medical, the law, and the engineering schools are also public, being supported by the government. Besides this advantage, the medical school students when studying their last four years and doing practical work at the hospital are paid thirty dollars a month.

After having given a few but reliable details about Yucatan, I think it would not be out of place for me to recall Mr. Turner's imaginary articles and ask: Who is Turner and how long has he lived in Yucatan? I never would have ventured to ask these questions had I known that this gentleman had any standing, not to say in the scientific world, but even in private life, and I find he is not celebrated in either.

I would advise him to go to Yucatan and see things as they are with his own eyes and then publish his impressions in a better and more logical manner and not as he did before he had ample opportunity of verifying his statements.

Everything we do, we should do well or not do it at all, but this hired liter-

ary hack paid little heed to that wise counsel in his present series of articles. His inaccuracy extends to even trivial details, for in recording his spiteful notions about Mexico he has assigned to Yucatan names of places that belong to other states, thus showing that he is not very strong even in his primary Geography. But enough and more of George Kibbe Turner. Is it really his aim to furnish to the reading world a stock of information based upon a positive knowledge of existing facts or is he, in slandering Mexico, but serving as the tool of a certain hydra-headed corporation which has repeatedly failed in its efforts to fix its poisonous fangs in the vitals of fair Mexico? The Republic of Mexico has seemingly lopped off one of the heads of the monster, and the wound appears to be smarting very sorely.

It is but natural for me to try to rectify in a measure the false impressions the articles of Mr. Turner may leave behind as also all the other magazines which have published in their columns statements that are prejudicial exaggerated, and malicious, invented solely by interested parties to discredit not only the country in its march of progress, political and economical, but what is worse to misrepresent and disparage both our nationality and our progress.

DOWN WHERE THE GOOD FELLOWS GO

Jno. T. Becker '12.

Have you ever seen New Orleans on New Year's night? Canal street crowded with over-mirthful humanity of every description, and the air full of confetti and loud laughter?

I know you have all seen these sights; some of you may have only looked on them and frowned, while others, like myself, may have been in that struggling, care-free, won't-go-home-till-morning bunch.

So it is not my purpose to narrate what I went through on this particular night, but I shall endeavor to give an account of what I saw besides New Orleans.

As I said before I was in the crowd, and that ought to suffice: but for the benefit of those who have never started out to ring the New Year in, I will say that after the usual derby-bursting, oyster-eating, etc. etc., I had a hard job to collect what there was left of me aboard a car; arrived at my boarding house; climbed to my roost on the third floor, and ran into the arms of my dear landlady. Though what she was doing up at that hour I cannot imagine.

She stood with arms akimbo in the passage-way, and after looking me over for a few minutes exclaimed: "John, you have been drinking again." I explained to the good lady how I had not touched a drop, and to prove that I was right, volunteered to walk down the steps and back again under her inspection.

About two steps from the top I believe I stumbled, for the next thing I knew my head was where my feet should be, and I was sliding down the steps at an awful speed. I looked up at my feet and tried to switch them to their proper position, but all in vain. Down, down I went faster and faster. At each step my head would bump, and although I had bumped enough times to have descended from the statue of Liberty still I was nowhere near the bottom.

Everything grew dark, a loud roaring sound came to my ears; I tried to think where I was bound for, and a chill ran through my brain when I reached the conclusion that I was on the road which leads through the wide gate, and my only consolation was that I would have company. The roaring sound grew louder and louder; the air was getting warm and light was beginning to pierce the inky darkness.

I could now see that the steps extended from left to right as far as my eyes could reach. They were crowded with passengers, all of them whizzing downward at a rate proportional to their bulk. The very large brothers had a "get-there-Eli" gait, while the lean boys seemed to be in no hurry to reach the bottom. The hair of my head had long since departed, and there was an awful pain in its place. My skull was wearing away; every now and then a rough place in a board would claim a chunk of my anatomy.

The roaring sound became louder still; the heat intense, the brightness of the air blinding. I knew I could not hold out much longer. At this moment I slid from the stairs into what I afterwards found to be an immense pile of hot ashes. I tried to scream, but could not make a sound; the ashes were choking me; something sharp struck me in the side and I was lifted out on the prongs of a huge fish gig.

I was roughly jerked from the gig by a creature about twenty-five feet high, slim and hard, resembling a mahogany tooth-pick; in place of a head there rested on his black shoulders a ball of fire. All around me the same kind of creatures were engaged in taking the boys from the ash pile, by probing them with their long gigs. The one who had brought me up held me out and looked at me like a proud an-

gler will look at a twelve pound trout. His hands were as hard as steel and where he held me about the middle, the slim fingers cut through. Only for a moment did he look at me, then winging me over his head he threw me into space. I must have been falling into the innermost circle of the Inferno, for the heat as I descended was something terrible. Down, down,-- With a start I sat up in bed and stared wildly about. I was in my room, in my bed, with bandages all over my head. I breathed a sigh of relief and fell back on the pillows. The cool morning air did feel some good, and right then and there I gave nine "rahs" for my dear land-lady, and made enough New Year's resolutions to fill a book, the principal one being that I would never go out with the boys to ring the bells.

AUTUMN'S PLAINT

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

"When I am gone and the world is dark,
When the trapper tall to the wolves will hark,
And the north winds blow,
And the snow-lights gleam
On field and stream
Ere the moonlight's gleam,
Will you think of me as you thought before?"
Sighed Autumn to all through Winter's roar.

"We will," sang the trees, and silence kept,
And the drooping flowers on their petals wept;
Then wavering fled
To the lands ahead,
Where Winter's roar
Was heard no more;
For Autumn was loved by the golden trees,
And cherished the most by the playful breeze.

A LETTER TO AN OLD PROFESSOR

Francis A. Meyer, '12.

My dear old Professor:

In accordance with your request I read Cicero's oration "Pro Lege Manilia" and was very much pleased with it. I had heard a great deal about it before,—what a model speech it was and how the orator in this oration surpasses all his other speeches.

I had often wondered whether all the compliments paid to it were really deserved, but now not a single doubt remains. This speech is worthy of all the praise that has been given it, and more besides. As you asked me to tell you what I think of it, I will proceed to do so.

The first thing I noticed was how perfectly the whole speech hangs together and naturally increases as it goes on. I have tried for a long time to get a comparison to express my exact thought, and after a good deal of hard thinking, I finally evolved the following: Take a round piece of paper, and beginning from the edge cut round and round till you come to the center. Lay the paper down and arrange it in order as if it had never been cut. Then take the end of the coil that is in the center and hold it up. You will notice that the coil swells as it nears the end. This expresses exactly my idea of the ever increasing changes of this speech of Cicero.

I liked very much the annunciation of the divisions and subdivisions; the transitions are what Father Kleugten

calls "perfectae" and always come in naturally.

Thus the orator passes from one part of the oration to another with ease, and the reader is so charmed by the way he does it that he scarcely notices the change—so well are the different thoughts mortised and dove-tailed together.

After the first reading of the speech I thought that Cicero was somewhat extravagant in his praises of Pompey. I then asked the opinion of several of my friends. All of them, but one, thoroughly agreed with me. This one, who dissented from us all, told me to read the history of Pompey, and then go over the speech a second and third time. I did so and now I think that this extolling of the virtues and military qualities of Pompey was not only not out of place and exaggerated, but even justified. Because in the eyes of the Romans, to whom the speech was spoken, and according to the Roman standard of judging, Pompey was the greatest hero on earth, since in so short a time he had completely routed the pirates and forced them into submission. And by conquering the pirates he opened the sea, which had hitherto been blocked with the ships of these men, thereby making navigation dangerous.

Let us take up the example of Admiral Dewey. Suppose that after his great victory at Manila, one of our

famous orators--say Bourke Cockran--in a speech, in which Dewey was as much concerned, as Pompey was in the "Pro Lege Manilia" would have lauded him to the skies,—in fact even have made the whole speech consist of a panegyric of the admiral, would you consider it out of place, remembering that our nation was on fire with enthusiasm for the hero of Manila? I do not think so; but it is my humble opinion that the orator would have to stop speaking more than once because of the shouts and cheers of his audience. So it was, I think, with Pompey. The Romans had his name engraven deeply on their hearts and it was ever on their lips; and when Cicero, great and eloquent orator that he was, ascended the rostrum and poured forth the praises of Pompey, their hero, in long-flowing periods, he made this people, who looked upon military valor as something almost divine, glow with love and admiration for so great and brave a general.

The respect and deference that

Cicero has for his opponents is something I admire very much. He does not decry them, but on the contrary gives them the highest credit for what they have done. Of course it was his duty to refute their arguments and objections. This he did in a manly, straight-forward manner. In this, I think he puts some of our modern speakers to shame.

I did not waste any time writing out an analysis of the "Pro Lege Manilia" as it is so clear and lucid that it is impossible for you to take one part for another, or confound them if you tried. I have, in conclusion, but one thing more to say and that is that this speech is very eloquent, and that every figure of speech, every topic, and every oratorical device is found in it.

Well, dear Father, as I have said all I have to say about the oration I will close. Some things, perhaps, are not altogether correct, but they are my own views of the subject. Hoping to hear from you soon, and anxiously awaiting your opinion, I remain your old friend and pupil.

CHRISTMAS

An Acrostic

FRANCIS A. MEYER, '12

Come, my soul, and see the Newly Born,
 How the wearied Magi from afar
 Reach His grotto at the break of morn,
 In the gentle guidance of the star.
 Soul! when thou art wearied, too, and worn,
 Tepid in thy deeds of love and slow,
 Mourning o'er thy sadness here below;
 Angels call thee to the stable blest,
 Soon thy heart shall find its peace, its rest.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN, Spring Hill, Alabama

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EDITORIAL

Greetings To the members of the faculty, to our fellow-students in the college, to our alumni in every walk of life, to our kind parents and generous friends and well-wishers, the staff of **The Springhillian** extends all the good wishes of the season. May the choicest blessings of Heaven be yours this holy Christmas time; may the light of the Star of Bethlehem ever guide your footsteps; may the heavenly song of the angels ever find an echo in your hearts. "God bless us every one!"

Ourselves We have been very highly flattered by the kindly reception that has attended our efforts so far this year. Our fellow-collegians have been so generous in furnishing us copy, and good copy, too, that the task of editing our magazine, far from being

the burden we anticipated, has become for us a veritable source of pleasure. Our only regret is that we have been forced to hold back for later numbers many contributions of high literary merit. We congratulate ourselves and our fellow-students on the fact that the columns of **The Springhillian** are so eagerly sought after as a medium for the mutual interchange of ideas among the students. This is as it should be. Let it be the fondest ambition of every student to see his name at the head of some "piece" in our magazine and thereby give pleasure untold to those whose greatest desire it is to see him walking with firm tread on the royal road of literature.

The alumni with whom we have been in communication have told us what a delight it was to them to read through the pages of **The Springhillian**. Many

of them have shown their pleasure and sympathy in a very tangible manner in the shape of sentences beginning: "Enclosed please find one dollar." We are keeping our eyes open for some more "Enclosed-please-finds." Were we to print all the nice things that have been said about us, this page would break down beneath the burden, and our modesty would be forever ruined. Writes an old Springhillian: "I have not had time to read it all through, but so far as I could judge of it I candidly admit that it is one of the best I have seen, and leaves many of the boasted college papers in the shade."—"The present number of **The Springhillian** is pronounced by all here a splendid production."—"The **Springhillian** came to me yesterday and brought a great wave of joy to my heart, as I recalled from the eventful past old times and old friends."—"Complete in detailing the

whereabouts of the alumni and the daily happenings within the walls of our Alma Mater—the two most potent factors calculated to render any college paper popular."—"At last I have discovered what most of my fellow students are and have been doing. Keep boosting the paper; it is a good one. Although it reached me only three hours ago, I have read half of it, attended class for an hour, eaten dinner and walked a mile and a half—how's that?"—"I really do not remember ever having paid for anything with a more perfect feeling of complete satisfaction that I was getting full value in return for what I was putting out. Enclosed you will find, etc." But avast there! These are but a few of the flowers that have been thrown at us. We realize that we will have a hard task to keep up the pace we have set, but we are going to strive our dead level best.

THERE IS NO ROOM

E. I. F.

There is no room! O cruel word!

O never be it said by me!

But welcome, yea thrice welcome,

Lord,

To Mary and to Thee.

COLLEGE NOTES

Visiting Teams from New Orleans.

The football team from the Jesuits' College, New Orleans, paid us a visit during the season. We regret that circumstances over which we had no control compelled us to treat them somewhat unkindly on the white-barred field, but barring that, we extended them the right hand of good-fellowship and Spring Hill hospitality. It is to be hoped that the meeting of the teams will become an annual event.

The Loyola College team, also from the "Logical Point," elashed on the gridiron with our Second Division team, but this time we were the victims of the unkindness. Yet we did all in our power to give them a pleasant time and sent them down to the banks of the Mississippi favorably impressed with our surroundings up here on the Hill.

Visitors Accompanying the teams were the Revs. A. C. Porta, S. J.; P. Cronin, S. J.; J. Salter, S. J., and J. Reagan, S. J. We were also favored at the same time with visits from Rev. Thomas McCloskey, S. J., President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, and Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J., of the editorial staff of "America."

Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., one of the Irish envoys, made a brief call on Nov. 1st, and was met by members of the faculty.

Aviation Meet Messrs. Post and McCurdy, the aviators, who are this week thrilling the people of

Mobile with their flights in Curtiss biplanes, under the auspices of The Register, visited the famous Jesuit College at Spring Hill yesterday, and were given a great welcome there. The visit was according to their desire, expressed on Sunday night, when an engagement was made with Very Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, President of the College, to receive them yesterday.

Mr. Post has been in the Philippines, and had observed the meteorological work of the Jesuit Fathers there, whose records run back for several hundred years. The records and the system of the Jesuits were found so complete by the United States government that they were retained to continue the work as a government department. This being known to Mr. Post, he was anxious to see Spring Hill College and its scientific equipment. Mr. McCurdy, also a deep student of meteorology and affiliated subjects, was as deeply interested.

The visitors, who were taken to the Hill by Mr. J. B. Davis in his automobile, were received by Father Twellmeyer, Father Barland, the Vice-President, Father De La Moriniere and Father Ruhlmann, the latter in charge of science lessons of the college. He explained to them the construction and operation of the new seismograph and showed the records the instrument has made since it was installed last month. Mr. Post and Father Ruhlmann compared notes and discussed the possibility of exterior phenomena being indicated by interior motion of the earth.

On meteorological subjects Mr. Post is a mine of information, and he is also well versed in other branches. Mr. McCurdy is also an enthusiastic student as an aeronaut and familiar with abstruse subjects. Their visit to the college was a delightful interlude in the round of receptions and meetings which has marked their stay in Mobile, and they so expressed themselves. They were shown over the picturesque grounds of the college and greatly admired their natural beauty, roses blooming in November being one of the pleasant sights remarked.—(Mobile Register, Nov. 23.)

A few days later all the students had the pleasure of witnessing several successful flights of Messrs. Post, McCurdy and Ely.

Lecture on Macbeth In the near future we hope to have the very great pleasure of listening to another of Fr. de la Moriniere's Shakespearean lectures. This time he has chosen as his subject "Macbeth," and those of us who have had the great good fortune to follow Fr. de la Moriniere's interpretations in the past know what a rare treat is in wait for us.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception

In accordance with the beautiful custom hallowed by many years' use the faculty and students gathered around

the statue of Our Lady on the night of Dec. 8th and chanted the familiar hymns in her honor. The statue was as usual brightly decked with garlands and resplendent with incandescent bulbs.

Death of James McPhillips

On Nov. 20, in the death of James McPhillips Spring Hill has lost a true and valued friend. For years Mr. McPhillips was a very familiar figure at the College while his sons were pursuing their studies here. To his bereaved children **The Springhillian** offers its most earnest sympathy.

William M. Walsh Memorial Chalice

The members of the class of 1908 have donated a handsome chalice to be used on the William Walsh Memorial Altar, in token of remembrance of their departed classmate, William Walsh. To Francis L. Barker is due the credit of suggesting and carrying out this happy idea. The class is composed of the following members, all of whose names are engraved on the foot of the chalice: Francis A. Olivier, Francis L. Barker, D. Lawrence Austin, Robert M. Breard, Patout C. Burguiere, Anthony J. Vizard, Joseph M. Supple, Ermilo E. Escalante, Robert L. Levert, Thomas J. Burns, Lester L. Bordelon, Albert J. Danos and Daniel J. Ory.

CLASS EXHIBITIONS

JUNIOR.

Nov. 2, 1910.

A STUDY OF DEMOSTHENES.**PROGRAM.****Musical Part.**

MasanielloAuber
 College Orchestra
 Under the Double Eagle....J. Wagner
 Second Division Band
 Danse EgyptienneLosey
 First Division Band

Literary Part.

The Life of Demosthenes..C. N. Touart
 The Philippias of Demosthenes....
G. L. Mayer
 The Eloquence of Demosthenes....
J. T. Becker
 Extract from Demosthenes.....
L. A. Andrepont

SOPHOMORE.

Nov. 30, 1910.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
 The next in majesty; in both the last;
 The force of Nature could no further go,
 To make a third she joined the former
 two. —Dryden.

Musical Program.

Wiener Blut ValseStrauss
 Orchestra
 Southern MedleyL. Conterno
 Second Division Band

Valse MarsoviaL. Blanke
 First Division Band

Literary Program.

HomerJohn B. Rives
 Selection from The Iliad.....
Daunis E. Braud
 Greek Declamation.
 VirgilJohn J. Druhan
 Dream of Aeneas ..Francis S. Tarleton
 Latin Declamation.
 MiltonFrancis L. Prohaska
 LyeidasPointis E. Indest
 English Declamation

Officers.

John J. DruhanPresident
 Pierre J. BeckerVice-President
 Francis S. Tarleton.—Sec'y and Treas.
 Colors—Crimson and White.
 Motto—"Age quod agis."

Intercollegiate**Debate**

Arrangements have been finally made for a debate at Spring Hill on Feb. 22nd, between the Senior Literary Society of Spring Hill and the Thespian Society of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans. The topic selected is: "Resolved, That perpetual imprisonment should be substituted for capital punishment." The negative side of the proposition is to be upheld by Spring Hill.

The Seismological Station.

Our seismograph has recorded several seismic disturbances of late. How-

ever, as the trouble has been invariably located some few thousands of miles north or south of us, we have not been greatly alarmed.

Dreaper-Patt Wedding.

Dr. Edward B. Dreaper and Miss Josephine Patt were united in the bonds of holy matrimony on the morning of Nov. 16th in the Cathedral, Mobile. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. E. P. Allen, D. D., Bishop of Mobile. Spring Hill was represented

on the occasion by Rev. E. A. Cummings, S. J., a former professor of the groom; Rev. C. Ruhlmann, S. J., and Mr. J. M. Walsh, S. J., an old classmate. Dr. Dreaper spent many years at Spring Hill, and later graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He has returned to Mobile within the past year, and is considered one of the most promising young physicians of the city. **The Springhillian** takes very great pleasure in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Dreaper heaven's choicest blessings as they journey on through life.

FIRST DIVISION ITEMS

M. H. DIAZ, '12.

J. T. BECKER, '12.

Lest we Forget A fast train seldom stops at small stations, so we must not linger over small happenings, but steam ahead and only toot our whistle at a crossing.

First of all, in behalf of the faculty and students in general, and the football squad in particular, we wish to extend our heartiest thanks to one of our old boys, who, during the past year has taken a deep interest in his Alma Mater, and never forgets his old friends who are still doing service. Mr. Chas. Schimpf, Jr., B. S. '09, we thank you for the many large and small favors which you have showered upon us in the past, and wish you a Bright, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Dr. Walker and Prof. Tinsman Dr. Walker of the Mobile Medical College and Prof. Tinsman, gymnastic instructor, have been

added to our list of friends on account of the deep interest which they have evinced in our behalf. The boys give great attention to the Doctor's lectures on "First Aid," and all appreciate the fact that Dr. Walker is striving to put them in the way of having, not only a strong mind, but also a strong body; Prof. Tinsman does his part in accomplishing the latter. We compliment both of these gentlemen on the success which they are accomplishing in their respective lines.

Intercollegiate Debate—The contract for the debate between the Literary Societies of the Jesuits' College of New Orleans and Spring Hill has been duly signed, sealed and delivered. The question is: "Resolved, That Life Imprisonment Should be Substituted for Capital Punishment." The negative is to be upheld by Spring Hill.

We expect to show our friends a lively time on the twenty-second of February, the date of the contest.

"D'ye Know Me Now?"—The farce, "D'ye Know Me Now?" given under the auspices of the Senior Literary Society for the benefit of the football fund, in which Mr. Moran acted in the capacity of a doleful commereial, Mr. Becker in that of a jolly commereial, Mr. Black as an indignant grocer, Mr. Diaz as a brassy waiter, and Messrs. Byrne and Mayer as assistant waiters, was a great suecess, enjoyed by all the faulty, boys and friends. It was an all-star troupe in which each member must be given equal praise for his ability in taking off his part.

Band-Orchestra—The orehestra under the leadership of Prof. Staub and the band, on all oocations have aequitted themselves with honor, and well up-

held the reputation of Spring Hill for good music. We are especially pleased with the concerts which were given by the band on many former oocations, and hope that the direetor will continue to favor us with these events.

Maxon-Pharr—It is not our part to mention football; we eannot, however, refrain from saying a few words about the suecess of our team and about Coach Maxon and Assistant Coach Pharr. It is to our honor and glory that the Purple and White goal line has not been erossed; the praise for this faet goes to our hard-working squad, but most of all to Coach Maxon, who has taught them the game, and really done more than most eoaches ean do, because MAXON is the best friend we boys have. To our eoach and to Mr. Pharr we extend our heartiest eongratulations, and wish them all good cheer for the eoming Christmas.

FOOTBALL

D. S. MORAN, '11.

The football season of 1910 at its close shows forth a record unexcelled by any of former years.

The prospects at the beginning for a successful season were not bright, but by the endurance of Coach Maxon, together with the good will of the boys, a team was developed which was neither defeated nor allowed its goal to be crossed, throughout the whole season.

The team this year was comparatively light compared with last year's, but that which it lost in weight it gained in speed.

Throughout the season Captain Pardue showed his ability to run a team to the best advantage. His coolness and pluck and judgment in calling on the right man at the right time is a big item to consider with when reckoning our success. Be it further said that whenever called upon, the right man, whether end, back or tackle, was always ready for action.

Bauer and Becker at halves, assisted by Williamson, Druhan and Andrepont at full, played the season through like veterans. All of this troop are, as they should be, strong at line plunging and end runs, and interference.

Now we come to the line,—the line that, under our very goal, against the Soldiers, held like Jackson's boys at New Orleans.

This section of Maxon's machine has surely done its part in defending the

Purple and White against all comers.

Black is at center; he never makes a bad pass or misses a play, and is a perfect demon on receiving his forward pass.

Munoz and Gremillion ("Injun" and "Grim"), hold down the heavy parts of guards, and be it said to their credit that these positions are well held down.

There was always something doing on a tackle-over-tackle play, and a back never had to look for an opening through this section.

No better tribute can be given to Ducote and Schimpf than that which was expressed in the following words by a half-back from the "Logical Point": "Those tackles are always getting in the way."

No one ever saw a man sweeping around our ends unless a good portion of his anatomy was pretty well mixed up with Cassidy or Needham, and right then and there there was not much doing for the other side; both of these are "up to now" on receiving passes and ducking around end.

These are the parts of Maxon's machine which has never been outplayed upon the gridiron; to these is due the honor and glory of our success; but to Maxon, the inventor, operator and worker of this machine, must be given the real credit of our victorious season. Hats off, boys, to Coach Maxon!

We give below an account of the games as they were scheduled:



'VARSITY TEAM.

Standing—Williamson, Cassidy, Maxon (coach), Ducote, Grenmillon, Black, Munoz, Schimpf, Pharr (assistant coach),
Needham, Riffel, F. Schimpf (mascot).
Sitting—Broussard, Bauer, Andrepont, Pardue (captain), Becker, Druhan.

New Series



FIRST GAME.**Spring Hill Defeats Barton.**

In a well contested game on the Spring Hill College gridiron yesterday afternoon the Collegians were victorious by a score of 22 to 0. There was a good attendance and much interest was manifested in the game. Coach Maxon was for fifteen minute quarters, as the short quarters which Barton advocated were not long enough to let Spring Hill show what she could do. Spring Hill kept the ball in Barton's territory almost the entire game, making the latter play on the defensive throughout. The details of the quarters of play were as follows:

First Quarter—Barton won toss-up. Barton kicks to Spring Hill's 20-yard line. Spring Hill advances ball 15 yards. Spring Hill is held for downs. Barton is also forced to kick on third down. Both lines appear strong. Spring Hill ball. Pardue forward passes to Cassidy for 15 yards, but Cassidy drops ball and Barton gains possession. Barton loses ball in same manner on their 30-yard line. Andrepont bucks for 12 yards, Duck Becker bucks for 4 more and Schimpf carries ball over for first touch-down on a tackle-over-tackle play. Pardue kicks goal. Andrepont, Black and Schimpf were the stars for Spring Hill in this quarter. Time was called with the ball in Spring Hill's possession on Barton's 25-yard line.

Second Quarter—Started with ball on Barton's 25-yard line, Spring Hill's ball. Pardue makes 10 yards on quar-

terback run and Duck Becker carried it over for the second touch-down on a fake pass. Pardue kicks goal. Score, 12 to 0.

Barton kicked to Spring Hill. Andrepont received ball and carried it 25 yards. Andrepont bucks for 10 yards. Barton gains ball on attempted pass. Barton tries to kick, but is blocked by Black. Barton recovers ball. Barton kicks and Bauer received it and carried it to Barton 10-yard line. Becker carried it 5 more, Bauer 3 more. With third down, Captain Pardue tries to buck center, but did not gain an inch. Barton tried to kick out of danger, but Black again blocks kick and Munoz falls on ball for the third touch-down. Pardue failed to kick goal. Score, 17 to 0.

Third Quarter—Riffle goes in game to kick for Spring Hill. Barton received ball. Alvarez receives forward pass and gains 12 yards. At this stage Black had to retire from game. Munoz goes to center and Broussard takes Munoz' place at guard. Barton lost ball, being held for three downs. Pardue forward passes, but no one receives it. Pardue is forced to kick, Bates receiving ball carries it 5 yards. Barton tries trick play, but loses 5 yards on the attempt. Barton kicks and Pardue drops the ball. Barton again receives the ball, but time is called. Score, 17 to 0.

Fourth Quarter—Black goes back in game. Ball in center of field in Spring Hill's possession. Andrepont Kicks 14 yards. Pardue kicks back up Barton line and Williams falls on ball. Touch-

back. Blow kicked to Spring Hill from the 25-yard line. Spring Hill advances ball to 15-yard line. Pardue forward passes ball to Needham and Needham goes for a touchdown. Pardue failed to kick goal. Score, 22 to 0. Game called as it was too dark to continue play.

Quarters—8—8—8—5.

The line-up of the teams:

Barton Academy — Alvarez, right end; Hagan, right tackle; Swinson, right guard; Shields, center; Norville, left guard; McGraw, left tackle; Buck, left end; Blow, quarterback; Williams, right halfback; Hieronymus, fullback; Bates, left halfback.

Spring Hill College—Cassidy, right end; Ducote, right tackle; Gremillion, right guard; Black, center; Munoz, left guard; Schimpf, left tackle; Needham, left end; Pardue, quarterback; Bauer, right halfback; Andrepont, fullback; Becker, left halfback.

SECOND GAME.

Spring Hill Wins from Southern University.

Completely mystifying Coach Derrill Pratt's players with a varied assortment of trick plays and beautifully executed forward passes the eleven of Old Spring Hill defeated the Southern University football squad by the score of 11 to 0, on Maxon field, Tuesday afternoon. The game was resplendent with brilliant plays. Until the last half neither team could come within striking distance of the other's goal and up to the third quarter the play was confined

mostly to the centre of the gridiron. A record crowd witnessed the contest.

The result sent the entire student body of Spring Hill wild with enthusiasm, for the list of victories of the Southern University team had included teams considered among the best in the State. Coach Pratt was reported to have said last night that outside of the Auburn and Alabama teams the Spring Hill team could hold its own with any in the State.

Cassidy and Needham, on the ends, played star games, both making long gains after receiving spectacular forward passes. In defensive work, Black was not excelled; he broke through the Southern's line time after time, throwing his man for losses in each case. Becker, Bauer and Andrepont hammered the visitor's line, each buck counting as a good gain for Spring Hill. So enthusiastic were the boys that the entire 'Varsity was carried off the field on the shoulders of the admiring throng.

At a few minutes after 3 o'clock the teams took the field. Spring Hill won the toss and Riffle kicked to Davis on the visitors' 18-yard line; the ball was returned 15 yards by a pretty run. Then followed a succession of line bucks. Allen made 2 yards; Jarmon bucked straight for 8; Thompson on two end runs in succession gained 4 yards; Davis was given the ball on an end-around-end play, but Spring Hill threw him back for a loss of 2 yards. On the third down and 7 yards to go, Thompson kicked to Cassidy, who returned the ball 2 yards.

With the ball in Spring Hill's possession, Pardue tried a quarterback run and was thrown for a loss of 3 yards. On the next play, a forward pass to Needham, Greensboro got the ball, Needham being blocked. Fullback Allen bucked over centre for a gain of 1 yard. Quarter Rush called a military formation and Munoz was called offside and his team penalized 10 yards. Halfback Thompson made 6 yards on an end run. Fullback Allen was called around the same end, but was thrown for a loss of 3 yards. Again the military formation was tried and this time Rush attempted a pass to Davis, but he was blocked and Needham of the Hill boys fell on the ball.

Andrepoint was signalled for a line buck and made 1 yard. Bauer lost the same distance on an attempted end run. Pardue kicked, the ball going out of bounds and over to the visitors. Thompson went around end for 2 yards; on a formation play Latham made seven straight ahead; Rush kicked. Becker of Spring Hill caught the ball and was down in his tracks.

On a failure to gain on a line buck, Spring Hill worked a forward pass to Cassidy for 25 yards. Becker bucked for 4 more; Schimpf on a tackle-over-tackle made 1 yard; Pardue signalled for a pass to Needham, but Rush caught the ball and made one of the prettiest runs of the game, going for 45 yards through a field of tacklers. The whistle blew and ended the quarter as he was downed.

In the second quarter, on the first play, Needham of the Hill team, broke

through Greensboro's interference and downed Thompson 5 yards behind the visitors' line. E. Allen gained five yards on a line buck. Greensboro kicked to Andrepoint on Spring Hill's 10-yard line; Hill players brought the ball out 7 yards.

At this period Spring Hill made consistent gains. Bauer made 6 yards bucking over skin tackle; Andrepoint made 4 in the same place and Bauer added 5 on an end run. Schimpf on a tackle-over-tackle advanced the ball 1 more. Needham received a forward pass and went twenty yards; Pardue called for a forward pass to the right side of the line and Cassidy made 27 yards on the play. Becker made a half yard gain on a delayed pass, but Andrepoint lost one yard on an end run. An unsuccessful forward pass and the ball went over to the visitors.

With the ball on Greensboro's 25-yard line, E. Allen was called for a line buck, but Black got through and threw him back 3 yards. Thompson made 9 yards on a fake forward pass. Rush kicked, Becker receiving the ball and advancing it 7 yards. Andrepoint lost 2 yards on the next play, a line buck; Bauer got a forward pass and gained 20 yards. Schimpf gained 12 yards more on a tackle-over-tackle play and Andrepoint followed with a buck for 2. Cassidy on a double pass failed to make a gain. At this point the whistle sounded for the close of the first half.

In the third quarter Spring Hill came back stronger and started the scoring. The visitors kicked to Andrepoint on the locals' 5-yard line. He brought it

out fifteen yards. Pardue made 8 on a quarterback run around left end; Schimpf went for 1 and followed with 5 more; Becker gained but 1 yard on an end run and Pardue kicked. Rush advanced the ball from the visitors' 40-yard line for 10 yards. Then followed a succession of line bucks and end runs, gaining but little for the visiting squad. On a quarterback run around right end Rush was tackled by Becker and Andrepont and forced to leave the game a few moments later through injuries received in that tackle. Randall took his place.

After being thrown for several losses Spring Hill kicked from the visitors' 50-yard line. Andrepont received the ball on a bound and ran 15 yards for a touch-down with two Greensboro men hanging on to him. Pardue failed to kick the goal.

The visitors made a desperate effort to score in this quarter, but Spring Hill held them and the quarter ended with the ball in the middle of the field and the score 5 to 0.

In the last period the visitors took a fresh spurt. Receiving the ball on a kick, Register advanced it 3 yards. Cassidy of the Hill eleven nailed Thompson on a military formation play for a loss of 9 yards. On the next play, however, Davis gained 45 yards on a forward pass. Spring Hill got in the game strong at this point and stopped the gaining, taking the ball on downs, several line bucks and a quarterback run putting the ball within 15 yards of Greensboro's goal. Pardue made a forward pass to Cassidy, who went the

distance for a touch-down and Pardue kicked the goal.

The Southern University lads did not give up in the face of sure defeat, and up to the final whistle they fought hard for a score.

The line-up of the teams:

Spring Hill—Needham, left end; Ducote, left tackle; Munoz, left guard; Black, centre; Gremillion, right guard; T. Schimpf, right tackle; Cassidy, right end; Bauer, left halfback; Becker, right halfback; Andrepont, fullback; Pardue, quarterback.

Southern University — Locke, left end; Register, left tackle; Latham, left guard; Allen, T., centre; Roberts, right guard; Moorner, right tackle; Davis, right end; Rush, Thompson, quarterbacks; Jarmon, right halfback; Thompson, Randall, left halfbacks; Allen, E., fullback.

Summary — Touch-downs, Andrepont, Cassidy. Goals kicked, Pardue (1). Time of quarters, 10, 10, 12 1-2, 12 1-2 minutes. Referee, Wilson. Umpire, Barney. Field judge, McNeil. Head linesman, Nelson.

THIRD GAME.

Spring Hill Defeats New Orleans.

Spring Hill's third victory came in the shape of a walk-away over the Jesuits of New Orleans. The latter's line could not withstand the hard line bucking of Spring Hill's back-field, while her tackle-over-tackle plays tore gaps in the New Orleans' line. Perrier and Brennan did the star work for the Jesuits, the former's 50-yard run

through a broken field was the prettiest play of this season's games, while the latter did much work with his toe, helping considerably in keeping the score from being bigger. For Spring Hill, Ducote and Schimpf at the tackles, and Andrepont, Bauer, Druhan and Becker in the back-field did excellent work.

The game was called at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and both teams lined up on Maxon's Field to struggle for victory.

The game had barely started when it was shown that the New Orleans boys were outclassed by the fast and husky Spring Hill team. Spring Hill had the ball on the visitors' 7-yard line within the first two minutes of play, but when Bauer tried to carry it over for a touch-down on the next play he dropped the ball behind the line and a Jesuit player fell on the ball. The ball was brought out 25 yards and was New Orleans' ball. But Spring Hill got the ball again when the New Orleans boys were forced to kick on the third down. Spring Hill advanced the ball to their opponents' 35-yard line. Ducote started the road by going 8 yards on a tackle-over-tackle play. Andrepont, the husky fullback, followed Ducote's road and advanced the ball 4 more on a straight buck. Andrepont carried it for 5 more. Ducote was called to continue his work and he put it 4 yards closer to the goal. Andrepont carried it for 5 yards further, and with 9 yards from the goal, Bauer was called to carry it around end. He advanced it 5. T. Schimpf advanced it to the 2-

yard line and Andrepont carried it across. Pardue failed to kick goal—5 to 0.

Spring Hill again received the kick, and after repeated bucks and trick plays advanced the ball to New Orleans' 17-yard line and first down for the college boys, the whistle blew for the first quarter. Score 5 to 0.

Second Quarter—With the ball in Spring Hill's possession and on New Orleans' 17-yard line, Pardue called a quarterback buck and gained 2 yards. Schimpf carried for 4. Ducote carried it 5 on a tackle-over-tackle, and with 6 yards to gain, Becker tried a delayed buck and gained 2 yards. With 4 yards to cross goal, Andrepont was called to the rescue, and he put the ball over for the second touch-down of the game. Pardue again failed to kick goal. Score, 10 to 0.

The New Orleans boys decided to receive and Pardue of Spring Hill kicks to New Orleans' 15-yard line and is advanced 17 more. New Orleans was forced to kick and Andrepont receives the kick and carries it 10 yards. Schimpf carried it for 12 on a tackle-over-tackle play and Ducote makes 4 on another tackle-over-tackle play. Pardue is downed after a wide run, but is thrown for a loss and Spring Hill is forced to kick. Spring Hill gets ball again on 25-yard line when the whistle blew for the first half. Score, 10 to 0.

Third Quarter—Pardue was easily the star of this quarter, scoring two touch-downs on two pretty end runs. With the ball on New Orleans' 7-yard line, Pardue dashes around right end

and scored the third touch-down of the game, with the assistance of some pretty interference by Becker. Pardue kicked goal for the first time. Score, 16 to 0.

New Orleans kicked to Spring Hill and Becker advanced it 22 yards. By repeated end runs and trick plays, Spring Hill advanced it to New Orleans' 28-yard line and Pardue, after a beautiful exhibition of dodging, assisted by timely interference of Bauer, Becker, Schimpf and Andrepont, crossed the line for his second touch-down of this quarter and the fourth during the game. Pardue missed goal. Score, 21 to 0.

Spring Hill kicks to New Orleans and they advance the ball 8 yards. On a straight buck Perrier breaks through Spring Hill's line and makes a pretty 50-yard run. New Orleans is forced to kick on the third down and Spring Hill carried the ball 15 yards. Bauer and Becker each gain a few yards, and then Cassidy receives a forward pass and runs 45 yards through a broken field for the fifth touch-down of the game. Pardue missed goal. Score, 20 to 0.

New Orleans kicked to Spring Hill, and Andrepont carries it 25 yards. After repeated bucks and end runs, the quarter ended with Spring Hill having the ball on New Orleans 7-yard line. Score, 20 to 0.

Fourth Quarter—It wasn't one minute after the whistle blew for the fourth quarter when Becker carried the ball over for another touch-down from the

7-yard line. Pardue missed goal. Score, 31 to 0.

Spring Hill kicked to New Orleans and New Orleans was forced to kick on third down. Spring Hill advanced the ball to 15-yard line. At this stage of the game Coach Mixon put in some of his substitutes so as not to overwork his reliable men, as he needed them for the Thanksgiving game. Walmsley relieved Black at centre and Williamson relieved Bauer at right halfback. Druhan took Duck Becker's place at left half.

Play was resumed. Quarterback Becker at once tried a quarterback when he had 10 yards to gain on the third down. He only gained 6, so the ball went over, but New Orleans fumbled the ball and Spring Hill recovered it. Becker forward passed to Riffle and Riffle scored the seventh touch-down. Riffle kicked a pretty goal. Score, 27 to 0.

Spring Hill scored the last touch-down when Becker, after making a pretty 15-yard run, dropped the ball when he was tackled hard behind New Orleans' goal, and Andrepont fell on the ball for the eighth and last touch-down of the game. Riffle kicked goal and made it 43 to 0, in favor of Spring Hill College.

Jesuits—White, left end; Henry, left tackle; Robin, left guard; Guidry, centre; Ledoux, right guard; Miller, right tackle; Gately, right end; Brennan, quarter; Killeen, right halfback; Vaccaro, fullback; Perrier, left halfback.

Spring Hill—Needham, left end; Schimpf, left tackle; Broussard, left

guard; Black, Walmsley, centre; Gre-million, right guard; Ducote, right, right tackle; Cassidy, Riffle, right end; Pardue, Becker, quarter; Bauer, Williamson, right halfback; Andrepont, fullback; Becker, Druhan, left half-back.

Referee, Wilson. Umpire, Barney. Field judge, Tinsman. Head linesman, C. Schimpf, Jr.

FOURTH GAME.

Spring Hill and Soldiers Tie.

Outweighed many pounds to the man, and up against a speedy and husky bunch of athletes, the eleven of Spring Hill fought the Fort Morgan soldiers to a nothing to nothing score on Maxon Field Thanksgiving afternoon before an immense crowd who livened the game by their rooting for both teams. The game was an excellent one throughout and each inch of ground was fought for by both squads; both struggled hard for victory, but to no avail, as each time a goal was in danger the threatened eleven took a brace and saved being scored on. It was the hardest fought game that has ever been witnessed on a local gridiron. To Ducote, Bauer and Becker is due the honor of having saved Spring Hill from having her goal crossed this year. Ducote and Bauer saved the day the first time and Becker was the hero the second time. Schimpf starred in tackling as well as Cassidy and Needham, our fast ends.

Evans was the star for Fort Morgan. His playing was of the very best throughout. Twice he had the college

rooters hushed as he tried to drop-kick. The first was a little too wide, and his second, a pretty kick from the 35-yard line, fell short of the bar by barely a foot, and bounded behind the line. The game in detail is as follows:

First Quarter — Riffel kicked to Evans on Fort Morgan's 13-yard line. Evans returned the ball 13 yards. Congdon, on a buck through centre, gained 9 yards. Evans gained 4 on another buck through centre. An attempted double pass resulted in a fumble for Fort Morgan, Bauer falling on the ball. Quarterback Pardue fumbled ball in receiving from centre, losing 4 yards. Pardue's pass to Riffel fell on the ground, and ball was returned to first position. Pardue kicked to Fort Morgan's 8-yard line, Cooper getting the ball and advancing it 4 yards. Evans went through the line for 3 yards. Spring Hill line then holds, and Evans is forced to kick. Andrepont got ball on Fort Morgan's 37-yard line. Schimpf on a tackle-over-tackle gained 4 yards. Congdon and Evans gain 4 each on a buck through centre. Congdon then advanced ball 2 more yards. Fort Morgan was penalized for holding after Referee Wilson and Umpire Hemmingway disputed. Two successive bucks by Congdon and Evans gained 4 yards each. Fort Morgan was held for downs. Andrepont was thrown for a loss of 1 yard. Riffel failed to catch Pardue's forward pass. Pardue kicked to Kirby on 20-yard line, who signaled for fair catch. Evans went 12 yards before getting out of bounds. Congdon bucked through the line for 6. Schimpf

broke through centre formation and threw Congdon for a loss. Ball on Fort Morgan's thirty-yard line at end of first quarter.

Second Quarter—Cassidy takes Riffel's place at right end. Evans kicked, Becker getting ball on 32-yard line and returned it 10. Schimpf carried ball 1 yard on tackle-over-tackle play. Needham made 3 yards on end run. A forward pass was taken by Congdon on Fort Morgan's 49-yard line. Congdon bucked centre for 3. Evans made 4 yards around right end—Fort Morgan fumbles and Schimpf falls on ball on 40-yard line. Becker was thrown on a double pass for a loss of 1 yard. Geiker falls on Pardue's pass on Spring Hill's 27-yard line. Congdon went four yards through centre, and made 10 more around left end. Evans went through line for 3, and Congdon placed ball within 3 yards of Spring Hill's goal. Becker threw Evans for a loss, and the ball went to Spring Hill. Pardue kicked to Kirby on 35-yard line. Kirby went 8 yards. Evans went through line for 3 yards. Kirby forward passed to Evans for a 12-yard gain. Evans gained 8 yards around right end. Becker threw Congdon for a loss of four yards. Spring Hill got the ball on their 12-yard line. Pardue kicked, Bauer receiving ball and went 35 yards, when the whistle blew for end of first half.

Second Half—Ducote received Kirby's kick on 13-yard line and returned it 15 yards. Schimpf failed to gain on a tackle-over-tackle play. Cassidy on a double pass lost 2 yards. Pardue kicked. Cooper fumbled ball, Cassidy

falling on it on Fort Morgan's 52-yard line. Bauer gained 1 yard on a delayed buck. Pardue's forward pass to Bauer was caught by Congdon, who ran 30 yards. The referee's decision brought the ball to first position and penalized Spring Hill 5 yards. Pardue punted. Cooper received ball on 32-yard line and returned it 12 yards. On a buck through centre Congdon gained 7 yards. Same player went 5 around right end. Evans was thrown by Ducote for a small loss. Davis forward passed to Simmons for a gain of 35 yards.

At this juncture Pardue was severely kicked in the head and was forced to go out. Becker took his place at quarterback. Druhan took Becker's place at left halfback. Schimpf threw Evans for a loss of 6 yards. Evans then tried for a drop kick from 35-yard line, ball falling wide of the goal. Druhan bucked line for 8. Becker on a quarterback buck gained 2. Schimpf fumbled ball, but Ducote regained it. Becker on a quarterback run gained 10 yards, and Bauer on a double pass went through line for 6 more. Bauer was thrown for a loss of 7 yards. Riffel took Cassidy's place. Riffel kicked to Fort Morgan, and after a free-for-all fumble Bovenyk recovered the ball. Evans went through line for 1 yard. Congdon bucked for 3. After much wrangling, Fort Morgan was penalized 5 yards. Spring Hill's ball on their 47-yard line. Druhan was thrown for a loss of 3 yards. In the next play Simmons picked Schimpf off the ground and dropped him for a small loss. Riffel kicked to Congdon on 40-yard line. Congdon returned ball 17

yards. Gremillion was knocked out of game by a badly wrenched arm. Broussard took his place at right guard. Evans kicked to Andrepont, who signaled for free catch.

Last Quarter—Spring Hill's ball on 25-yard line. On a quarterback buck Becker gained 4 yards. Bauer went 8 on a run around right end, and was tackled so hard by Evans that he was knocked out for a time, but continued in game. Cassidy kicked to Chambers, who got ball and ran towards Fort Morgan's goal. Kirby passed to Congdon for a gain of 5 yards. Davis' pass to Evans fell out of bounds. Evans kicked to Spring Hill's 15-yard line. Cassidy signals for fair catch. Becker gained 2 yards on quarterback buck and Schimpf in a tackle-over-tackle gained 2 more. Cassidy kicked to Cooper, who received ball on 35-yard line. Congdon, on a long run around right end, gained 8 yards. On account of foul tackle Fort Morgan was penalized 5 yards. Three bucks by Evans and Congdon gained 22 yards for Fort Morgan. Congdon was thrown for a loss. Fort Morgan was penalized 5 yards for off-side. Evans, from 45-yard line, tried for a drop kick, barely missing the goal by less than two feet. Spring Hill's ball on their 25-yard line. Andrepont bucked through centre for 5 yards. Becker and Bauer were both thrown for losses. Riffel kicked to 40-yard line, Cooper returning ball 8 yards. Evans gained 10 yards on a forward pass from Davis. Davis' second pass was taken by Bauer. Druhan went 4 on a buck through centre. Riffel kicked to Cong-

don, who caught ball on Spring Hill's 30-yard line and returns it 5 yards. Congdon went through line for 4 yards. Evans received Congdon's pass and carried ball to Spring Hill's 18-yard line. Whistle blew for end of game with a 0 to 0 score.

The line-up:

Fort Morgan—McDaniels, left end; Sharp, left tackle; Davis, left guard; Chambers, centre; Bovenyk, right guard; Geiker, right tackle; Simmons, right end; Kirby, quarterback; Evans, right halfback; Cooper, fullback; Congdon, left halfback.

Spring Hill — Needham, left end; Schimpf, left tackle; Mmnoz, left guard; Black, centre; Gremillion, Broussard, right guard; Ducote, right tackle; Cassidy, right end; Pardue (captain), Becker, quarterback; Bauer, Druhan, right half; Becker, left half; Andrepont, fullback.

TRACK NOTES

Thanksgiving morning, Spring Hill's track representatives pitted their strength and endurance against Barton Academy and the local Y. M. C. A. at Monroe Park. As many of the track men were scheduled for the afternoon football contest they were kept back so they might be fresh, consequently in the senior events Spring Hill was weak. However, the juniors held up their side by capturing everything on the program, getting first, second and third in every event.

The meet was exciting from start to finish, made so by the fact that the two

competing teams kept so close together in points that a winner could not be forecasted with any degree of certainty until a major portion of the events had been run off. In the short sprints Spring Hill showed great speed, winning everything, but in the long distance events, Y. M. C. A. had their turn.

In the opinion of the enthusiastic crowd which watched the sports the three-mile race was the one thrilling event on the program. In the last few laps Adoue made desperate efforts to overcome the lead made by the trained athletes of the Y. M. C. A., but the plucky little runner was unable to pass the two leaders.

Summaries of events as follows:

Shot Put—Munoz, Spring Hill, first; Baumhauer, Y. M. C. A., second; Pertuit, Spring Hill, third. Distance, 35 feet 1 inch.

100-Yard Dash—Prevost, Spring Hill, first; Dinkler, Spring Hill, second; Sims, Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Hess, Y. M. C. A., first; Williamson, Spring Hill, second; Clement, Y. M. C. A., third.

440-Yard Dash—Posey, Y. M. C. A., first; Dinkler, Spring Hill, second;

Schock, Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 1 minute.

Three-Mile Run—Carey, Y. M. C. A., first; Lanck, Y. M. C. A., second; Adoue, Spring Hill, third. Time, 18 minutes 55 seconds.

Discus Throw—Baumhauer, Y. M. C. A., first; Pertuit, Spring Hill, second; McIntyre, Spring Hill, third. Distance, 90 feet 3 inches.

220-Yard Dash—Prevost, Spring Hill, first; Posey, Y. M. C. A., second; Sims, Y. M. C. A., third. Time, 26 seconds.

Broad Jump—Kohl, Y. M. C. A., first; Fuller, Y. M. C. A., second; Sallaun, Spring Hill, third. Distance, 16 feet 3 inches.

Junior Summaries.

50-Yard Dash—Barker, first; Orsi, second; Martin, third. Time, 6 seconds.

High Jump—Braud, first; Orsi, second; Martin, third. Height, 4 feet 9 inches.

100-Yard Dash—Barker, first; Orsi, second; Martin, third. Time 11 1-2 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Barker, first; Martin, second; Newsham, third. Time, 27 seconds.

One Mile Relay—Braud, first; Gaines, second; McCormick, third.

WINTERETTES

J. T. BECKER, '12.

M. H. DIAZ, '12.

The season of 1910 has, so far, revolutionized all past attractions and occurrences of our little dominion so surrounded with "atmosphere." There are some wonderful things that have not only happened but that even take place daily, so it would not be amiss to quote a few.

The "Prince of England," who lately paid us a flying visit, was telling the boys about his adventures with Barney Oldfield's cousin. "Bah, Jove, I say," he uttered, "Barney Oldfield ain't in it with this chappie."

Aeroplanes can soar high, but our football team has soared higher in the game against our brother College from the "Logical Point" city. Moreover, the team is so "crack" that we hear the report every time they make a buck.

Automobiles, especially if driven by Barney Oldfield's cousin, can go fast, but don't forget that we have ten-second men on our track team. Now as to whether they are "ten-second" inasmuch as they can sprint 100 yards in that time, or whether we have ten men coming in second at the races—oh! that is different.

The "White Man's Hope" has resolved to run three miles for a winner on Thanksgiving Day. Congratulations, old "chappie;" we whites do hope in you.

Speaking about the "White Man's Hope," some one said he was going to

run the hundred-mile dash. So many wonderful prodigies occur in this our century of wonders that we were beginning to believe it; but after solemn deliberations we think that our friend should take a long rest.

"The ends of the gridiron eleven are so fast," say Beckeristi and Blackisti in the "Physical Morning Seismograph," "that they put the L. & N. New Orleans accommodation in the shade." First of all we can assure the gentlemen that the statement is no flattery. Secondly, we must correct the "reverend signors" by saying that there are no shady trees between this point and the Crescent City, for if there were we assure them that half of the passengers would buy tickets for "Shade Tree."

There is no doubt but that the billiard sharks are beginning to bite the legs off the amateurs. Spare them, kind brothers, for they are green; wait till they get ripe. You may pull their legs, though.

We heard about the "rumor floating around the top of the hill," but we don't feel the sand bags dropping on our heads, that is, if the rumor has taken the shape of an airship, so we are quite safe from a sudden attack.

"The 'first aid class' will have to apply their knowledge if the 'ten second men' fail to come in first," says the Prince of England. Right you are,

Prince; precisely so. But we ask: Do you, kind sir, belong to the first aid? No? Nonsense, brother; nonsense. Get your first aid book, take a look at the skeleton and if you can tell a jaw-bone from a collar-bone, why, we shake, and you are in.

Sousa's band is a bit loud. We mean Sousa's hat-band, for the Sousanian Silver Sourtette is a success.

There is another "rumor" that Physics will go to the dogs. Unanimously we utter NO!!! The dogs are happy enough as they are now, and we must not tax their appetite.

The discus throwers are fast, heavy men,—that is, the old Greek throwers. However, our team is teeming with the anticipation of winning a few medals. In fact, we have constructed a room in which to keep the trophies.

A terrible catastrophe, followed by a report, has befallen one of the inmates of Sousa's household. Imploringly we turn to our kind brother of the "first aid" to produce a remedy for busted drumheads and save "Nojokes" little nickles and dimes.

'Twas not long ago that Mr. A. B. Chicken of the silent duet was interviewed by our special reporter concerning the enigma of the boy, the drum and the dollar. When our correspondent meekly begged for the solution the said chicken magnate shouted wildly into the amazed face of our writer: "Let George do it!!!"

"But who is George?" asked the reporter. At this juncture Mr. Chicken jumped into his Panhard and was driven away rapidly into space. Oh!

Benevolent Being, how could you be so cruel?

We quote from the Dormitorian: "Mr. B., after he, together with Mr. M., had taken off the heavy, tedious part in the sad, sorrowful, tearful drama of love and hate, was heard to say in the wee hours of the morning: Oh, George, what beautiful blue eyes you have got."

Since the "Winterettes" is only a quarterly, we must, of course, quote from the "Senior Trombone." Melchisedech, alias Joe Cannon, is ill, though not seriously. Oh, misery of miseries! oh, tempora! oh, Moses! But why, do we ask, should he not be sick? He puffs away incessantly on a Principe, Henry the Fourth, or other two-for-a-quarter brands, which should only be seen in Vandy's mouth. To deprive Melchisedech of his cigars would be to deprive him of his greatest joy. We could not picture Joe Cannon without his eternal Pittsburg stogie. The "first aid" is faithfully attending to him, however, and we breathe easier. We have faith in the "first aid." It seems that Melchisedech has contracted rich men's diseases, as growing pains, and passion for music and cigars. We wish him a quick recovery and—cigars.

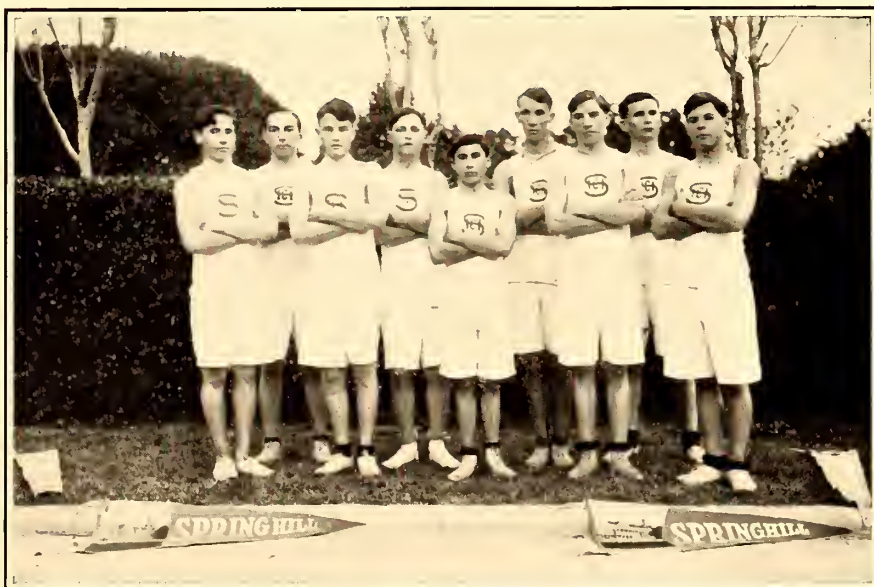
At last after many months of waiting our detectives have discovered the mystery which has been casting a gloom over our city. We have noticed that the Prince always sleeps over time, but our Sherlock discovered that he sleeps with a watch under his pillow. (JOKE).

We were sitting quietly in our sanctum not long ago when up comes one of our reporters, shaking like a leaf.



SENIOR TRACK TEAM.

Standing—Pertuit, McIntyre, Salaun, Muldowney, Munoz, Adoue.
Kneeling—Williamson, Martin, Dinkler, Prevost, Orsi, Holland.



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM.

Left to Right—Horne, Braud, Martel, Newsham, Brady, Lawless, Cassidy,
Webre, Barker.



Immediately the "first aid" was called in and found that it was a severe case of disappointment. The correspondent told us afterwards that the mill between "Hearts and Flowers," and the "Birmingham Hammer" had been postponed indefinitely. We hear daily reports concerning the aviation meet. Horrors! Is meat going up? It cannot be so. Please, some one correct us. However, we are relieved by the fact that though it has gone up it must come down. (Newton's Law of Gravity. Physics, page 16, etc.).

Miss Holly, our sweetest, wisest, witziest sponsor always hands out a glad word to Freshmen in general; nevertheless we are led to believe that his attentions are being centered on Harry, the meat specialist, in particular. Oh, fortunate being!

Ulysses has invented a most wonderful instrument for detecting very small parties; we have bought the rights of patent and will use the instrument for finding new subscribers and advertisers. Look out! We will get you yet.

One of our correspondents was holding a conversation with Pleasants the other day and the following dialogue

ensued: "Say, Pleas., what is Christmas?"

"Sah! Christmas? We're thah already, Sah."

"No, Pleas., we ain't there yet. I want you to tell me just what Christmas is, and I'll give you some eandy—or brandy.

"Brandy! Yah, that's wot I wants. —Well, Christmas is thah time when all de white folks says 'Merry Christmas' an' all de niggers dey says 'Christmas gift,' an' de nigger he has de best time of anybody, an' it don't come but once a year, an—Christmas is Christmas—dat's all,—yas, sah!—thank you, sah."

We have just received notice that the "White Man's Hope" lost out, but he nearly got there; if it had not been for his flappers, which were a trifle too large, he would have bitten the string. "Twinkler" did not twinkle for a winner, but the "Shadow" of eourse fell ahead and won two medals.

Since the argument about the elarinet is still on, also the marriage of Phite and Graphite in the Phys. auditorium, we must abstain from printing further announeements about these affairs. Wait faithfully for the next number.—Oh! slush! Pass the molasses, Shruntz.

SECOND DIVISION NEWS LETTER

J. P. NEWSHAM, JR., '12.

Over here on the east end of the house we have been literally kept on the jump since you last heard from us.

Of course, football in theory and practice has been the one absorbing topic of interest. Our first eleven more than lived up to the reputation made by former first elevens of the Second Division. In our outside games we suffered but one defeat, and then we succumbed to a team that far outweighed us. Though we failed to carry off the palm of victory in this one game, yet we are fully conscious that we went down to defeat in noble, honorable battle. A most pleasing feature of our victories and our defeat was the loyal support and encouragement tendered us by both ends and the middle of the house. We are the crude material from which future generations of 'varsity teams must be fashioned; hence we are treated with the most kindly consideration, handled most tenderly, and everything in the world is done to render us both pliant and malleable during our formative period.

One very delightful incident connected with our victories, as also with our defeat, was the "treat" that invariably followed. Now, every old Springhillian knows all that the word "treat" implies, and suffice it to say that our treats were second to none and superior to many. We had a particularly grand blowout on the occasion of the visit of the Loyola team from New Orleans.

By the way, the physical being of one of the Loyola youths was so elongated that he wore out a bald spot on the top of his head by bumping it against the iron rods at the head of his bed in his endeavors to keep his pedal extremities under cover.

Well, well, didn't our track team just mop up with the Junior Y. M. C. A. and Barton Academy in the triangular meet at Monroe Park on Thanksgiving morning? By winning first, second and third in every single event we carried off all the points there were. Willie Barker was the hero of the day, and he sometimes modestly exhibits to his friends the three gold medals they gave him for his three firsts. Ask him to show them to you. He may, though he is overwhelmingly modest and bashful at times.

Much of our success in track athletics is doubtless to be attributed to the fifth of a mile running track recently laid out around the yard. The track is constructed of that good old Alabama red clay, with a judicious admixture of sand and cinders, and is as fast a piece of road as can be met up with anywhere.

As you may remember, my dear old **Springhillian**, if you recall your earlier days in our academic halls and groves, one of the most interesting amusements of this season is squirrel-trapping. The squirrel population in the "shed" at the present moment must be fully 50,

taking no account of the numerous escapes. Chief among the trappers is the veteran Paul Theard, who counts that day lost on which he fails to entice a couple of flying squirrels to partake of his treacherous hickory nuts.

They say that the Junior Academy is going to give us a play at half-session. This is only a rumor, which we have been unable to verify, for nowhere is secrecy more mysteriously maintained than by the members of this august assemblage. However, we feel safe in predicting that if the Academicians do decide to strut the boards they will do it well.

The gymnasium work under the splendid supervision of Mr. Tinsman still continues to enjoy a very large measure of popularity.

Oh! the days are long and dreary, and our hearts are weary, waiting, waiting, waiting for Christmas. To beguile the tiresome days we have started Soccer football. The fellows are taking very kindly to it and beginning to see that the game can be made as exciting and interesting as the Rugby we have been accustomed to.

So, good-bye, till our next, and may you have as merry a Christmas as we expect to have, and, for the rest, may you live long and prosper.

LINES

Suggested by the Physician's words regarding Lady Macbeth:

"More needs she the divine than the physician."

A. F. VASQUEZ, '12.

Deep in the mind, beneath the channel's course,
Hid from all streams of joy, deep lies remorse!
Aye, deep beneath the surface, who can tell
The burden in the caverns of the mind?
Thou liest in the drooping, sinking soul,
The unheard cry, the swoon, the fear, the dole;
Until beneath the wild waves, tempest blown,
Dragged by thy weight the soul in death sinks down.

* * *

Lady Macbeth, majestic, lightsome, fair,
Is there no hand can lift thee from despair?
Aye! go thou to the priest that waits alone
Upon his secret, silent judgment-throne.
Remorse shall leave thee at the sweet "Forgive,"
And thou shalt rise from ocean depths and live.

* * *

Thou wilt not? Wilt not go where sun-light gleams?
Then have thy night of everlasting dreams.

SECOND DIVISION ATHLETICS

J. B. RIVES, '13.

The football team has enjoyed a good season in spite of the fact that they lost the majority of their games. This was due to the fact that every team they played outweighed them at least ten pounds to the man. In two practice games against the big yard, though defeated, they showed good form, with an improvement in the second.

They won their first game from Barton Academy by the score of 35 to 0. Barker was easily the star of the game, making five out of the seven touchdowns. Almost every time he got the ball he scored. The backs, especially Dowe, did splendidly, and so well did the line hold that Barton could not gain a first down.

They were defeated by the Loyola College after a plucky fight by the score of 16 to 5. Barker made the only touch-down for Spring Hill, and Harrison, Brousseau and McKinney made the other three for Loyola, while Aldige kicked one goal. Hinderman did good work for the visitors, and Dowe and Barker were the stars for Spring Hill. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

Spring Hill.—Touart, left end; Potter, left tackle; Berthelot, left guard; Williamson, centre; Boudousquie, right guard; Rives, right tackle; Barker, right end; Van Heuvel, quarterback; Cassidy, right halfback; Webre, fullback.

Loyola—Fredericks, left end; Zeig-

ler, Bassich, left tackle; Massich, left guard; Doyle, centre; Gaudin, right guard; Nichols, right tackle; McKinney, right end; Harrison, quarterback; Brousseau, left halfback; Aldige, right halfback; Hinderman, fullback.

Soccer Football.—After the close of the regular football season we started a Soccer league. The boys are now able to play fairly well, and some good games are expected.

Basket Ball.—Five leagues have been organized and great games are played every holiday. The captains of the first league are Braud and Potter; of the second Martel and Chippuis; of the third, Drago and Celestin; of the fourth, Pertuit and deBonneval, and of the fifth, Nall and Walmsley.

Track Meet.—The greatest success of the year was the track meet at Monroe Park on the morning of Thanksgiving Day. Spring Hill walked away with everything in the Junior events. Barker won the 50, the 100 and the 220-yard dashes. Braud won the high jump, and the mile relay was won by the Spring Hill team comprising Braud, Webre, Lawless and Cassidy. Barker and Braud received medals for their victories and the relay team received a pennant. A pennant was also given to the whole team for making the greatest number of points. There is a rumor of another meet to be held in the spring, at which we hope to duplicate this performance.

CHRISTMAS

FRANCIS L. SMITH, '14.

'Tis Christmas, in our hearts the wintry wind
Tapping, awakes affections loving, kind,
And every soul is spell-bound by the sway
Of love divine borne on the breeze today.

'Tis Christmas, lo, and as our heart awakes,
Behold in golden east Aurora breaks,
Nature is with us as the night goes stealing,
Lo! calling madly, merry chimes are pealing.

'Tis Christmas, oh! how clear before mine eyes,
Doth Bethlehem's sweet vision peaceful rise;
And in the cave the Maiden Mother there
Gazing upon her Son, her God in prayer.

Would that the wintry wind that moves along,
Awakening the heart with heavenly song,
May ever strike the same celestial chord
It strikes today, and wake us to the Lord!

Would that its gentle tapping on the soul,
Driving away our terror and our dole,
May, when the world is past, awake our love
And waft us to the Bethlehem above!

EXCHANGES

Anxiously and on tiptoe we inserted the key into the lock and opened wide the doors of our sanctum. We have peeped into every nook and corner and have found them brimming full of college magazines from the four corners of the globe. Abounding in excellent literature, they have afforded us many hours of profitable perusal and instruction. Now, to give equal praise to all would be a matter of filling a book; moreover, it would not be just with regard to those that surpass the others. All are up to the standard, and in each of them we find some article worthy of special mention. Space and time, however, will not allow us to dwell upon each of them in particular.

The Sesame Annual of St. Xavier Academy, Chicago, Ill., was the first to attract our attention, with its neat designs and munificent engravings. Glancing through its columns we find plenty of good literature and poetry. The magazine is novel in every way, and we congratulate the staff on their work and wish them success in the future.

"Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt" in the October Gonzaga, from Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington, is an article which well deserves consideration, whether we take the author's view of the subject or not. We trust, however, that, since the mule of Democracy has rather kicked the G. O. P. out of the limelight, the author's cry for "More, more!" has been somewhat quieted.

"The Religion of Ferrer" in the same number in a powerfully written style gives the real motives of the Spanish agitator, and is well worth careful perusal.

In the Georgetown Journal of November Mr. Haggerty has a novel column of "College Chattering," and we cannot desist from congratulating the gentleman on his style and theme. We were sorry, however, that he gave away the secret of the girl in the case, because not everyone can understand why this particular Miss should have read his article and laughed. A good account of the Passion Play, which has been touched upon more or less by the college journals in general, is also an attractive addition to the monthly.

The Fleur de Lis of the St. Louis University contains several good stories; but what we like best in the November issue are the poems which give a classic tone to the publication.

In the future we expect to be able to dedicate more space and time to the following exchanges: The Mercury, Mountaineer, Oahuan, St. Mary's Sentinel, Apostolic Record, U. of Mississippi Magazine, St. Angela's Echo, S. V. C. Student, Fordham Monthly, The Morning Star, Niagara Index, Loretto Crescent, The Mercerian, Marquette University Journal, Villa Scholastica Quarterly, Echoes from the Pines, Old Gold and Purple, The Dial, St. Ignatius Collegian, the Agnetian Quarterly.

ALUMNI

Since our last issue, Leslie E. '49 Brooks, of Mobile, who entered the College in the session 1849-1850, has passed from our midst. He was at one time State Senator and occupied other positions of trust in his native city and county. Throughout his entire public career he bore the reputation of a man of unflinching honor and principle.

Charles Aitkins, A. B., Vice-Principal of McDonough High School No. 1, New Orleans, La., paid his Alma Mater a visit at the beginning of the school year. He met many old friends and took special delight in going over his old haunts. He found the new Spring Hill very different from the Spring Hill of his day.

Hon. Paul Leche, A. B., who was a classmate of Mr. Aitkins, is District Judge of the Twenty-seventh Louisiana District. At the last National Convention of the Knights of Columbus, held in Quebec, Judge Leche was State Delegate for Louisiana. His only son, Karl, is a member of the Senior Class.

Walter Walsh, '78, was elected '78 School Commissioner of Mobile County November 8th. His eldest son, P. Walter Walsh, received the degree A. B. last June.

William J. Formento, A. B., lawyer and notary public of New Orleans, La., lately spent a few days on a visit to Spring Hill.

Cornelius P. McIntyre, A. B., A. '92 M., '05, of Montgomery, Ala., paid Spring Hill a visit at the beginning of November. Mr. McIntyre is an uncle of James D. McIntyre of the Superior Class.

A frequent and welcome visitor '94 to the College is Matthias M. Mahorner, A. B., A. M., '05. He generally comes in his big machine, accompanied by Mrs. Mahorner and their five young sons, future candidates for the honors so gloriously won by their father as a student.

Frederick Solis, A. B., is engaged '00 in the Spanish consular service in New Orleans. As an alumnus of Georgetown University, where he made a post-graduate course, he was a member of the committee which lately tendered a reception to Rev. Father Himmel, S. J., rector of the University. Father Himmel came down to attend the Catholic Federation Convention in the party of Monsignor Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate.

John Jossen, of the B. S. Class of '00 '00, is assistant cashier of the City Bank & Trust Co., of Mobile. He is a frequent visitor at the College.

Dr. George S. McCarty, A. B., is '01 practicing medicine in Sandersville, Ga., his native town.

Raoul A. Castillo, A. B., Class '01, lately wrote from Santiago de Cuba.

To those who might have forgotten him, he identifies himself by recalling the fact that he was a great friend of Father Wolfe's, and a mighty trapper of squirrels. His loyalty to his Alma Mater has not been dimmed with the passing years. The occasion of his writing was to secure a catalogue for a friend who wishes to send his son to college. Mr. Castillo mentions that he is a traveling salesman out of Havana, Cuba.

Theodore P. Hale, of the B. S. '02 Class '02, formerly of Gulfport, Miss., writes from Ukiah, Cal., where he is practicing law, and, we are told, establishing quite a reputation as an attorney. Mr. Hale was married about a year ago. He is a brother of Thomas P. Hale of the Superior Class.

August J. Staub, Jr., of the A. B. '02 Class '02, has lately been elected President of the Cochrane State Bank, Cochrane, Ala.

On Tuesday, Dec. 6th, Joseph H. '03 Duchamp, B. S., was married to Miss Nita Bienvenu. After a bridal trip to San Antonio and other Western cities, they returned to their home in St. Martinville, La. **The Springhillian** extends hearty congratulations to the happy young couple.

Dr. Maximin D. Touart, A. B., A. M., '05, lately came from New York to pay his family and friends a visit before entering upon the practice of his profession in that city. The doctor, who spent two years after graduation in the Harlem Hospital, has promised to write an

article for our next number on "The Experiences of an Ambulance Surgeon."

John A. Boudousquie, A. B., has left Selma, Ala., for Los Angeles, Cal., where he expects to locate and engage in his profession of civil engineer.

David A. Austin, B. S., holds the '04 responsible position of general manager of the Gillet Export Lumber Co., of Tampa, Fla.

Loyola T. Cowley, A. B., is engaged in the real estate and insurance business with the Jas. K. Glennon Co., of Mobile.

Hinton A. Touart, A. B., has retired from the real estate business to accept the position of secretary and treasurer of the Lapwing Towboat Association of Mobile.

Nicholas L. Vickers, A. B., is engaged in the real estate business with the firm of J. E. McHugh & Co., of Mobile.

Henry R. Kevlin, B. S., was a visitor to the College about Thanksgiving time. He refereed the S. H. C. Junior-Loyola College game November 26th. Mr. Kevlin is taking a course in civil engineering at Tulane University.

Dixon L. Austin, A. B., occupies a confidential position with the Tampa Electric Co.

T. Semmes Walmsley has been distinguishing himself in the athletic world at Tulane. He is the only man in the history of that University to be accord-

ed the honor of wearing four "T's"—
 football, basketball, track and basket-
 ball.

that Albert J. Hahn, B. S., is du-
 plicating his Spring Hill record as a
 student.

Reports from the Boston School
 '10 of Technology are to the effect

Duggan A. Neely, B. S., is assisting
 his father in the lumber export business.

OUR TEAM

JAMES D. McINTYRE, '11.

Our gridiron ne'er before has seen
 A squad so light yet strong;
 And so for this our winning team
 I'll sing a little song.

With Captain Pardue quarterback,
 And Black upon the line,
 They both together work as well
 As on the baseball nine.

Joe Cassidy holds down his end,
 With Needham and the best.
 While Bauer, Williamson and Sehimpf
 Give visitors no rest.

When Munoz plays upon the line,
 With Riffel stationed near,
 And Gremillion to stop the bucks,
 Spring Hill has naught to fear.

At fullback Andrepont is seen,
 And oftentimes Broussard, too;
 They both know how to hit the line,
 And tackle hard and true.

Dueote always holds his ground,
 And Druhan does the same;
 While Beeker for his skill and pluck
 Deserves the greatest fame.

The games are o'er, and we have won
 A string of viet'ries bright;
 So wave above our gallant team
 The Purple and the White.

SPRING HILL TEAM ENJOYS BANQUET

"For he's a jolly good fellow," is the meed of praise which the football heroes of Spring Hill College bestowed on Charles Schimpf, Jr., for the oyster supper which he gave them Wednesday night as a mark of regard for their prowess in having kept the colors of the college without a single bullet hole of defeat throughout the season of 1910 on the gridiron.

When the jolly crowd of students "hit" the restaurant shortly after 5 o'clock it was taken in hand by their former fellow student, Charles Schimpf, Jr., and shot to the second floor of the restaurant where the table had been laid for the spread. There was no ceremony about "getting down to business" at the handsomely decorated table, that reflected credit to Mrs. Charles Schimpf.

After the first hunger had been appeased, everybody and his neighbor started to take account of things and then it was noticed that the cards bearing the names of the guests were perfect works of art, being hand-painted in the college colors of purple and white with a football bearing the letters S. H. C. and the year 1910. The walls and the ceiling were decorated with pennants of various colleges, that of Spring Hill predominating.

The spread went the way of all spreads, and after the coffee had been passed and the smoking material put everyone in a mellow mood, speeches were called for. Father Clarkson, S. J., in charge of the party, thanked the

host for the luxurious spread and then congratulated the football men on the glorious fight throughout the season. He also complimented them on the fact that from a green team they had made a mark in the football history of the college which the team of 1911 would find hard to duplicate or even follow, and wound up by wishing the next team as much success during the coming season.

E. G. Maxon, coach, was the next speaker. His praises were not greater than in his opinion the work of the team deserved, for he also dwelt on the fact that the team was a green one and had worked so hard and faithfully that they even held the Fort Morgan team to a 0 to 0 game. Referring to this game, Mr. Maxon said that when the boys in blue had forced the ball to the two-yard line there were many eyes in the field which were wet, because they thought that the long, clean record of victory would be dimmed at last.

J. T. Becker was forced to say a few words. Although this student may be a doughty warrior on the gridiron, he admitted that he was no talker, and the mark of esteem which his friends will most likely bestow on him in the future will no doubt be the loving title of "spuchulator."

Many of the other players were called on to speak, and each one got up and pluckily faced the music, most of them having a good word for the host and a loving word for the coach.

Before the party left the festive board, Frank Schimpf, the young son of Charles Schimpf, was elected the mascot of the team of 1911, and a captain of the new team was also elected. The election of the captain was by secret ballot, and the votes were handed to Mr. Clarkson in sealed envelopes. Enough was whispered of the favorite for the position, however, to state on good authority of the members of the team that the name which will be found

on every ballot will be that of John T. Becker.

The following sat at the festive board: Mr. Clarkson, S. J., Coach E. G. Maxon, Assistant Coach A. Pharr, S. P. Pardue, J. T. Becker, C. L. Black, J. T. Bauer, L. P. Andrepont, W. S. Dueote, T. K. Schimpf, D. J. Munoz, H. C. Gremillion, M. J. Cassidy, R. J. Needham, G. R. Broussard, J. J. Druhan, C. E. Williamson, S. V. Riffel, C. B. Walmsley, C. R. G. Schimpf and Frankie Schimpf.

Melchior of Boston—Michael Earls, S. J., Benziger Brothers, New York, \$1.

The cry of the age is for the "man with a message." Such a man is the Rev. Michael Earls, S. J., and the message he has for us now is done up in a little blue and gold volume on whose title page we find the curious caption "Melchior of Boston." The book tells the history of a tragically interesting bit of life in a family in which the father is a Protestant and the wife and children are Catholics. The whole is a tale of modern Boston and ancient

Babylon. That duality of place is mystifying, but not after you have read the book. Throughout the author handles an intricate and interesting situation in a masterly way. Mr. Earls shows that he has a firm but gentle grasp on the deep heart life, the fuller life of the soul. The author should feel grateful to his publishers for the extremely attractive form in which they have presented his work. We have been led to expect good taste from the Benziger Brothers, but the present volume is alluring in its attractiveness.

A TRIOLET.

H. Gervias, '14.

(Written on being "mesmerized" by
that "Mendelssohn Tune.")

What is my fair neighbor singing?

It sounds like a classical air;

All over the gamut she's springing.

What is my fair neighbor singing?

Out of the grave there come wringing

Sighs of melodic despair.

What is my fair neighbor singing?

Ah, me, 'tis a popular air.

Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI. to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based on Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instill into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the institution is that of the Catholic Religion; however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of studies is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class-rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For Catalogue, etc., apply to REV. F. X. TWELLMEYER, President.

"Say you saw it in The Springhillian."



THE NEW CHAPEL

A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

	Page.
Autumn, the Painter (Poem)—M. Humbert Diaz, '12.....	3
The Human Soul Is Immortal—James E. Duggan, '10.....	4
A Sea of Horrors, Wallace Weatherly, '13.....	11
The Pure of Heart (Poem)—E. I. F.	15
The Graduate and the Newspaper Profession—Jack J. McGrath.....	16
The Midnight Sun (Poem)—A. C. M.	21.
A Case of Miscalculation—John J. Becker, '12.....	23
Short Measure	24
Pen Picture of an Iceberg—William A. Mulheim, '13.....	24
A Scene in Autumn—Frank M. Martin, '13.....	24
Winter—Frank Prohaska, '13.....	25
Jim, a Story of the Pines—M. Humbert Diaz, '12.....	26
Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf—Thomas P. Hale, '11.....	29
Personal Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee—J. Morgan Byrnes.....	33
There's No Place Like Home—Joseph P. Newsham, '12.....	37
His Last Game—Stephen V. Riffel, '11.....	39
The New Chapel—Joseph P. Newsham, '12.....	41
On the Gambling Habit—D. S. Moran, '11.....	43
Editorials	46
College Notes	47
First Division Talks—Frank L. Prohaska, '13.....	49
Second Division Jottings—Joseph P. Newsham, '12-John B. Rives, '13....	51
Alumni	55
Athletics—D. S. Moran, '11.....	63
Wedding Bells	67
Obituary	67

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XIV., NO. I

OCTOBER, 1910

NEW SERIES—VOL. II., NO. I

AUTUMN THE PAINTER

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

*Silent and sad came the Painter a-creeping,
Strolling through fields, and the hills he went o'er;
And from his lute stole sad melody weeping,
Waking in song, then in innocence sleeping,
Chanted in music on sea and on shore
That Summer should sleep, sleep again as before.*

*Slowly the Summer in tears and in sorrow,
Flitted before him as shadow drew near;
Praying that she brighter days still might borrow,
As calmly and cold she was laid on the bier,
Summer, that Summer we once held so dear.*

*Inside the forest now Autumn was strolling,
Painting the leaves in the valley and dell;
Pushing behind him weird Winter was rolling
And in his pomp and his glory was drolling;
But Summer was sleeping under the hill,
Summer, that Summer we once loved so well.*

THE HUMAN SOUL IS IMMORTAL

GOLD MEDAL ESSAY

JAMES E. DUGGAN, '10

There is one thing I am certain of in the this world, and that is death. Some day, when the gentle shades of evening are just obscuring the gorgeous hues of the Occident, I shall depart this life and be lost completely to the memory of men. The day must come when I shall no longer tread the weary and thorn-strewn paths of this world, but sleep silently beneath cold, gray marble. Then, at this termination of my days, let me inquire: Shall I, when the turbulent fever of life has been stilled, fall into a state of non-existence? When this world-wearied flesh shall have sunk, festering and decaying, into the grave, is there yet some part of me that travels to a distant and eternal home? Or is this life merely a twilight before the night, after which no dawn shall follow? In fine, was I created for time or for eternity? For earth or for Heaven?

Why should I trouble my poor head about such useless questions, that are too far beyond the pale of human comprehension for me to fathom? That intense spirit of commercialism which pervades the majority of modern minds almost forbids the entrance of these fanciful questions for consideration. Moreover, even though I should agree to follow your line of argument, your efforts would only be as idle as they are futile; for who understands

these things but God? I can readily see: "How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for the nice proportion which we find in every great city between the deaths and the births?" I can see that the marvellous and beautiful order which governs all the things of Nature demands the existence of an all-wise Originator. And furthermore, when I look upon that most wonderful and most intricate of all structures, my mind is lost in the contemplation of the sublime power which that microcosm, man, postulates. But this is not the bone of contention. I ask you: Because I admit a Supreme Intelligence Who rules over everything and Who made everything from nothing, am I forced to admit therefrom the immortality of the human soul? On the contrary, I conclude that, since God created the human soul, the end which the human soul must serve depends entirely on the Divine Will, whose ways are inscrutable and not to be questioned by man. The ignorant accept this plausible, though worthless, proof. The wicked, steeped in crime and blinded by passion, are only too anxious to admit that there will be no further life, in the hope that they may not suffer a punishment which they feel must surely come, either here or

hereafter. But, only too often, "the wish is father to the thought;" for there is neither a throb of hope in the heart of the sinner that the soul is mortal, nor any implicit faith in the proof that such is the case. The mere incomprehensibility of the immortality of the soul does not in any way argue against its truth. The Holy Ghost tells us Himself that it is beyond our powers of conception.

Nor are we ignorant of this undying property which the soul has, because it depends on the free will of God. The Creator was perfectly free to make the soul mortal or immortal before creation; but this once willed, the nature of the soul cannot be changed: no more than a free agent can sit down and stand up at the same time, since one act implies the negation of the other.

All the obstacles removed, we have now to prove the soul, the ultimate principle by which we think, live, will and feel, shall never end its existence. This I shall prove, not by the Scriptures, though it is often spoken of therein. It is only just that I should go to God, who is eternal; for does not God bestow upon the souls of animals and plants ends befitting their origin? Then God, infinitely wise and just, must grant the same to me. The soul of these lower beings comes from the potentiality of matter and ends with its decomposition. The soul of man comes from God, and should end with God, who has no end. God said to St. John in the Apocalypse: "I am the Alpha and the Omega." But, then,

I promised nothing from Holy Writ. Let me have recourse to an illustration. Nineteen hundred years ago the great Master founded upon a rock of adamant the Church that is the Truth, whose years were to continue until time mingle with eternity. It was then He appointed Peter head of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and the other Apostles to become the associates of the first pope. Peter has died, John has died, as have the other nine, yet does the Church not live and flourish? Christ did not mean that His Word would die with the Apostles. "All things shall pass away, but the word of the Lord shall not pass away forever." The Church itself is deathless. The Church today is the Church of yesterday; the Church that inspired the Martyrs to acts of courage and fired the souls of the Crusaders and urged them to feats of unparalleled heroism and bravery, is the same Church that is now governed by Pius X. Its identity has remained unchanged throughout the ages.

So with the human compound. The material organism may pass through numerous varied states of change, but the soul remains permanent amid changing accidents. It is a well-established fact, admitted by all the most noted scientists, that the vast number of particles composing the physical organization are constantly perishing and being renewed; my hair and my finger nails are sufficient evidence of this. Yet my identity remains the same. "The infant is born, the child is soon developed, youth comes and

soon glides into maturity; then old age creeps on, the approach to the tomb is swifter; the bright eye of youth has yielded to the dimness of senility, the last step in the stairway of life is almost reached; the wrinkled face, the tottering limbs, the shaking hands, the dizzy head, the failing memory, all point to the nearness of the boundless shore of eternity; yet, the child, the youth, the mature man, the feeble old man, are identically the same." Consciousness testifies to this fact. I am conscious that the boy of six, boisterously playing beneath the shade of an oak, or the restless young student in the lower grades, is the same as the one now completing this sentence, although my physical form is different in all three stages of my development. It is this unity of consciousness that demands a principle which is uninfluenced by time and remains identical forever. Is this principle matter? No; for there remains the physiological fact that matter changes, and is therefore incapable of retaining things which happened many years ago. The eye sees a thing today, but the soul remembers it tomorrow. I say soul, because, if matter is incapable of explaining this identity, I must acknowledge that it is something which is not matter, but the only alternative, form: and form in the human compound is the soul. This soul, which is the unity of the Ego, cannot be separated into parts. One part cannot be here and another there, thus forming two "I's" or a "We" in one person, which is clearly absurd. Should I be so unfortunate as

to cut off one of my fingers, a part of my soul, in consequence, would not remain in the amputated member and thus diminish the size of the soul, for the soul is bounded by no limits. Seldom will the imbecile be found who attempts to measure the height of a soul or to determine its *avoids*. Equally foolish would it be to say that the soul had shrunk into the human body, since the soul is immaterial, and can, therefore, undergo no material modifications. The most cogent proof that the soul has no essential parts, and the essential parts of a thing consist in its matter and form, and that the soul has no external parts, which arise from quantity, is the certainty which I have that my soul apprehends simple ideas. I see a tired-out laborer meet a poor little waif, whose plight is far sadder than his own, and he gives the child a part of his very small earnings, or helps it in some way. My intellect seizes upon this act and pronounces it Charity, which idea is by its nature simple. I am now constrained to admit that a principle which can apprehend a simple idea, must be in itself simple. On the other hand, should I claim the idea of Charity to be the result of a composite substance, either each part of the substance must apprehend the entire idea, or each part must apprehend a part of the idea, or only one part must apprehend the whole idea. The first alternative is as absurd as the second is impossible. Should each part experience the entire simple idea, then a person would be "We" and not "I," which is directly

opposed to the testimony of consciousness. In the second place, a simple idea, being essentially indivisible, cannot be apprehended in part by a portion, or even the whole, of the vital principle. Should the whole idea be said to be the object of only a part of that principle, then that part, which is the soul, must be simple or composite. My thesis—the soul is simple—must stand if the former be admitted. A return to the above infinite process is the result of maintaining the latter.

In order to forestall a probable objection, let us introduce it here. A claim is put forward that the soul has material ideas. Since the cause is proportionate to the effect, the conclusion is drawn that the soul which is the cause, is material, and therefore composed and not simple. This cannot be the source of much difficulty when we consider that man views a material object in two ways. I look at a thing, and my external senses, which are material, observe it to be a large, yellow pine box, four feet deep, three feet long, etc.; my mind comes into play and strips the object of all accidental qualifications, and merely conceives the "boxness," if I may coin a word. I mean by this that the external senses apprehend in the concrete, the soul in the abstract. This may be more thoroughly quashed by showing, as before, that an idea cannot be material, since it is simple.

We now pass to the spirituality of that vital principle, or, its essential independence of all things material either for its existence or operations. It is

merely a matter of fact that the soul apprehends spiritual ideas, such as justice, honesty, etc., and that this operation is unaccompanied by a physical force of any kind, that it completely transcends all things terrestrial. In accordance with the scholastic theory, that as a thing acts so it is, it is obvious that since a being acts spiritually, it is itself spiritual.

To all that I have said I know there will be an answer, even though my arguments be most irresistible to reason. Can it be that I am unable to see that a severe headache, an agonizing toothache or fever forbid the intellect to operate normally? The severity of an attack of typhoid fever has rendered me unconscious, and I accept the medicines offered without the slightest exercise of will power. Yes, we admit that the soul can suffer depression accidentally on account of its union with the material organism, which is the subject of innumerable diseases and conditions; but the soul cannot be said to suffer when we view it in no connection with the body.

This distinction may be somewhat obscure, so allow me to present a comparison which may show more clearly what I mean. I ring the bell on my table, and the clapper, coming in contact with the sound bow, produces a sufficient noise to call my servant from another part of the house. Should I immerse the ringing bell in a basin of water it would scarcely be heard at yonder door ten feet away. I place a heavy cloth about it and the sound becomes still fainter. Introduce the in-

strument next into a chamber from which the air has been thoroughly exhausted, and nothing will be heard. Has the clapper been striking the bow with less force on its immersion in water and when it was wrapped in cloths? and has it ceased to oscillate when placed in a vacuum? It does seemingly act so. But the true reason for this apparent decrease in the intensity with which the two pieces of metal meet is merely due to the materials which cover the bell. By observation we see that the bell has not ceased its motion to and fro. It is thus that the soul is affected by the body. When its material casement becomes weakened, the soul appears also to have weakened, though it undergoes no more change in strength than did the clapper of the bell.

The establishment of the fact that the soul is a simple spiritual being is sufficient to show its perpetuity in existence. Life may cease in a living being either by annihilation or corruption of that principle by which it is actuated. By annihilation is understood the reduction of an object to absolute nothingness. Corruption, philosophically considered, may be accidental or essential. The former consists in the destruction of the subject in which the principle adheres, and the latter in the dissolution of the component parts which constitute the being.

It shall now be demonstrated that the soul is incorruptible both accidentally and essentially, that it can be annihilated neither by itself nor by any other creature, and, lastly, that God

will not annihilate it. The soul of man is a simple substantial being: substantial, because man does not differ from the animal by an accident of color, size, etc. Now, since this simple substantial being is composed of no constituent parts into which it may be resolved, it cannot be corrupted essentially. The soul is accidentally incorruptible, since, by its nature, it is independent of the body for existence, and is therefore uninfluenced by the destruction of the body in which it resides.

Neither has the soul power to annihilate itself, nor has any other creature. It is not within the power of all creation to reduce something to nothing. I may place a bowl of gasoline in a current of air, and soon my bowl is empty. Has the gasoline been annihilated? Should you bring your nose close enough, you would soon understand, by the odor of the fumes, that it was merely converted into an invisible gas. The body putrefies in the grave and returns to a small amount of dust; the cake of butter which I bought early this morning at the creamery is a liquid at midday. Yet this destruction and death embraces no true extinction; it is only a transformation into some other substance. Man may change the form of an object by dividing, combining and rearranging molecules of that object, but he has no power over their existence. God alone being the Creator, can alone be the Destroyer. Othello confesses this inability of man to create a life when he shows the difference between the soul

and the flame of the candle in his wife's bedchamber—

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume.

Existence, therefore, is the continuation of God's creative conservation; annihilation is its discontinuation. Created beings can exercise no power over this Divine preservation; hence, they cannot annihilate.

Finally, there are no grounds to believe that God will annihilate our soul, since the ultimate end for which He created it is His extrinsic glory. God's glory being infinite, the soul's existence must likewise be the same.

But the nature of the soul is not the only monitor of a future existence in another sphere. God, since no one else could, has placed within us the yearning for a happiness of endless duration; by the insertion of "endless duration" we show the impossibility of that wish being accomplished on earth. The poor man strives to become rich, the illiterate desires knowledge, the slave seeks liberty, the feeble sigh for the agility of youth and the little boy with short trousers looks forward impatiently to the day when he will be a "man;" and these are but a few instances of the natural craving for unalloyed bliss. But when these ends are reached are we ever satisfied? Even the wretched suicide seeks this when he takes into his own hands the life which is not his to determine. He

must return the soul to God in the pure state that God gave it to him.

Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?

Think first, what you *are!* Call to mind what you *were!*

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

We are only to find happiness in God. But suppose God would not fulfil this natural desire of the soul? Should God fail to satisfy this insatiable thirst He would be an impossibility; if He gives us this craving merely to thwart it, to raise our hopes and then disappoint us, He would be a monster, which is absurd. Having once given us a desire, He must fulfil it; if not here, then in another life that shall be enduring to eternity.

From the first dawn of history to the present day man has given testimony to a life everlasting. The ancients had their Elysian Fields for the virtuous, and Hades for the vicious. The idolatrous Indians never waver in the firm belief that all will be united in Buddha. The most savage cannibal that ever inhabited the coast of the Straits of Magellan felt guilt when he devoured the limbs of a visitor in those parts, or one of his own tribe. In our own country we can find in the graves of the Indians such implements of war as the tomahawk and the spear, placed there by friends in case the deceased should need them in the other life. The testimony of men, we have learn-

ed, is the criterion of truth; hence, our thesis.

To the immortality of the soul there is yet another witness, whose veracity is not to be questioned. That strange arbiter within us, whose judgment seat is on our hearts, gives testimony of a future state, where all things shall have no end. There can be no mistake in its verdict, for it has been given to us by God.

In a dark roadway, out of all hearing distance, the outlaw murders the lone traveller; he rifles the dead man's pockets and makes away with all the valuables. No one is suspected when the lifeless body is found. But why is it that a certain gloom has shadowed the life of the assassin? why that haggard look? that blank stare? It is his inner self telling him that Some One knows, though all the world is ignorant of the perpetrator of this heinous crime, and that the Some One will punish. Shall he be punished here? No; for many of the worst criminals live

with impunity. He no more expects to be punished in this life than does the liberal man expect that he will be rewarded on earth for his charities. We see the good suffer and the wicked prosper, and it is only proper that we should expect a just God to reverse this order. It is not done here below, so in all justice it must be done somewhere else; and that must be after the flesh has fallen from the bone and the vital activity has ceased in the body.

When at last the body sickens and grows weak, when the force of corruption exceeds that of recuperation, when the body has deteriorated so that the soul can no longer operate in it—then Death. Death to the body, while the soul, uninfluenced and unscathed, glides into a nobler, grander and more intense form of existence. It has reached the haven whence its journey began, it has sojourned in foreign parts, and has now returned home, where it will remain forever with Him for Whom it was created.

A SEA OF HORRORS

WALLACE WEATHERLY, '13

"Uncle Sam" had been treating me rather niggardly for a long time; not a letter, nor paper, nor even a postal, had come for more than a month. This was all the more grievous because I had been expecting many a day a letter from an old college chum in Mobile. At length, however, an oasis loomed in the desert; the shrill whistle of the postman rang out on the cool morning air. I hastened to the door with the two-fold presentiment that I should find there a letter from George and that it would bring me bad news. Sure enough, there was a letter lying in the hallway, and on picking it up I instantly recognized the inimitable scrawl of my old friend. I tore the letter open and read:

"Mobile, Ala., July 23, 1910.

"Dear Old Friend: For many weary days I have been lying here waiting impatiently until I should be able to answer your very kind letters, and tell you all that has happened since I saw you a couple of months ago.

"*'In medias res,'* then, as Horace says, let me begin what must, of its very nature, prove to be a pretty long story: You remember the fishing excursion to Snapper Banks to which I told you in my last letter I was looking forward. Well, it has come and gone and *'thereby hangs a tale.'*

"We started out on the most delightful morning God ever made. Our fishing smack was the Myrwit, a tug be-

longing to our old friend, Capt. Maury Walsingham. A mottled sky overhead, through which the sun's rays filtered in varying degrees of splendor; a perfectly delightful sea breeze blowing steadily from the west; the jolliest picnic fishing party imaginable, singing anything and everything from *'Die Wacht am Rhein'* to *'In the Good Old United States,'* playing all manner of pranks on one another, and even engaging in a *'pocket edition,'* as Alvyn calls it, of the National Game; all combined to make the trip down old, historic Mobile Bay one never to be forgotten.

"We had had an excellent breakfast before starting, with which no one seemed to find fault. No sooner, however, had we struck the Gulf and the long, rolling waves began to lift our craft to their crests and then hurl it into the troughs, than one after another of our doughty and erstwhile merry party began to complain about the steak he had eaten at breakfast not resting well on his stomach, or that the flapjacks were too heavy for one going on a sea voyage. LeRoy was the first to give exterior tokens of his discomfort. He was quickly followed by *'Old Kaintuck,'* who, I had thought, could

" * * * * weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

Willie Gegan, you know Willie, from

New Orleans, now took his turn gazing into the bounding billows. This was great fun for the rest of us who sat around taking snapshots of the victims and singing:

"O, the ocean waves may roll
And the stormy winds may blow;
While we poor sailors go skipping to the
tops
And the land lubbers lie down below—
below—below!"

"Our attention was soon directed, however, to another quarter. About two hundred yards to the rear we espied a long line of glossy black objects following in the wake of our boat. Quick as a flash the fearful truth broke upon us: we were being pursued by a school of sharks, and the shiny black objects were the back fins which the shark usually keeps above the water. On they came, with ever increasing speed as they neared their intended victims. And what a vast multitude of them there was! Surely not less than three hundred. Now and then a huge monster would lunge up high into the air as if to get a better view of the coveted prey. Closer and closer they came; some were now in front of the boat, others on either side, and still others behind. Capt. Elkton ordered all to the upper deck. Never was an order more promptly obeyed. But we were none too quick, for the sharks had already begun to jump over the sides of the boat in their efforts to seize a victim. They were all of that fierce type known as 'man-eaters.' From the upper deck we watched them in what seemed to be perfect

safety; but from the anxious looks of the Captain, who had by this time turned the vessel round and was making for the Bay with all possible speed, and from the frantic efforts of our enemies to overturn the vessel, we soon realized that our safety was more apparent than real. One monster—he must have been forty feet long—leaped clear across the bow. For an instant he stuck on a coil of cable and his vast weight bore that end of the boat down to the water's edge; but just as we were about to be plunged to the bottom, the great man-eater glided off the starboard deck and the boat regained its equilibrium. This was only for a moment, however, for now one after another of these fierce denizens of the deep leaped up on the lower deck and nearly capsized us.

This nerve-wrecking scene must have been going on for more than a half-hour when the same monster that had stuck in crossing our bow made another terrific lunge from the front lengthwise with the boat, landing just inside the larboard railing. In the twinkling of an eye the vessel turned turtle. Imagine, if you can, the horror of that scene. You cannot possibly picture to yourself the sensations which almost paralyzed every one of us—some thirty-five or forty men and boys—battling with the waves in the midst of a school of three hundred man-eating sharks!

Fortunately for me, I no sooner came to the surface, after being plunged headlong when the boat turned over, than I found myself close to a rope

hanging over the side of the boat. Grasping this forlorn hope with the grim grip of a madman, I began to climb hand over hand to the top of our upturned craft. I was never strong in the arms, but under the spell of the wild excitement of the moment I must have had the strength of no ordinary man, for I was making my way with extraordinary speed to a place of comparative and at least temporary safety. But suddenly a thrill of horror shot through me. I felt the fierce fangs of a shark gripe my legs just below the knees. For an instant I was a prey to that awful, indescribable sensation of being eaten alive. Then the struggle was over. I knew that both legs were gone—and yet I climbed with superhuman energy, fairly bounding hand over hand till I reached the keel of the boat. Quickly stripping off my top shirt, I bound up the bleeding stumps. And just as a soldier in battle is sometimes mortally wounded without ever realizing that he has been injured, so I felt scarcely any pain from my frightful wounds, so intense was the strain of the excitement that held me.

"From this eminence I was forced to watch the death-struggle of my companions with their relentless enemies. There was Keynes, he of the sunny face, the indomitable gaiety and Rooseveltian strenuousness; alas, never have I seen such a look of pain, never have I heard such an agonizing cry, never have I beheld such a helpless figure as I saw and heard when a huge man-eater, turning on his back, seized

Keynes by the middle and bore him beneath the waves. Then there was Jack—what a good fellow he was. I watched him as he was torn limb from limb, and heard him say, after he had uttered a fervent prayer for mercy, 'Poor Jack'! Then he disappeared till the Judgment. Barkivan, too, who can ever forget him—to the last he was talking, shouting, gesticulating wildly—"the ruling passion strong in death." And Xavvy, you know Xavvy, whom we met on our last trip to Naples, and doubtless you remember how sensitive he used to be about his bald head. To-day he boasts of nothing else: it proved to be his only salvation. A man-eater tried three several times to bite his head off and as many times his teeth slipped from the ivory surface, doing no other injury than inflicting slight scalp wounds. Mr. Clement, too, owed his escape to a somewhat similar chance. Before the accident nearly all had taken the precaution of donning our bathing suits so as to be less encumbered in case it should be necessary to swim. Clement, as you know, is not much of a swimmer, but the water of the Gulf is so salty that he could not sink. So he was paddling away and shouting to me to throw him an end of the rope by which I had climbed to safety, when a huge shark gliding beneath him, turned on his back and seized, or rather tried to seize him. Clement had but a pair of trunks on, and what with his vast size, his rotund front and his slippery skin, the man-eater was unable to get hold of him.

"All this and a thousand other things happened in far less time than it takes to describe it. In fact, we had not been in this desperate situation two minutes when our rescue was planned in an entirely unexpected quarter. A deafening roar was heard from Fort Morgan, followed in quick succession by peal upon peal from Uncle Sam's death-dealing engines of war; and in a few seconds a veritable hail of cannon balls was falling around us. So accurate, however, was the aim of the gunners that not a single shot struck within twenty feet of our struggling party, while large numbers of our enemies were shot to pieces. Those that were not killed or wounded or frightened away, now turned from devouring men to devour their own slaughtered companions. While the cannons were still booming at the Fort and a steady rain of projectiles falling all about us, the United States Revenue Cutter General Holabird, steamed out from her moorings and made for us at top-notch speed. In a few minutes we could see the Jackies lined up on deck, each with a rope in one hand, while the other was left free. Just before they reached the line where the shot was falling the guns at the Fort became suddenly silent, the shot ceased to fall, and the Holabird pulled in and dropped anchor right in the midst of our well-nigh drowning crew. Before she had stopped, the brave and fearless Tars had sprung into the water, and each one fastening his rope about one of the drowning men, signalled to those on board to 'haul in.' In this

way it took but a few minutes to land all safely on board, where every attention was given us.

"One thing remained for the Holabird to do: to right our boat again and put us aboard for our return trip. The Myrwit could not sink, for we had battened her hatches air-tight before she was capsized. In a few minutes we had fastened a hawser to her keel and one good pull by the Holabird set her deck-upwards again. Whatever had been above board was, of course, swept away; but, on opening the hold, everything was found nearly as we had left it, even to the fire under the boiler, which was still smouldering.

"After heartily thanking our deliverers we began our return journey up the Bay. The same dappled sky was bending overhead, the same delightful breeze blew steadily from the west; but, alas, what a change had come over the jolly picnic party which had started out so gaily in the morning! Many were gone where

"The wind and the waves
Their requiem sing."

"Now you understand why I did not write you sooner. When I shall be able to leave the hospital I cannot say as yet—much less can I tell you what in the wide world I shall be able to do now that I shall have to use cork legs instead of the 'well-matched gamb's' so cruelly taken from me.

"With best wishes, I am, as ever,

"Your sincere friend,

"GEORGE."

* * *

Long before I had finished reading the letter it was stained with my tears. And when I had read the last line, and thought of the many loyal friends so suddenly snatched from me, I laid my head on my hands and wept bitterly. While thus giving vent to my sorrow my younger brother came in, and on his asking what the trouble was, I handed him the letter to read. While he was reading I picked up the envelope that had enclosed it and, chancing to look inside, found a small photograph. It proved to be a picture of the ill-starred fishing party. Evi-

dently it was taken in the morning, for all were laughing and waving their hats and hands in high glee. "Ah," said I, "how different they must have looked on their homeward trip.' I turned the picture over and in George's hand-writing read this inscription: "On board the Myrwit **returning** from Snapper Banks!—Baron Munchausen, II."

I placed the photo beside my brother and without a word went out of the room and again shed tears—but these were tears of joy.

THE PURE OF HEART

E. I. F.

*Oh, beautiful the rays that tell
The waking of the dawn;
And fair to sight, the crystal light,
When dew-drops pearl the lawn.*

*And brighter still the beams of hope
That gild the morn of life,
And paint its view with golden hue,
And not its pain and strife.*

*But yet, O God! I ween that Thou
A fairer sight dost know,
Than dawn's bright ray, than life's sweet day,
A heart, as pure as snow.*

THE GRADUATE AND THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION

JACK J. McGRATH,
Assistant City Editor of the Louis-
ville Times.

By the college graduate, or even by the college "quitate," when casting about him for a profession, the newspaper business should be given full consideration. There is no other profession which offers such quick returns, and in which a long and tedious, not to say expensive technical education, can be dispensed with. I do not mean by this that qualifications are unnecessary. Qualifications: a natural aptitude, a nose for news, an ability to write and that quality of genius known as an unlimited capacity for hard work. The work is pleasant, clean and instructive. It is an education in itself, and an education that is not obtained from books, but from actual contact with life, from the seamy side to the velour finish. The newspaper man has his finger on the public pulse, and every throb of the world's heart is reproduced in the office from which a daily is issued. There is more news that never sees the light of day than appears in the columns of the press. The newspaper men have locked up in their minds heart-secrets that would wreck many lives if they chose to lay them bare. But the newspaper man—of course there are reprobates in the game as well as in all other walks of life—re-

spects the confidence that is reposed in him. In fact, an ability to keep a secret is his main stock in trade. It is the trait which enables him to get the news; once he violates that confidence, his future as a reputable reporter is nil. He may pick up a murder or a fire, but to know the inner workings of city, county or state governments; to know along what lines the police and detective departments are working in an effort to apprehend a criminal; to be in touch with the plans of politicians and know what to expect he must be discreet, and though knowing, simulate ignorance until the story is "released." The power that an humble reporter wields is beyond belief. Though probably unknown, he shapes destinies.

I think I was inoculated with the virus of printer's ink at Spring Hill College, when I helped get out the first numbers of *The Springhillian*, or the *Spring Hill Review* as it was called in those days.

There is a saying that once a man gets the smell of printer's ink in his nostrils he is lost as far as other professions are concerned, and it has been the case with many men whom I have known. They deserted the daily field for some other line of work, but even-

tually drifted back into the "local room" and with a sigh of content dropped at a desk and began pounding a typewriter.

No matter how remunerative their avocation was, the click of the typewriter, the rat-a-tat of the telegraph instruments, the hurry and bustle, the call for copy boy, the odor of melting metal ascending from the linotypes and the stereotyping room, and the busy buzz of the press kept calling—calling for them to "get back in the game, get back in the game, get back in the game."

It is the call of the wild, but a call that comes only to those in whose veins runs the real newspaper blood.

A newspaper man is born, not made.

There are men following the profession who are apathetic, lacking in enthusiasm, mere drudges content to draw a small salary and plug along as district man or police reporter. They had better get a job driving a milk wagon, for there they have a chance for advancement to watering the stock—the live stock. The real newspaper man cannot hear the clang of the fire engine gong without a thrill going all over him; the ambulance bell sends his blood racing in mad fury through his veins; a murder mystery fills his soul with a burning desire to hunt down the perpetrator, and ascertain in all its ramifications the cause and all attendant circumstances; he is in love with his work, and feels the same fierce thrill that impels the bloodhound to follow re-

lentlessly the trail on which he has been set.

It is not necessarily the feeling of duty that impels him to work twenty-four hours without sleep or food. It is something indefinable, an inexplicable something that drives him as surely as the law of gravitation makes water seek its own level. He can't help it. There is a good story on the town, and he must get it for his paper, and get it before the rival sheet has wind of it.

It is the born newspaper man that is able to put two and two together, a little scrap here, and a vague hint there, to piece together the finished story, crowded with details and containing things of which the principals themselves had no cognizance. He must be able to reason from cause to effect, and just as surely from effect back to cause. The readers of Sherlock Holmes' seemingly wonderful deductions marvel at his astuteness. Conan Doyle constructed the effects and the causes at the same time. But there is not a day that newspaper men, whose names never appear in print, do not construct news items from more fragmentary clues than Sherlock Holmes ever dared attempt. Many a capture, the credit of which is given to the detectives or police departments, is due solely to the news-searching instinct of a newspaper reporter.

Many temptations beset the path of the newspaper man. Opportunities for graft are without limit, yet there are fewer dishonest men in the

newspaper game than in any other profession. This can be accounted for by the peculiar feeling of loyalty that a man has for his paper. All idea of personal gain is submerged by the ambition to get the news for his paper and score a beat on his rival. There is a feeling of exhilaration that pervades one when he sees a "scoop," the child of his brain, decorating the first page under flaring headlines. Many a lobbyist who has been able to bribe legislators to do his bidding, men of wealth and position, has found himself up against a stone wall when he attempted to suppress a legitimate item, the publication of which would be inimical to his crooked interests. His entreaties fall on deaf ears, and the wad of greenbacks that accompanies his "request" has no more value in the eyes of the reporter than so much "dead copy," albeit it represents as much as he could make in a year's time "pushing a pencil." The paper first, last and all the time. The loyalty of a reporter to his paper has been the subject of much near-analysis, but it remains as great a puzzle as it did when psychologists first bent their efforts toward its solution. A man will exert every ounce of energy in him to get the news first to the Clarion today. Tomorrow he may get a position with the Ledger, and will work just as hard to scoop the Clarion as he did the day before the change to get it a scoop.

A newspaper man must be a cosmopolitan. This is a trait which he will acquire by experience, because one day he is hobnobbing with the kings of

finance, the next interviewing a prize fighter. He goes from the elegant parlor of a millionaire to the blackest dens of vice. A sermon preached by a prominent bishop is scarcely written and placed on the copy reader's desk than he is on his way to interview the ward boss on the subject of Sunday closing of saloons. He soon learns to know people. He has dealt with so many classes, and has studied so many faces under such diversified conditions that to him the face becomes a mirror on which is depicted the inner working of the man's mind. If he tries to lie, his countenance reads, "dissembling." If he bluffs, a twitching of the mouth or an almost imperceptible uneasy glance of the eye tells the story. To the experienced miner iron pyrites bears no resemblance to gold, and the newspaper man who has "been over the jumps" is not misled into believing that a sham is the real thing—he sees through the veneer.

A newspaper man never stops learning. That is to say, the man who is not satisfied with being a drudge. When a college man receives his diploma, and enters a newspaper office, he is starting in a post-graduate course. He is learning at first hand, and not from hear-say. He must read not only his own paper, but the papers of other cities. If he absorb only a very small per cent of what he hears, and of what he reads, he will be broadened and his mind become a receptacle for a more varied stock of information in three years' time than in any other vocation in ten years.

A newspaper man, after a little experience, becomes as good a parliamentarian as most of the legislators. He absorbs unconsciously when sent to report speeches and conventions. He judges from an impartial angle the merits of the different styles of delivery, and way back in the recesses of his brain are stored the good points, the bon mots and anecdotes, the tricks of delivery and of enunciation, and when he is placed in a position where these things become useful they spring to life through some strange phenomena of association of ideas, or combination of circumstances.

The newspaper man has many horrible sights to view at times, as well as experiencing many laughable incidents. Pathetic cases are often met with, and hardened as one becomes to the griefs and pains of others, a motherless child or a woman in distress always finds a responsive chord in a reporter's heart. They are a happy-go-lucky, philosophic, irresponsible bunch, but they are big-hearted and generous. There is a free-masonry among the newspaper fraternity, and no matter where one meets another, he gets the glad hand.

There is hard work in the daily newspaper field. A newspaper man is never off duty. If he leaves the office to go home and runs into a "story," it is a matter of impossibility for him to turn a deaf ear and go blind to his opportunity. He must get busy and secure the details.

After the day's work, they gather around a desk, and incidents of the

day, humorous, pathetic, tragic or routine are discussed. They are great hands for "kidding," and the life of a cub, or new reporter, is made miserable in a harmless way. The cub is usually enthusiastic, and anxious to "make good." His ears are always cocked for something resembling a news item, and it is on this trait that the old heads play. The district men and police reporters have more time to think up some joke to play on them than the other men, because their time is mostly spent waiting for "something to turn up." The cub is informed, through some mysterious channel, generally over the telephone, that there is a fire at such and such a rock quarry, in which four firemen are hurt; a boiler on a coal barge exploded, killing the engineer and badly wounding the fireman; a hay boat just ran over a man, cutting off both legs. The reporter gets exceedingly busy, in his enthusiasm not thinking that it would be a warm fire indeed that would set a rock quarry on fire, that coal barges have no need for boilers or the ludicrousness of a man being run over by a boat. But they take it good naturedly (and it would be foolish to do otherwise), and console themselves with the thought, after they have expended much labor, carfare and perspiration trying to get the story, that their time will come to string the next reporter who goes on as a cub.

The college man who has journalistic aspirations, must get it out of his head that a newspaper man is a journalist. A journalist is the individual

who has divine afflatus, lives in a garret and subsists chiefly on free lunches. A newspaper man is a worker.

The best place to learn the newspaper business is in a small town, of thirty or fifty thousand inhabitants. In the larger field, a man is given a "beat" and has small opportunity of learning the game from all angles. In the small city he learns it all, from police reporting to desk work. He is a utility man, and has to cover the city hall, court house, hotels, police station, watch the railroads, interview "big guns," write a weather story, get up Sunday "features," and in short, has a chance to

learn everything about the paper.

The newspaper man who does the business district, having learned on a metropolitan daily, would be at sea if assigned to the custom house, and as helpless as a baby in the court house, though he be a star man in his particular field. With a general knowledge, specialization becomes easy, and one has the additional advantage of knowing how the rest is done if expediency demands a shift. His monetary value increases in direct ratio to his adaptability, and a man who knows all the beats and is at home on any assignment given him, is naturally worth more to a paper than one who has only one line.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

A. C. M.

NORE.—Mr. Herbert A. Howe, in his "Elementary Descriptive Astronomy," clearly demonstrates (paragraph 106) that if an observer stand in 70 deg. north latitude in the month of June "the sun is so far north of the equator that its daily path through the sky lies entirely above the horizon, so that it is visible even at midnight." The following poem is based on a description given by an eye-witness who saw the midnight sun from the mountain or hill Avasaxa, in Norway.

O for the voice to sing, or the brush of the painter to picture
Evening laid to rest in the glow of the sun in the midnight!

Lo, in the noon of night, from his watch-tower over the water,
Bright as a cherub on guard, looking down from the dome of the temple,
Driving the evil sprites far down to the depth of the ocean,
Stands the Day-King calm; and watching over the billow
Smiling smiles the night and the darkness away from the water.

Hie we in spirit one hour to the summit of Avasaxa,
Last of the mountain peaks that grace the range of Kiola.

Lo, 'tis the month of June. Behold, and out of her ambush
Summer has circled the mount, and has routed the winter with glory:
Seizing her sunlit sword, she has driven the snow to the ocean;
Then, like a princess crowned, reviewing the field of her glory,
Marching in full array her army of uniformed nature,
Turns the soil, to the lay of the lark, into meadows of greenland.
Short-lived summer of Norrland! But the blessed June with her midnight
Lingers when summer is gone, like the touch of a parent departed.

"Come to the mountain," they cry, "for the hallowed night is approaching!
Come to the mountain and see the dawn in the midst of the evening!
Come where the King of Light unfolds a glimpse of Walhalla,
Haven of rest for men beyond the valley of sorrow!"
There on the mountain top they gather, men, women and children,
Silently drinking in the wonder of Lapland wonders.

Farther than farthest peak, beyond the gulf of the Arctic,
Calmly and modestly soft, behold, the face of the Day-King
Beams through the pure still night, like a monarch dreaming his blessings,
Blessing in dreams from his arctic throne the wave and the woodland.
Lo, and the woodland, too, responds to the smile of the Day-King:
Hark, in the weird midnight, the melodious lark of the Lapland
Waking the wondering night, arouses the chorus of songsters,
Making the woodland resound with the praise of the silent Creator.

Nature is standing in prayer: see the reindeer pausing to listen.
Petrel and alca, with wings at rest, look out from the cape-rock,
Reverent under the light of the silver sun on the lake-land.
See how the fleecy herd, like embodied innocent spirits,
Wander over the brake to graze on the glebe of the green land,
Waking the insects all, till they hover round the procession:
See their varied wings with the varied hues of the rainbow,
Brandishing banners of satin and silk in the glow of the midnight.

Fear and awe and prayer steal quietly over the senses.
Never a human sound, for the callous heart grows mellow,
Melted in harmony there. A supernatural music,
Mingling with beauties of earth and penetrating the woodland,
Pours on each grove and bower a note of celestial softness,
Pours on the heart of man a note that will linger forever.

Soft as a dream came the midnight; and soft as a dream has it vanished.
Softly adown the mount they move, men, women and children:
Softly away to their homes, to dream once more of Walhalla,
Land where the sunset of eve lingers on for the bird of the morning,
Home where the north winds cease, and the battle and struggle are over,
Land of perpetual day, that knows not the midnight of evil,
Land of perpetual youth, where immortals in chariots golden
Drive in the path of the sun beyond the wave of the Arctic,
Then sit at eventide in the pleasure garden of sunlight,
They and their loved ones all, in peace and pleasure reclining,
Gazing in joy and light on the Giver of Light and of Gladness.

Such is the midnight sun. May we not from its contemplation
See, with the eye of hope, a greater sun in the darkness,
Light in the storm and flood, and light in the darkness of shipwreck,
Light in the midnight of mind, and light in the gloom of the spirit—
Light of a nobler Sun? Aye, gaze through the dark of the death-strife,
See, from the Golgotha dread where we're dragging to drearily daily;
Gaze and see, where the sepulchre breaks and the sunlight is risen;
Look! The living Sun, the joy and the light of the spirit,
Christ, rolling back the rock, resplendent stands over the hill-top,
Over the prince of darkness, and over the virtue and power,
Over dominion and throne, and over the cherub and seraph,
Over the heart of man, the Light of the World, and forever—
Thus, in the midnight gloom, catch the glimpse of the sunlight eternal!

"A CASE OF MISCALCULATION"

JOHN BECKER, '12

Of course, when the ball club went to Bingville we travelled in style, and put up at the good Black Diamond Hotel. The club was in fine condition financially, for it was the beginning of the season and I was managing. After washing up and having a light breakfast, I told the boys to go out and see the town, and to be on hand for dinner (useless advice, but, as I said before, I was manager, and so I had to be on duty).

The "Prickly Heat" quartette went arm in arm down the street to the early morning strain of "Casey Jones."

The "Boozettes" crowd, with hats and trousers slightly tilted heavenward, sauntered about the grounds for a while and then left for parts unknown.

Before I could decide how I would spend the morning, the whole bunch broke into my room; they were all talking at once. After some labor on my part I found out that they had run into what they called a dead sure thing. Bingville was betting two to one and seemed to have all the necessary long green. Our big catcher was handing out the whole thing in a nutshell: "Bingville ain't got a show; these fellows are putting up the cash just to be loyal, and now is our chance to make a grand scoop. Put up all we have; we will take it in double and be merry. Two to one is a good bet even if you lose."

This speech capped the climax; all the money was turned in to our sporty second sacker, who was off on the jump to make stakes.

Our total resources had amounted to something over one hundred, and each one of the boys was busy figuring out two times the amount he had put up.

There was nothing else to do but to wait for the game, taken in the coin and laugh.

When we arrived at the park I saw a good many old stars from different towns in Bingville's uniform. Where did they spring from? I began to see the reason of what our catcher had termed loyalty.

After we had played a few innings with Bingville, assisted by Mr. Ump's doing all the stunts, I clearly saw our finish; so did the other fellows. We played them to the bitter end; lost by a great majority, and retired to the good Black Diamond feeling as happy as ducks in a desert, but never complaining.

At supper there was not very much rejoicing, but a good deal of figuring on the value of watches, etc.

The big boy who does the receiving again came forward with his summary: "Cheer up, fellows!" he shouted. "Laugh and act like a brass band and not like a graveyard! These guys just slipped one by us. It was a simple case of miscalculation on our part, and maybe we will have better luck next time."

SHORT MEASURE

Pen Picture of an Iceberg

WM. A. MULHERIN, '13

We were sailing cautiously off the coast of Newfoundland about five o'clock in the afternoon, when a shout was suddenly heard from the turret announcing the approach of an iceberg. All rushed on deck with eager, expectant eyes. At no great distance off larboard a strange sight met our gaze. A huge, dark mass, seemingly about a mile in length and running up hundreds of feet in the air was slowly and ponderously moving towards us. Innumerable spire-like pinnacles glinting in the rays of the setting sun studied its crest. On approaching nearer, its main body displayed a dark, sea-green color, gradually fading towards the edges into a lighter hue. The angry waves dashing against its sides formed a great white circle around its base. Immense pyramids of ice hundreds of feet in diameter, rising from the base towered heavenward, like the gigantic supports of some mighty edifice. From their lofty summits great, unwieldy bulks of ice and snow came thundering down the precipitous slopes and plunged into the seething waves, thrilling our souls with awe and admiration.

We remained during the whole night at a considerable distance. Again and again the rumbling, crushing sound of falling ice and the indescribable "boom," "boom," as of a thousand can-

nons discharged at once, seeming as if the huge monster of the North was being rent in twain from base to summit, resounded far above the ceaseless moaning of the rolling ocean beneath us.

Towards morning it veered off to the southeast, and as its myriads of glistering pinnacles, standing out against the clear, blue vault of the heavens, caught the first dazzling rays of the rising sun, it resembled some mystical crystal palace being lighted up from top to bottom by angel hands.

For hours and hours we stood on deck gazing on this enchanting scene as it disappeared little by little in the distance, growing smaller and smaller till it seemed no more than a tiny star dancing on the crest of the waves, and then vanished from our sight forever.

A Scene in Autumn

FRANK M. MARTIN, '13

"Night's candles are burnt out, and
jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain
top."

A quiet stroll in the fresh morning air brought me to the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains just in time to see the first rays of the morning sun streaming across the eastern horizon.

The gladsome rays first kiss the topmost peaks, then gradually creeping down the craggy sides, fill vale and glen with golden light.

A scene of such surpassing beauty that 'twere vain to attempt its portrayal before me in all its silent, majestic grandeur. Far away to the northward the "everlasting hills," all clothed in scarlet and purple and gold, stretch on and on in a seemingly endless chain. Immersed in a boundless ocean of ever brightening golden splendor, they repose with all the solemn grandeur and magnificence of untold ages clustering round their silent forms. I listen, but no sound is borne from those calm and peaceful hills on the gentle breeze gliding by on noiseless wings. Ah, now I have learned that "silence is golden," that silence is more eloquent than the silvery tones of a Demosthenes, a Webster, or a Wendell Phillips.

Out of the Orient a ceaseless flood of light is flowing like some majestic river gliding noiselessly to the great blue ocean. Under its magic touch all the varying shades and tints of color are dazzling and glancing from the green and russet and crimson verdure, which, like a mantle of surpassing beauty clothes the low flat hills from base to summit.

Thousands of feet below me, nestling in the folds of the mountains, is a little village with its neat white cottages, all unconscious of the beauty it lends to the scene.

Winter

FRANK PROHASKA, '13

Winter, in his dazzling white robes, comes with a howl and a sweep. He

brings in his hoary wake both joy and pain; joy to the rich and pain to the poor.

First we see the trees shedding their leaves, and standing out against the clear skylike naked spectres; we see the grass yellowing and dying, exposing the sombre nakedness of Earth; the weather changes from the pleasant winds of Autumn to the chilling blasts of a colder season.

The wealthy meet their friend with gladness, and welcome him with plans for a pleasant two months' enjoyment. The poor meet their enemy with sorrow and shrink from his approach with forebodings of a miserable season. The sons of Fortune, dressed in comfortable furs, ride about in gay sleighs; the less favored tramp around in rags and bewail the cruel cold.

What a sportive scene is unfolded before our eyes when we watch the coasters on a hillside! The mill-pond is like a disc of frosted glass. Listen to the ring of the sweeping skates! But go farther on and come to the scanty cottage. Enter and see the pitiable want. By the feeble flames in the grate a woman sits with an infant. Both are crying with cold and hunger. Would that some of the joy of the hillside and of the mill-pond could pervade this room of misery!

But it is all the work of Winter—the friend of the wealthy and the enemy of the poor.

JIM—A STORY OF THE PINES

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

Indian Summer had announced the coming of the hoary King Winter in Florida. The leaves on the live oaks were green, but those of the magnolias were now ready to fall and mingle with the pine needles and other leaves which were scattered all along the ground by the mischievous west wind. Little white clouds were faintly outlined against a pale blue sky and the mocking birds and robins were twittering and chirping their melodious songs of gladness as I rode through a path in the forest that led its winding way among the live oaks and pines to a little stream. The beauty of nature, wild nature in the heart of the pine woods, had made me forget that I had travelled twenty miles, and at last I arrived at the stream. It was wide but not deep, and I noticed that further down stream willows bathed their outstretched limbs in the cooling waters of this flowing oasis. I dismounted and knelt beside the brook, and taking a dry magnolia leaf I used it for a cup. There where the water rushed and fell over a large rock, like a miniature cataract, gurgling and splashing its silvery nectar, I put my leaf and drank of the sweet, cool water. My horse had also drunk his fill, and after that I rode away again, following the winding path through the pines. I was light of heart, for I was enjoying the beauty of nature; and surely if anything lifts the heart of

man to God it is the forest, for the trees were God's first temples. I rode on and on till suddenly I saw the outlines of a little cabin in the heart of the pine woods. I jumped off my horse to inquire about the roads, but no sooner had I touched the ground when the sound of some one crying came to my ears. I looked around and saw there leaning against a pine tree a little girl. Her head was buried in her arms and she was sobbing as though her heart would break. I drew near and touched her on the shoulder.

"What's the matter, little girl?" I asked in a quiet tone. But the only answer was a fresh outburst of convulsive sobs. "Come, now, don't cry; tell me, did mother scold you?" But she only pointed to the house and said:

"Dad won't wake up;" and then she cried again.

I went toward the house and knocked. No one answered. I knocked again and met with the same result. I then opened the door and entered. In a little room, with a ceiling blackened with the smoke of a would-be fireplace, was a rudely constructed chair, on which a middle-aged man was seated. He looked as if he were asleep, being motionless as a statue. I approached and putting my ear to his chest listened for a heart-beat. But, no, the man apparently was dead. I bared my head and looked again at the figure. I was in the presence of Death

—that grim, unmerciful, pitiless reaper. It had visited this home and had taken from the hearth the only support. It had come like a thief in the night and stolen from those poor humble folks the one they loved the best.

My heart melted before this sight. I opened the door to let the sunshine come in and witness this scene. But no sooner had I done so than from a corner of the room a dark figure swept by me and fell on its knees at the dead man's feet.

"Jim! Jim!" it cried; "Oh, Jim, for God's sake, wake up. Do you think Jim's dead?"

It was the man's wife. At this sight my heart rose to my throat; I could stand it no longer.

There are moments in a man's life when he feels like a dumb animal. My tongue was tied and I thought that if I told her he was dead I would be no more than a beast. She came up to me, and, brushing the hair from her eyes with one sweep of her arm, she asked again in a tone that only showed a breaking heart:

"Do you think Jim's dead?"

"Dear madam," I answered, "as God gives, so does He take away. Perhaps Jim is happier now."

At this she threw herself at his feet, and taking up the cold, lifeless hand, she wept.

"Jim, oh Jim, wake up, Jim; don't you see how I suffer? Oh, God, my God," she moaned.

Silence is golden in a case like this, when the heart is too full with emotion to express sorrow in words.

"Come, come, don't take it so hard. Sit down and calm yourself," I stammered.

But this was too much for her. She rose and came up to me, and began to sob:

"No! I won't sit down. You think I'm like you, cold, and with a heart of stone? But I ain't. I love Jim, and—"

But she stopped. The tears flowed faster and she gently said:

"Oh, sir! I didn't mean it; but please call Jim back."

I had forgotten my little friend by the pine tree. Going to the spot where I left her I looked for her, but saw no trace of her there. I found my way to the stream and there I met her, leaning against a tall pine.

"Don't cry, little sister, don't cry; Jim is only sleeping."

But she broke down anew and said with a gush of tears:

"No he ain't, neither."

"But why do you sit here? Come, this is no place for you to be."

"I'm waiting for the fairy."

"What fairy?"

"The beautiful fairy that Ma used to tell me about."

"Tell me what fairy is this?"

"Ma said that when you are sad and your heart is breaking, that if you come to sit near the brook a beautiful fairy would come and speak to you. But I've been sitting here and the fairy hasn't come. Do fairies like little girls?"

"Yes, when the little girls are good. But come now, Jim is going to wake up soon, and I am sure he will not

want to see his little girl in tears."

"But I want to see the fairy."

"Look," I said; "I'm the fairy. I came because I knew you were sad and your little heart was breaking; but Jim is only sleeping. He'll wake up soon, and then I'm going to give you a big, round dollar."

She opened her eyes and her long lashes hid little convex mirrors that showed the color of the sky.

"A dollar for me?"

"Yes, a dollar; and now we must go up."

So we went back to the house, the little girl and I, and it seemed as if I had become one of them. The poor mother was still crying. The little girl went to her mother, who was kneeling by the man, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, began to weep:

"Mother, don't cry; the fairy says Jim is only sleeping."

But whether the mother heard or not, she paid no heed.

I led the mother and the girl outside and entered the house. Again I went to the man's side and put my ear next to his heart. I drew back wondering, for I had detected a sound. I listened again and felt his pulse. Surely the heart was beating. I rubbed his hands and arms and soon the man opened his eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked hoarsely.

"Hush," I whispered; "it seems that

you came home from work, tired and hot, and fell into a trance. I was riding along the path and saw your little daughter crying and found out that they thought you dead."

"Dead!" he exclaimed, rising from the chair.

"Yes. But, come, sit down, and I will call them."

"Why do you weep? Do you not believe in fairies? Your husband is all right; he was only sleeping."

No sooner had I spoken, when out stepped Jim, and soon the scene of sorrow had become one of joy, and all were happy.

It was late in the evening when I started for home, and behind those pines that bowed before the west wind the sun was setting into a sea of crimson clouds.

Jim provided me with a lantern, and mounting my horse, which now was rested and impatient to be on the way, I bade farewell to the happy trio and rode away, shouting that all fairies were not women.

And so I followed the path in the forest that led me past the stream, past the evergreens and oaks and pines that loomed up on both sides of the road. And I rode on and on for miles and miles, leaving behind me a dying light in the pine woods, and as it grew darker I heard the wind sighing among the branches of the trees and the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill.

LAFITTE, THE PIRATE OF THE GULF

THOMAS P. HALE, '11.

If one were to inquire it would soon become evident that very few out of the many thousands who inhabit that pleasant bit of Southland bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and daily refreshed by its breezes have ever heard of Lafitte, the Pirate. The following little tale will show that there really existed such a character, who, the victim of contending passions, played a most important part in the history of the old city of New Orleans.

It was toward the close of an Autumn day that a long, low rakish craft anchored off the coast of Louisiana. The heavy swell that still ran high was not the only witness of the late equinoctial hurricane. The broken mainmast and the confused appearance of the deck spoke too clearly of a vessel in distress. A man emerges from the cabin. He turns, and we have before us a face strangely out of keeping with the saddest of eyes, set deep in his sea-tanned countenance. His clean-cut features, his aristocratic brow, together with his sailor garb, complete this extraordinary picture. Such was Lafitte at the time of our story. One seeing him for the first time one would instantly declare that he was a statesman, or an orator, little dreaming that his occupation was one of frequent bloodshed and lawless gain.

The pirate called and a seaman appears. "Pierre," he said in a deep, low

tone, a voice that sounded like the sobbing of the ocean on a far-off shore, "get my sword and man the long-boat, for I go to New Orleans this night." Soon the skiff was ready. The captain leaped in and the long night ride was begun. Seated in the stern, he soon fell into a deep reverie. He had but one hate, the British; one love, Napoleon. He was a freebooter for two reasons—first, it was his occupation, and secondly, he loved to roam the sea as his own master. To the city of his destination he was known as Lafitte, the smuggler; yet he was never arrested, because nothing could be proved against him. The fox was crafty enough to cover his tracks. The purpose of his present visit was to procure spars, rigging and provisions for his dismantled ship. Dawn was just awakening in the east when the pirate and his fatigued crew landed at one of the river wharves. Walking up an avenue of old French buildings, he at length entered a large store, which, owing to the energy of its proprietor, was opened at this early hour. His needs were quickly supplied, and all arrangements made for their conveyance down the river. Only one thing remained to be done, the procuring of his articles of sale, which, according to the old French custom, had to be signed by the Mayor.

The seaman after a few minutes of rapid walking, found himself before

the chief executive.

"Sir," he said, "I am, as you must know, Jean Lafitte, of the brig, 'Black Petrel,' now at anchor down the river. The recent storm did her some damage. I have bought a few articles with which to repair her; here is the bill of sale; please sign it."

The mayor had for long nourished in his heart a personal hatred against the man who now stood before him. He knew him to be a smuggler and suspected more, but could prove nothing. Here was the opportunity of dealing the "Black Petrel's" captain a well-nigh fatal blow. He would make good use of this fortunate occurrence.

"My man," he said, "I regret that I cannot do as you wish. I refuse to sign your papers. I have the means of proving that you have unlawfully brought goods into this country; so if by sundown you are still here, you shall be arrested and tried as a smuggler."

Lafitte turned with a snarl upon the speaker. Remonstrance was fruitless. His long journey counted for naught. The barge loaded with his purchases could not pass the forts without the signed documents. He would have revenge; the lawlessness of his nature asserted itself. He advanced and dealt the mayor a terrific blow upon the temple, felling him to the floor, an unconscious mass.

Knowing that if the official regained consciousness at all, it would not be for many hours, the pirate, shutting the door, that none might know of his dastardly deed, calmly descended into the

street. He quickly reached his boat, gave the order to cast off and was soon afar down the river. As night drew near, the exhausted captain and crew ascended the sides of the Black Petrel.

As might be expected, the master of the brig was a man of energetic action. He did not sit and brood over his misfortune, but immediately set to work repairing his vessel.

A tall cypress growing in a nearby swamp served him for a mast. The necessary ropes and tackle were furnished by a captured schooner; and as for provisions, they were smuggled out of New Orleans. The Black Petrel, now showing no signs of her recent mishap, sailed away on the blue waters of the Gulf. Many a luckless ship was captured, plundered, and scuttled, and her unfortunate crew set adrift in open boats. One day the familiar cry of "Sail ahoy!" floated down to the deck.

"Where away!" shouted Lafitte.

"Three points to the windward," the lookout replied. All sail was set and despite the frantic efforts of the stranger, she was soon brought alongside the pirate. Lafitte and his ruffian band swarmed over the railing on the cutter's deck. The captain and crew were forced to surrender. The freebooter, telling his men to await his return, entered the cabin. With dexterous fingers he quickly rifled the contents of a small safe. A document bearing the royal seal of England attracted his attention. He opened it and read the following:

"To Sir Henry Collins, commander

of His Majesty's troops in the State of Georgia: On the night of the fifteenth of November there sailed from England a fleet bearing Sir Henry Packenham's army. The troops will proceed to New Orleans to attempt the capture of that city. Hasten with what forces you have to Louisiana so as to effect a conjunction with Sir Henry's army. Act with all speed and secrecy."

Lafitte's eyes gleamed bright. Here was a chance for revenge. New Orleans had treated him unkindly; she would suffer for it. He sprang to the deck.

"Back to the Black Petrel," he cried; "and you," addressing the British master and his crew, "are free."

So saying, he leaped aboard his own vessel. All sail was set and soon the cutter had become a mere speck on the bounding horizon.

Lafitte's men wondered over their leader's strange actions, but said nothing. A week passed and the foregoing incident had all but been forgotten by the lawless leader, when he happened to find a copy of a letter he had written to Napoleon, pledging his word always to act according to that great general's interest.

Then quick as a flash there came to his mind the disastrous results the taking of New Orleans by the English would mean to the man he loved. Once having that city in her possession, Britain would stamp out all French affection and send ships far and near to prey upon the trade of France.

His resolution was formed; the

struggle between his own personal wrong and the Emperor's good had resulted in a victory for the latter. The Southern metropolis must be warned of its danger. It was November the thirtieth; for full fifteen days the enemy had sailed the seas. He must fly to the Mississippi river if he is to arrive in time to save the old French city. He bounded to the deck and gave his orders fast and short. Never before had the Black Petrel carried such sail. The spars bent like hurricane-driven willows, and like the willows broke not. During that mad race the water boiled and hissed and foamed before the knife-sharp bow of the pirate brig. The older seamen shook their heads and spoke in guarded whispers of an insane captain. But Lafitte, ever cold and stern, his sad eyes sadder yet, taking no notice of their many signs of disapproval, strained his good craft all the more.

This thing went on until one glad morning the long black shore of the Delta Islands delighted the pleased gaze of the freebooter. That night the Black Petrel dropped anchor off New Orleans. The following morning, while on his way to the mayor's office, Lafitte was arrested and lodged in jail.

"Go," he said to the keeper, a terrible fierceness ringing in his voice; "go to the mayor and tell him that I, Jean Lafitte, have intelligence of the gravest importance to communicate to him."

Frightened by the prisoner's tone and action, the warden did as com-

manded, soon returning with the chief magistrate.

"Sir, I beg your attention for a few minutes," spoke the pirate, his language and voice calm and ever gentle. "On November 15th a strong fleet of transports bound for New Orleans left England, carrying several thousands of men and ammunitions of war. The forces from Georgia are to effect a conjunction with these, and together the two bodies will attempt to capture your city. This English fleet put to sea well-nigh a month ago and now cannot be far from your coast. I came here to warn you and to offer my assistance."

The mayor was deeply touched. Grasping the sea-brown hand he expressed his gratitude and ordered his instant release from prison.

A hurried meeting of the city fathers was held. Andrew Jackson was placed in command of the troops and given the responsibility of fortifying the town. At Lafitte's suggestion, breastworks of cotton bales were built further down the river, so that when the hostile redcoats arrived a week later, they found confronting them a solid

wall, behind which gleamed the steel of a determined army.

When the battle was really fought, the pirate and his band of two hundred stalwart men stood side by side with Jackson's troops. After the engagement a body of sailors with weeping eyes and uncovered heads were seen bearing away a shrouded body. When asked whose corpse it was they answered:

"It is the corpse of Jean Lafitte, our master, and the captain of the brig Black Petrel."

The pirates brought the body aboard the vessel he had loved and fought so well, and laid it tenderly in the cabin, "alone with his glory."

Men of blood they were, yet they loved, aye, worshiped this strange farer of the Gulf. That night the Black Petrel, silent and dark as the road to hell, bearing the captain, whose sad eyes would never look sorrowful again, sailed for the open sea. What her fate was is an unsolved mystery. Yet it is commonly supposed that she foundered in that violent winter storm that swept the Gulf soon after her departure from the city of New Orleans.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT E. LEE

J. MORGAN BYRNES.

In remembrance of the pleasant visit I made to the College on last Ascension Day, and the kindness and courtesy extended to me by the Reverend President, Vice President and the good Father who acted as our guide in showing us over the grounds, and their request that I write some things about the Civil War, I will endeavor to do so now.

The records show that I was entered as a pupil in Spring Hill College in 1859-60, fifty-one years ago. In 1861, when war was declared, my brother, Francis, who was seventeen years old, thought he was big enough to go to the war, and I, fifteen years old, thought I was big enough to follow him. We enlisted in the Second Florida Regiment, for we were both native-born Floridians, and we went to Virginia. My brother Francis was killed at Seven Pines, and now sleeps on the battlefield; I went through to the end, surrendering at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, when General Lee surrendered on the ninth of April, 1865.

It is not of myself I wish to write, but in order to interest the reader I will give a few personal reminiscences of that great and good man, Robert E. Lee.

The first time I saw General Lee was in the interim between the battle of Seven Pines and the Seven Days'

battle around Richmond. At the battle of Seven Pines our commander, General Joseph E. Johnston, was wounded, and the command of the army devolved upon General G. W. Smith.

One day, as we were camped on the roadside of one of the roads leading from Richmond, I saw three gentlemen come riding towards us. One in the centre I recognized as President Jefferson Davis, the one on the right was General G. W. Smith, and the third, a fine military-looking man, I did not know, and I asked the officer of the Third Virginia Regiment (Gen. Roger A. Pryor's old regiment), who was the distinguished-looking officer riding on the left of the President. He said his name was Robert E. Lee; that he had been in command in West Virginia, and that it was reported that he was to command our army.

He took command of the army and fought the Seven Days' fight around Richmond and covered himself and the army with glory.

I saw General Lee very often in the course of the following years—saw him in camp, on the march, and in battles—and the more I saw of him the greater was my respect and admiration for that great man, for he was a Christian, a gentleman, a patriot and a soldier. When he rode by we stood at attention with heads uncovered. When

Generals Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart and other generals came by we greeted them with cheers, but when General Lee came by it was silent attention, our greatest tribute to the greatest of chieftains.

Great as was our courtesy to General Lee, it was small compared to his courtesy to others. As an illustration I will relate a few incidents.

We had in our regiment an old negro named "Uncle Ike." He was a slave, and belonged to a young man named Dave Wilson. The younger boys used to tease old Uncle Ike, and one day he rebuked us, and said that General Lee would treat him with more respect than we did. We laughed at him and told him that General Lee wouldn't look at him; that General Lee was too good to notice a negro. Well, a few days after, as we were resting by the roadside on one of our marches, we saw General Lee approaching from a distance. Uncle Ike said, "I'm gwine to show you all how General Lee respects even a nigger."

So Uncle Ike went down the road a hundred yards, where he was alone, and waited. As General Lee came by Uncle Ike took off his hat, and General Lee took off his hat to him and said "Good morning" to him. After that we had greater respect for Uncle Ike. General Lee had taught us a lesson in politeness.

Whilst we were encamped on the Rapidan River, near Orange Court House, the soldiers had a way of stealing the rails off the fences for firewood. As the farmers could not raise

a crop without fences, they complained to General Lee, and he issued an order forbidding the burning of rails. One day as General Lee rode by our brigade he saw our brigade blacksmith (farrier), a man named Dudley, burning rails. General Lee immediately stopped and the following dialogue ensued:

General Lee (to Dudley, who had not seen him ride up)—"Good evening, sir."

Dudley (standing at attention)—"Good evening, General."

General Lee—"I see, my man, you are burning rails."

Dudley—"Yes, sir."

General Lee—"Do you not know that it is against orders to burn rails?"

Dudley—"I am burning these by orders."

General Lee—"Whose orders?"

Dudley—"Major Hinkle's orders."

General Lee—"And, pray, who is Major Hinkle?"

Dudley—"Quartermaster of Perry's Brigade."

General Lee (after looking at Dudley in silence a short while)—"You might have said 'General' Perry's Brigade."

Dudley (quietly)—" 'General' Perry's Brigade."

General Lee then inquired where General Perry's quarters were located. Dudley pointed them out and General Lee, after bidding him good evening, rode up to General Perry's quarters.

General Perry had a negro servant named Shelton, who was sitting in front of General Perry's tent as Gen-

eral Lee rode up. He (Shelton) immediately stood up, dropping his hat on the ground, when he saw General Lee, and said "Good evening, General."

General Lee answered, "Good evening," and inquired if General Perry was in his quarters.

Shelton said, "Yes, sir."

General Lee then said: "Present General Lee's compliments to General Perry and say to him that if he is at leisure, General Lee would be pleased to speak to him."

This is the message General Lee sent. Shelton rushed into the tent and said:

"Mas' Ned, Giniral Lee wants you right off."

General Perry hastened out, and after exchanging courtesies, in answer to General Lee's inquiry about the rails, he said that they were some old rails they had purchased from a Mr. Nalle, and were burning them to make charcoal to shoe the horses with.

General Lee was satisfied and rode away. The amusing part of it was to hear this negro Shelton tell the other negroes about it. He said, "Mas' Ned stepped up as light when General Lee called him, as I step up to Mas' Ned when he calls me."

The last winter of the war we were in the trenches at Petersburg, Va., and I received an invitation from a young lady from Prince George County, who was living in Petersburg, to take Christmas dinner at her home. I accepted and was promptly on hand and had a fine dinner. After dinner the

young lady and I were sitting on the gallery, which was near the sidewalk, when General Lee rode by on the opposite side of the street. Now, whilst we were at Petersburg, the young men in the army had a way of taking the tops off the ambulances and using them as buggies to take the girls out riding (for boys would be boys and girls would be girls, though the war was at its height). Well, General Lee heard of it and issued an order that "public property should not be used for private purposes," and put a stop to the practice. So this Christmas afternoon General Lee rode by and had passed us, and was apparently out of earshot, when the young lady said:

"There goes the old gentleman who broke us up from riding in ambulances."

General Lee heard her, and turned in his saddle, took off his hat and bowed to her. The young lady was overwhelmed with confusion at being overheard and jumped up, blushing as red as peony. General Lee saw her confusion, and it seemed to tickle him, for he took off his hat again and bowed twice to her, and rode off chuckling. The young lady was terribly mortified and said:

"I would not have had him to hear me for all the world; he will think I am forward and impertinent." And she was deeply grieved, for such was the great respect entertained for this great leader by every man, woman and child.

My invitation to dinner was extended to supper also, and as the chance

to get two square meals in one day was not to be sneezed at, it was promptly accepted and I remained for supper. After supper we went to church and during the service, whilst we were standing up, I noticed the young lady begin to get red around the ears and neck and that she was blushing terribly. I asked what was the matter, and she said:

"Look behind you."

I cast my eyes around and there, two pews behind us, stood General Lee. The young lady had seen him, and remembering the occurrence that evening, she was afraid that General Lee had recognized her, hence her confusion.

The siege of Richmond continued until April, '65, when our thin lines were broken and the enemy in overwhelming numbers came pouring through. Like a wounded lion, we fell back fighting every footstep, till we reached Appomattox Court House,

where, surrounded by the enemy, we were forced to surrender April 9th, 1865.

Here I saw General Lee for the last time. I saw him as he rode out to meet General Grant, and I saw him when he returned, and we begged him not to surrender, to give us one more chance, to form us in column and let us break through. He refused; he said it was not for his sake, but to save our lives, he had surrendered. This is the last I saw of General Lee.

In after years I heard of his death, and I remember taking a framed portrait of him I had and wrapping it around in crepe, and hanging it on my front gate in memory of this great man. Lee is dead, yet Lee lives and will live, as long as histories are written, as long as poems are composed, as long as songs are sung, as long as the heart beats in the breast of every true son and daughter of our sunny Southland.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12.

"There's no place like home." Ah! how true, and yet how little appreciated are these few and simple words. True they are, true as the stars in heaven, true as the truest of friends. Only a wanderer over the troubled sea of life, only an exile from his fatherland, only a homeless waif knows the bitterness and sweetness of this truth. Bitter, because of the thousand regrets, the thousand yearnings for things that may never be; sweet, because of the fond recollections, the tender memories of care-free, boyish days.

Listen, now, thou wanderer, and be comforted by that magic melody:

"Home, sweet home,
There's no place like home;
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

What heart is so base that it has not thrilled at the sound of these magic words? What traveller, journeying in some far-off land, has not yearned for home as some scene of his childhood rose up before him, in vivid reality? How many a heart, callous before to the voice of honor, has stirred into life when the living lyre in the hands of some wandering minstrel spoke in accents soft and low of "Home, Sweet Home"? How many a soul, shipwrecked on the rocks of sin, has taken new courage and begun anew the strenuous battle of life when some stray thought, some half-forgotten

memory of youth and home and early piety of heart and intention sweetly obscured the long vista of a life blood-red with sin?

In every phase and condition of life, in every man's heart, there will at times spring up a vague, ill-defined longing for a place where, sheltered from the storms of adversity, he may enjoy a quiet, blissful life.

Rude sailors, far out on the heaving bosom of the mighty ocean, are not proof against this emotion, when one of their number, musically inclined, sings "Home, Sweet Home," to the accompaniment of the wind howling in the rigging overhead, and of the wild water dashing in virgin spray far up on the brine-spattered decks. Even sentinels on guard, in the sun-kissed Southland forget their duty and gaze far out into the starlit night, dreamily listening to some negro minstrel fiddling away on the well-known bars of that dear old song. How many a soldier has braved certain death in defense of the sacred rights of his country, for the sake of the far-away home of his childhood? How many a college boy has been nerved to perform his duty by the thought of the pain it would give his dear mother, should he do otherwise? And has not the word "mother" always been synonymous with that of "home"?

And yet, we must not forget that there are higher things and should al-

ways be comforted by the thought that though this world may yield nothing but bitterness and strife, the next may bring an eternal reward, one which will fully compensate for all the unattained longings after the scenes of our youth,

for all the boyish recollections of happy, care-free days, for all the old, long-buried hopes and aspirations, that stir into life at those simple but magic words:

"There's no place like home."

HIS LAST GAME

STEPHEN V. RIFFEL, '11.

It was his last game, and how it pained him to think there was still a possible chance of their losing.

Billy Hargrave was just completing his sixth year in his studies, three in the literary course and three in law, or to be more candid, I should say for six years was he almost daily present on the Exton University campus. His punctuality was greatly to be admired, but, sad, sad to relate, this daily presence found its limit in the gridiron or diamond as the case might be, not in his classes or studies, for there was always a noticeable vacancy in Hargrave's and his chum's vicinity when it chanced to be "quiz" period. For the first three years he was a hard student—at baseball—and in his third year he made his first letter.

Well, now we find him, after five years' experience, every muscle firm as stone, very brawny, but tall and quick as a flash. We see him now in a state of nervousness anticipating the start of the battle, and lastly but greater than all the outcome, on which all his hopes hung, and incidentally, every coin he could gather from relatives and friends.

Before the game has started it is well for us to know that "Captain Hargrave of the Crimson 'Varsity," as the papers styled him, was known to every Wyeville and Exton recruit and highly respected; and from the kick-off each Wyeville man had special orders

to work every formation they possessed over him.

The first whistle blew, the east side of the stadium went fairly mad with excitement and that whole side was one solid cloud of crimson; the opposite half of the enclosure was a mass of waving blue pennants, with Exton written on each person's arm or flag, and victory on each enthusiast's face. Many were the cries of encouragement that followed the kick-off, the pigskin not having touched the ground until it had been run up twenty yards after the Exton quarter booted it for fifty-two. The ball was Wyeville's in her own territory, on the thirty-two-yard line; it was second down and eight to go.

Twenty minutes have passed, but it was the longest quarter of an hour that Billy ever knew. There was some commotion among the players, a hurry call for water and I saw them leaning over a crimson sweater. Then the referee muttered something about three minutes being nearly up, and with that warning both teams were down in an instant, awaiting the snap of the ball. There must have been some replacement, for the crimson line was not so formidable on the defense. This was clearly noticeable after the delay, for the Wyeville line continually plowed down the field and consistent line-plunges made gain after gain.

Another big gain around right end

and the ball was placed behind the farther end of the goal posts, with the whole sky standing boldly clad in blue. The second half passed quickly, the ball being carried up and down the field, most of the time in Exton's territory.

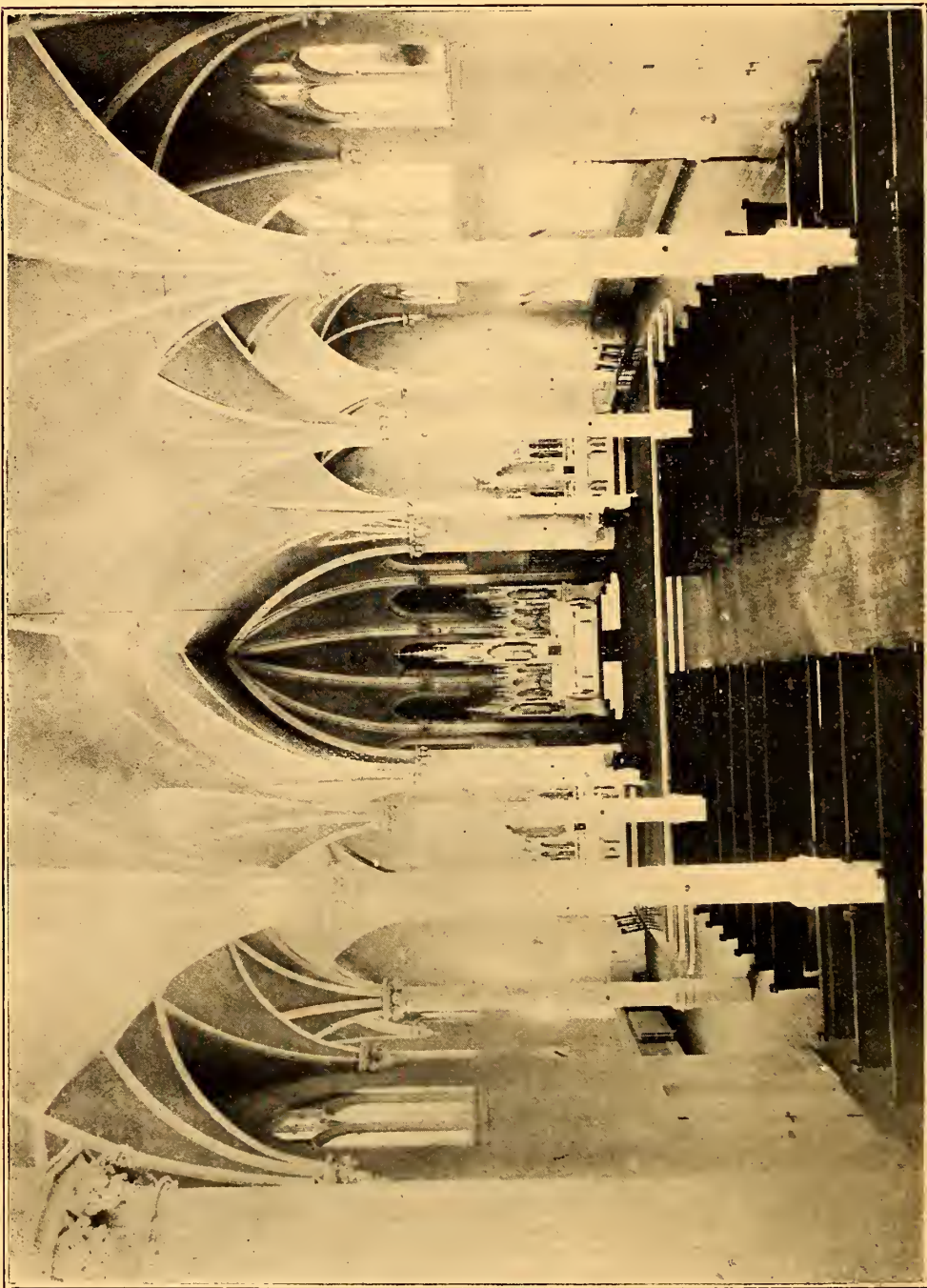
And now the crowds are blindly making their way for the gates and the great battle is over. It was before that first intermission that Hargrave's arm was broken and his collar bone almost fractured, his left eye closed, and limping badly, he was taken out of the game. But it was only seven hours later when, after the smoke of that memorable battle had cleared away, if some one had ventured in the Grand Arcade Theatre, "down in town," he would have seen the victorious grid-iron artists being adored as demi-gods by a packed house of roaring maniacs.

At that hour it was my good fortune to be on my way to that same insane asylum, and in order to reach my destination I had to pass the football field which had been the scene of so many victories and defeats. I had walked by the long stand and had turned the corner, when I came almost face to face with two black, crouching forms, who neither heeded nor heard me, nor were they recognizable.

The larger of the two seemed to be looking through a hole in the fence, from which could clearly be seen the tall, slender goal posts, standing like two tombstones crossed in sorrow and distress; and advancing one step nearer I heard some one say:

"Yes, it's too bad it's your last year."

"I'll be back next year to see this through," replied Billy to his old pal, Westfelt.



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL

THE NEW CHAPEL

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12.

As one emerges from the shade of the romantic pines which guard the approach to the college gate, the one thing that challenges the attention and fixes the heart is the beautiful new chapel. One pauses almost amazed at the charm cast on him by the vivid but harmonious color-scheme. The aurora red of the trimly slated roof, the dull, cream color of the stuccoed walls and buttresses, the amber glint of the delicately traced windows, the encircling pine and oak—surely these afford a contrast and a blend of lines striking and attractive enough to give pause even to the most prosaic. The ensemble suggests a ruby set in amber and emeralds.

We all know why the new chapel was built. On the morning of January the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and nine, the Providence of God saw fit to visit us with a disastrous fire, which completely destroyed the frame building in which services had until then been held. The erection of a new chapel became necessary. Reverend Father President, nothing daunted, decided to build a temple for the Most High which would be the crowning glory of the newer, the better, the greater "Spring Hill." Within six months of the fire the cornerstone of the present structure was put in place. To our impatient eyes it seemed that the work of construction went on very slowly. But lo, when we returned to

college this fall the new chapel was ready for Divine Service.

The front elevation, which faces almost due north, is typically Gothic, wonderfully suggestive of true Catholic mysticism. The graceful front entrance, with its double-set buttresses, its crocketed pinnacles and dainty finials, the corbels stretching off toward the flanking towers, the pointed arch merging into a molded pendant; the bezantee defining the gable and closing, in the pediment of the cross are but a preparation for the beauty disclosed above and within the portals.

Just over the entrance is a large window, beautifully designed. The mullions of course are of wood. On both sides of this arched window are closed bays, richly ornamented, ending near the towers in terra cotta pinnacles. At the point of the window arch, about forty feet from the floor line, a lozenge belt is set, from there it stretches across the front on both sides and around the towers. The beaded moulding of the window arch springs into the foliated pediment of the niche. In this niche, which has its place well within the angle of the roof-gable, stands an exquisitely carved statue of St. Joseph, done in Carrara marble.

On each side of the front elevation a tower rises. They are square, buttressed, lighted with window bays and

ornamented in the way before mentioned. Gabled pinnacles rise from each corner of the tower and in the center is the main tower. These little towers are decidedly attractive looking. They are hexagonal in shape. The body of the turret is wood and is ventilated by finely traced louvers. The battlements, pinnacles and finials are all copper and are supported by small pillars. The towers, at present, are lower than intended and will have to remain so until funds are available for their completion. When finished, the front elevation will look not unlike a miniature of York Cathedral.

On examination of the flank and rear elevations we find that the distinctly Continental features of the facade are modified in such wise as to make the whole building rather Middle English in tone. So much so that what almost promises to be a church is simplified in outline until it is really what was intended, a chapel. The effect is pleasing and harmonious. A side view of the chapel gives us the most correct notion of its size. The entire length of the chapel is about one hundred and forty-five feet. The transept being but seventy-two feet long and nearly fifty wide, gives one the impression that the structure is quite a little shorter than it is. The entrance at the south side of the transept, with its lofty pinnacle and the canopied entrance on the north, with its bulky piers and bold parapet, serve but to intensify.

Still admiring, we walk under the arches of the cloister, which now en-

closes the quadrangle, and pause in the rear of the chapel long enough to admire the rose-window, so charmingly set, up in the gable, clear of the buttresses. A few steps more and we enter the chapel from the canopied doorway on the west side. As we open the door a flood of golden light from the manifold amber windows surrounds us. The walls are all cream and white. Overhead the groined vaults spread, crossed in mystic array, by the arch ribs which spring from the foliated capitals of the double row of reeded pillars. The balustrade of the organ-loft is a miniature Gothic arcade. The sumptuous quartered oak pews are decorated with Gothic panels. Then, last and best of all, there is the sanctuary, wide-spreading and free. There, too, are the three splendid gift altars. They are all done in veined Italian marble, Mexican onyx and pure white Carrara. This group of altars is assuredly one of the most beautiful in the Southland. The large main altar is a memorial to William Walsh, '08, whose death occurred a little more than a year ago. At the Gospel side of the sanctuary stands the Sacred Heart altar, the gift of friends of the Sacred Heart. The Lady altar is on the Epistle side and was built by the alumni and faculty.

The little light that gleams from the elegantly wrought sanctuary lamp reminds us that Our Lord is waiting for us to come to Him hidden on the altar and so we kneel to ask His blessing on the great work of the new Spring Hill.





MAIN ALTAR

ON THE GAMBLING HABIT

D. S. MORAN, '11

"Vice shall be attractive." So saith Satan. This is applicable to all vices, but it is applied particularly to the gambling habit. That gambling may fairly be regarded as a vice is evident from the many consequences which follow the footsteps of the gambler; the ruin which he brings upon himself and those near to him. Herbert, in his "Temple," has said not idly:

"Play not for gain, but sport,
Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure,
stakes his heart,
Perhaps his wife's, too, and whom
she bore."

The spirit of gaming is, I might say, born and bred in the very marrow of man, it being his nature to risk a little something that he may gain much. Let us begin with the first stage of man, his childhood. How often have you not seen the small boys of your neighborhood down on hands and knees playing marbles? They play with all the ardor of their boyish lives, happy when winning; but take the poor boy who loses a pocketful of marbles and agates, he is very much down in the mouth, and his dejected outward appearance betokens the heaviness of heart within. Now, when these same boys grow a little older they want to play for something else besides marbles; thence result the crap game for nickels, tossing the line for pennies, and penny-ante poker, which

game is learned by some American boys almost as soon as their alphabet; and then comes the game in its highest form, which interests most the man in later life.

If the spirit of gambling is allowed to have full play in the youth, the boy grows into young manhood with the desire for gaming, and the card or pool rooms hold great attractions, quite large sums of money passing there from one pair of hands to another.

During the first stages of the gambling habit, a great many drop out, as the boy advances in age; yet from the boys whom we started with are evolved bona fide gamblers. We shall now see a few of them. Take first those gamblers who haunt the mining camps of the West, relieving many a hard-working miner of his precious dust. The cow-puncher coming into town with his pay-roll is fair game. Of the latter class the majority can be found in every den where the rattle of the roulette wheel or the clink of poker chips and coin is heard. There they sit, alert and vigilant, watching for the faintest crooked movement of their opponents, and when once that is detected the man who draws first goes to the other's funeral.

Beside the true Western type of gambler, we have the common everyday race track specialists, with loud suits and flashy jewelry. They are "slick ones," taking in every poor novice

who will bite on their tempting bait. They play the "ponies" and the uninited well, relieving many unlucky farmer lads, men, and soft, easy city chaps of all they have, which proceeding accounts for the wistful and far-away look in the victims' eyes, as they pass the sandwich stands, then wearily trudge their way towards home.

All this may be considered small play, when we think of the fortunes won and lost, mostly lost, in the Mecca of gambling, Monte Carlo. It is about as hard for a magnet to pass through a dish of iron filings without attracting any to itself as for a man to pass through Monte Carlo without playing the game for some stake or another. There is the place for what is rightly termed gambling. It is like a mighty mill going almost continually, turning out gold to the unlucky lucky ones and bringing much more to the bankers. Why do I say unlucky lucky ones? Because a man may go to Monte Carlo and play; if he is a beginner, Fortune, the ever elusive, will probably smile on his ventures, and bring him large returns. He leaves the table with perhaps fifty or a hundred thousand to the good. Is the man who runs the game worried? Not he. Nine out of ten come back to play again, and not only lose all they won at first, but all they had about them.

"Some play for gain; to pass the time, others play

For nothing; both to play the fool, I say:
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play proves loser in the end."

Look now at the rich man of leisure, and watch him play the game. He is lavish and plays at first indifferently. He places a large sum on the red, the wheel turns, the ball rolls, red wins, and the man has his stake doubled. Then he plays the dozens, but, though the gain would have been greater the risk was comparatively greater, too, and he loses. He does not mind it; so again a roll of bills is placed, this time on the black; but lo! when the wheel stops the money is raked in by the croupier. The game now becomes interesting, and he begins to bet heavily, losing many more times than he gains. Happy he, if the words of Herbert could affect him:

"If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,

Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:

Dost lose? Rise up. Dost win? Rise in that state,

Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost."

The strain tells on him, and up he rises to visit the buffet. After downing a few drinks he returns to the play, where, when fickle fortune gets through playing with him, he finds himself reduced to his last hundred. With nervous fingers and heart that stops half way in its beat, and then goes on, he lays down the last of the once large fortune, only to see it gathered in by the banker, when the wheel comes to a standstill. In a dumb, mechanical manner he rises and travels in a dazed way slowly toward the bar, to realize the next minute that he has not the price of a single drink left.

Out into the beautiful gardens that surround the palace of the fickle goddess, he wanders in an aimless fashion. He is stunned by his losses and cannot realize their extent. Once a rich man, now penniless. He cannot comprehend it, and his mind partly fails under the strain. He understands in a dull manner that nothing is left him, and the only way to get out of the present state is to leave this life, which now holds no attraction for him. Another suicide is offered to the fever of gambling, but Monte Carlo

still goes on as if the little tragedy was never heard of.

Many examples of the foregoing, of murder and suicide, could be cited, but I must come to a conclusion. Let me ask you, my readers, never to start into the gambling game, as it is almost impossible to quit it. The fever, when once you are inoculated with it, grows on you and it cannot be thrown off. So again I say, never let this vice get a stronghold on you, and all will be able to lead straightforward, just and Godly lives, as become Christian American gentlemen.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN . . Spring Hill, Alabama

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Application made under Act of Congress for entry as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIALS

Our Hopes It is the fond ambition of the present board of editors of

The Springhillian to issue our magazine quarterly in place of semi-annually as heretofore. This publication has had an unbroken career as a semi-annual for the past eleven years, for ten years under the name of the Spring Hill Review, and last year under the present title. With the change of name, however, no change has been made in our aim in publishing this magazine, which is, as expressed in the April, 1899, issue: "to keep alive among the students a high literary spirit by exercising them both in critical and creative compositions, and to link more closely the present with the past."

To realize our ambition of quarterly publication we feel that we must call

upon the earnest co-operation of present and past students. The former have already responded to our appeal, furnishing us with so much excellent matter for publication that the editors were regretfully forced to hold some of it in reserve for succeeding numbers. The appeal made to former students for information and subscriptions was somewhat disappointing in its results. Those, however, who failed to answer will hear from us again and we hope "to get them yet."

Our Advertisers Anybody who has had anything to do with college journalism, or for that matter, with any other kind of journalism, is well aware that our existence would be of the most ephemeral nature were it not for the cheerful

assistance we receive from our advertisers. We would like to remind the student body of Spring Hill that the merchants whose advertisements appear in our columns thought our goodwill and custom worth reaching out after, and we beg our fellow-students to do all in their power to show our friends that they have not overestimated our commercial value. Be sure when you are purchasing anything in

Mobile or elsewhere to say that "you saw it in **The Springhillian.**"

Christmas Number The next number of the Springhillian will appear without fail shortly before Christmas. Our columns are cheerfully open to all of the students and anything in the nature of a live Christmas or New Year's story or poem will be more than welcomely received. Start on something now.

COLLEGE NOTES

The Faculty The Faculty of Spring Hill College for the term of 1910-1911 is as follows:

Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., President; Rev. C. D. Barland, S. J., Vice President; Rev. W. Salentin, S. J., Secretary; Rev. N. Davis, S. J., Treasurer; Rev. J. P. McDonnell, S. J., Chaplain; Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, S. J., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Religion in the Senior Class; Rev. C. Ruhlmann, S. J., Professor of Sciences; Mr. T. Clarke, S. J., Professor of Mathematics; Rev. G. A. Rittmeyer, S. J., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and English Literature in the Superior Class; Rev. E. I. Fazakerley, S. J., Professor of Junior Class; Rev. J. H. Stritch, S. J., Professor of Sophomore Class; Mr. J. B. Bassich, S. J., Professor of Freshman Class; Mr. M. P. Burke, S. J., Professor of First Academic Class; Mr. F. Cavey, S. J., Professor of Second Academic Class;

Rev. W. A. Fillinger, S. J., Professor of Third Academic Class; Rev. A. C. McLaughlin, S. J., Professor of Intermediate Class; Mr. J. B. Farrell, S. J., Professor of First English Class and Instructor in Shorthand and Typewriting; Mr. H. Donlan, S. J., Professor of Second English; Mr. M. J. Cronin, S. J., Professor of Mathematics in First and Second English Classes; Mr. C. B. Leeuwe, S. J., Professor of Third English Class; Rev. P. Elfer, S. J., and Mr. F. J. Clarkson, S. J., Professors of First Preparatory Class; Rev. J. P. McDonnell, S. J., Professor of Second Preparatory Class; Rev. G. A. Rittmeyer, S. J., Instructor in Spanish; Mr. T. Clarke, S. J., Instructor in German; Rev. P. Elfer, S. J., Instructor in French; Mr. J. Walsh, S. J., Instructor in Special Greek; Mr. T. McGrath, S. J., Instructor in Special Latin; Mr. P. C. Boudousquie, A. M., B. F. A., Professor of Drawing and Instructor in Penmanship; Messrs. A. J. Staub,

Mus. D., and Angelo J. Suffich, Mus. B., Professors of Music; Mr. L. Tinsman, Gymnastic Director; Attending Physician, Dr. W. M. Mastin.

Faculty Changes Fr. T. O'Callaghan, S. J., is stationed at the Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans. Rev. E. J. Baehr, S. J., and Rev. A. W. Doherty, S. J., are pursuing a course of ascetical theology at St. Stanislaus' College, Brooklyn, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

Messrs. F. Sullivan, S. J., and T. Cronin, S. J., are studying theology in preparation for the priesthood at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. T. King, S. J., is Prefect of the Senior Division in St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La.

Mr. J. Higgins, S. J., is teaching in the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans.

Rev. P. A. Mullens, S. J., is Professor of the Junior Class in St. Ignatius College, Chicago.

The Jannin Memorial Oratorical Medal.

One of the Old Boys, who wishes his identity to be concealed, has donated in *perpetuum* a medal to be contested for in the field of oratory. This medal is to be named for Rev. Marcellus Jannin, S. J., who was one of the donor's best beloved professors. Father Jannin taught for many years at Spring Hill, both as a scholastic and a priest. He died here about three years ago and is buried in the little faculty cemetery.

The conditions governing the award of this medal are as follows:

1. The classes eligible for the contest are the Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Superior and Intermediate.

2. The composition must be original and on some subject previously assigned by the Prefect of studies.

3. This composition must be delivered before a body of judges selected by the same officer.

It is to be hoped that the members of the classes which can enter the competition will avail themselves of this splendid opportunity of cultivating their oratorical abilities and of capturing a prize well worth while.

Golden Jubilee of Rev. Albert Wagner, S. J.

During the month of August, Spring Hill was honored with a visit of Fr. Albert Wagner, who had recently celebrated in Tampa, Fla., the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. The memory of Father Wagner is highly cherished by all old Springhillians. He was connected with Spring Hill for twenty-seven years and during most of that time he lectured on physics and chemistry to the graduating classes. **The Springhillian** sends hearty, if somewhat belated, congratulations to the reverend jubilarian in his present home at the Jesuits' College, New Orleans.

Consecration of Altars The three marble altars in the new church were solemnly consecrated by Very Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J.,

assisted by all the faculty, on August 22d. the experiment table.

Physics Room The Department of Physics has been completely remodelled under the supervision of Rev. C. Ruhlmann, S. J., professor of that branch, the lecture room being much enlarged, and the chairs arranged in amphitheatre style around

The Seismograph "The seismograph at Spring Hill College today recorded a slight earth shock, beginning at 4:55 p. m., and lasting three minutes. A similar shock was felt yesterday between 4:55 and 5:10."—Associated Press dispatch, Sept. 16.

FIRST DIVISION TALK

FRANK L. PROHASKA, '13

Opening Day

Varied as the colors of the kaleidoscope are the feelings which animate the breasts of the loyal sons of old S. H. C. when they bend their steps collegewards for the opening of a new year. Still there is quite a distinct line of demarcation which divides the feelings of

*"Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certe signat humum * * * * **"

and those of the "*Imberbis juvenis.*" The former thinks only of home, of mamma and papa, and the playmates from whom he has been so rudely torn. The latter guided by the lamp of experience, looks forward and wonders what kind of year is ahead of him—and especially what manner of yard prefect is to wield over him the scepter of a Czar or draw him by "all the cords of Adam"—to do just what he doesn't want to do.

September 7th found us "*naribus ad nares*" with this question to solve. Mr. Clarkson, S. J., welcomed us on our arrival in the yard.

Alterations and Repairs

"Things ain't the same since you went away." All noticed this particular fact on our return for the Autumn session. The Gymnasium, Billiard Hall and Library have all received a touching up; new furniture, new pictures on the walls, new polish on the floors, etc., etc. To keep in line, the band has taken a new lease of life, and judging from the first concert on Columbus' Day, we are going to have a Sousa's of our own this year.

The regular order of the day has been somewhat altered: the morning sessions are now divided into three hours' class, with some few minutes' recess after each class.

That fatal 5:15 evening bell, which has ever been considered one of the certainties of life, is now silenced. Obligatory Gym. work now holds sway at this hour.

Many of the old boys, both loafers and real live ones, who were wont to adorn the benches in the class-room

and elsewhere, are missed by their respective companions. "Shanks" looked in vain for his friend, Ed., heard of the extra hour of class, then sighed and said, "I may get over it, but will never feel the same."

There are scores of new faces and characters to take the place of the old, and we cannot see why any one should be lonely. The good will and general satisfaction of the boys promise to make this term the best in years. And why not? All that could be desired for the progress and even the comfort, interior and exterior, of a college man are at hand: abundance of games, no dearth of food, study-time galore—and then some more! all of the highest and best, all according to the pure food and study laws. What more can any near-man desire? Surely the "Land of Perpetual Youth" could not do more.

Football After taking the starch out of several so-called "crack" teams of Mobile, the diamond heroes have given way to the padded monsters of the gridiron. Coach Maxon marvels at the splendid condition of the squad, and looks forward to a most prosperous season. Some good games are scheduled and we mean to have them on our credit side. The "Rooters" eleven is being coached by Mr. Pharr, and bids fair to give the Regulars many an unpleasant quarter of an hour.

Track Team The track team had a meet with the Y. M. C. A. shortly after opening day; and

while our boys were not in the best of training, still they did not come off entirely without honor. The relay race was close and exciting, but slightly in favor of the visitors. "Sweet Evening Shadow" Prevost walked away with the 220-yard dash.

From One Who Knows Whenever you wish to know what Spring Hill is, or whenever you desire to impress this fact upon others, think of the words of Prof. Monaghan, a man who has visited colleges in every State in the Union. These words were written after his visit to S. H. C. last year and are taken from the "Columbiad" of May. The Professor says: "Only those who know the Jesuits can imagine Spring Hill. No; even they would fail—fall far short of the reality. It is hard to describe the charm of the place. It is wrapped all around with the subtle something called atmosphere. Twenty illustrations and twenty pages could hardly suffice to picture it as I see it, or saw it. What pleased me most was the spirit of the place—the esprit de corps among men and boys.

If the South wants a place to school its youngsters, let it remember Spring Hill, near Mobile."

Class Officers The senior classes are all well organized, and if unity aids in the acquirement of one's end, then there ought to be a sheepskin forthcoming for each of them in June. The officers of the A. B. Class are: John Bauer, President; Karl Leche, Vice President; Steve

Riffel, Secretary.

On the B. S. staff there are: C. Black, President; T. K. Schimpf, Vice President, and Alcide Martel, Secretary.

Senior Academy The officers of the Senior Academy are: John J. Becker, '12, President; John T. Bauer, '11, Secretary, and Clarence L. Black, '11, Censor. We hear rumors floating around the top of the Hill about a team of debaters from the Jesuits' College, New Orleans, coming up here to cross lances with our doughty warriors. We think it only fair to warn the young gentlemen of the fate they may expect if they ever stand up before our most potent, grave and reverend "Seniors."

Reading Room Association—It goes without saying that the library continues to be well patronized by the major portion of the students. Order

and discipline are rigorously upheld by H. D'Aquin, '12, President; John J. Becker, '12, Vice President; M. Humbert Diaz, '12, Secretary; Thomas P. Hale, '11, Treasurer, and John J. Druhan, '13, Librarian.

Gymnasium Officers—Sherman Pardue, '11, President; James J. McHardy, '11, Secretary, and John J. Druhan, '13, Treasurer.

Billiard Room Officers—Karl P. Leche, '11, President; Clarence K. Wohner, '11, Secretary, and Henry W. Kelly, '11, Treasurer.

Store-Keepers—J. T. Bauer, '11, A. Martel, '11, and P. Patout, '11.

Study Hall Keepers—C. Black, '11, C. Plauche, '11, and D. Moran, '11.

Bell-Ringer—S. Riffel, '11, assisted by M. H. Diaz, '12.

SECOND DIVISION JOTTINGS

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12 JOHN B. RIVES, '13.

Yard Improvements—Our "home-coming"—to college—was somewhat in the nature of a surprise party to our new First Prefect, Mr. Walsh, S. J., for we came in just in time to catch him "red-handed," as it were, in the very act of putting the finishing touches on a long list of improvements.

When we had stored our grips away and hurried down to look over

the old playgrounds we could hardly believe our eyes: where was the "Rocky Road to Dublin" down by the east fence, where "Pie" and "Moon" and "Zieg" and many another luckless spalpeen barked his ready gambos on piles of stones and brickbats while ogling the coveted sphere whizzing from the bat of some lusty Second Leaguer? Not a trace of it was left. In its stead was seen a long level

tract as smooth as a billiard table. In a word—for the information of the “Old Boys”—the “Little Yard” has been widened and graded until it is a very big yard; in place of the old stump in the northeast corner, there is a regulation hard-rubber Spalding home-plate, from which a brand-new grass diamond extends in a southwesterly direction. Behind the home-plate stands a magnificent back-stop, some forty feet long by about thirty high. Here the First League holds forth on all holidays under the able captainship of Webre and Lawless.

On going to the lower floor new surprises awaited us: the same nickel-plated faucet advertised “delicious spring water, fresh from the big spring at the Lake;” but beside it stood a huge green barrel with several capacities and substantial cups attached, and a spigot from which flows at the bidding of every dust-begrimed urchin from the diamond or the gridiron, a steady stream of pure crystal “polarized” Adam’s Ale. “There surely is some class to that,” was Rusty’s ready comment on seeing the above.

Then the store: what an overhauling it has undergone; the whole back end has been knocked out of it, making it about four times as large as it was. Here the same old “trusties”—Daunis and Webre, with the loss of “Blue Bell Harry” and the addition of “Shorty” Martel—dole out pop and ice cream, candies and cakes galore.

Gymnasium—The Gym., too, has come in for its share in the general cleaning up. Under the wise man-

agement of Mr. T. Cronin, S. J., our last year’s Prefect, this department was thoroughly equipped with all the modern Gym. apparatus, supplied by the Fred Medart Mfg. Company, of St. Louis. This year, however, all the students are ipso facto members of the Gym. And what an interest they take in it! Look in there during any recreation and you will see small boys and large climbing ropes or poles or ladders, vaulting horses, swinging on rings or going the length of the Gym. on traveling rings, using chest expanders, running races, punching the bag and not infrequently indulging in the manly sport of boxing. Truly, if all this does not make a good, husky youth of even the tenderest “mamma’s boy” he is not worth much.

This realm is ruled over with gently firm sway by C. Lawless, President; E. Meyer, Vice President; H. Patterson, T. Arnold and D. Hebert, Censors. Here, too, twice a week we have the invaluable services of that accomplished and justly popular gentleman and athlete, Mr. L. Tinsman, who trains the boys in all manner of gymnastic “stunts.”

Billiard Room—A step further brings us to the Billiard Room. But where is “Prof.” Hale? “Gone—gone to the big yard,” was the ready response of his worthy and sprightly successor, President Willie Barker. Here, too, the hand of the iconoclast is visible. Two long lines of chairs have been provided for the onlookers. “All may look on—only members may play,” is one of the rules posted con-

spicuously on the wall. Members receive a card which entitles them to play a certain number of games each month. Here due order and decorum are preserved by the aforesaid President, ably assisted by Messrs. Joseph P. Newsham, Vice President, and Claude V. P. Celestin, Treasurer.

Library—Nor must we forget to say a word about the effect of the reform wave on the Junior Library. It carried many new things in, many old ones out; but one thing it could not sweep away was that inveterate bookworm, Joe Berthelot—accent on the -lot. Joe still occupies, or rather fills, the southwest corner, where he may be seen any time from 7:30 a. m. to 7:20 p. m., fairly devouring volume after volume of ancient and modern lore. But Joe is not the reform, nor even an effect of it, but rather a relic of what used to be.

Look, though, at those splendid pictures on either wall; to your right, Robert E. Lee, to your left, Stonewall Jackson, each mounted on his warhorse, with an attitude which suggests Livy's "**Longus post me ordo est idem petentium decus**;" then glance back at the long line of Remingtons and others, closing with Jefferson Davis and General Joe Johnston; then notice all the new chairs, the long new reading table, the large number of bright, new books, the busts of noted men of letters on the various book-cases, and acknowledge that there has been quite a change. In this "**sanctum sanctorum**" of the students, Clarence Touart wields the scepter. Around him

are arranged in the order of their dignity, John B. Rives, Vice President; Joseph Berthelot, Treasurer, and Yeend Potter, Librarian; all of whom look so sedate and wise in their learned roles that one almost expects them to blink at the light and make the welkin ring with their "Whoo-Whoos!"

The 5:15 Bell—But, like the master of the marriage feast, I have kept the best wine for the last. Let me out with the astonishing truth, "**ex abrupto**": the 5:15 bell has forever ceased to ring! Bend your gaze back over the three-quarters of a century and more of S. H. C.'s existence and then listen and you will

"Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells—

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels."

Cyclones have struck the old place and levelled many a giant of the forest: thunderbolts have riven the stoutest oaks and still the old bell rang out its doleful summons. Nay, not even "the cannon's opening roar" could drown that fated sound. What a Titan, then, must have wielded the iconoclast's hammer during the past summer! For now when the old clock chimes 5:15 the joyous striplings of either division kick up their heels with added zest, while the "**majores natu**," with sad and solemn tread, wag their heads as if to say, "The end must not be far off." Truly

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways."

As a consequence of this last-mentioned innovation, we get an extra swim in the lake every other day.

What a "pipe-dream" this seemed to the "Old Boys" when some optimistic youngster foretold that he saw this coming event casting its shadow before.

Junior Sodality—The Junior Sodality held its first meeting in the Intermediate Classroom on the evening of Friday, September 16, and elected the following officers: F. A. Meyer, '12, Prefect; E. L. Meyer, '13, First Assistant; C. N. Touart, '12, Second Assistant; E. E. Webre, '12, Secretary; C. V. Celestin, '13, and T. Y. Potter, '13, Sacristans.

The Sodality has but ten members and six candidates this year, but the few who wear the badge of the Blessed Virgin are proud to devote themselves to her service. The candidates are promised admission on the next feast day, probably December 8. Rev. A. C. McLaughlin, S. J., has charge of the Sodality, and Mr. Donlan, S. J., is his assistant.

Altar Boys' Association—The altar boys have a large membership this year. They are under the able supervision of Mr. H. Donlan, S. J., and are making remarkable progress. The boys serve mass with great reverence

and devotion and are to be complimented on their capability. The officers are: F. A. Meyer, '12, President; C. N. Touart, '12, Secretary, and T. Y. Potter, '13, Censor.

Junior Band—The Junior Band is particularly efficient this year under the direction of Mr. F. Cavey, S. J., and Prof. A. J. Suffich. The young votaries of Orpheus fill many hours with sweet accord. The officers are: C. N. Touart, President, and F. A. Meyer, Secretary.

Junior Literary Society—This society, popularly known as the Junior Academy, was reorganized on October 5th, with the election of F. A. Meyer as President, J. P. Newsham, secretary, and Y. Potter, Censor. Several new members have successfully stood the admission test and the Academy looks forward to one of the greatest years in its long history.

Athletics—Baseball has at last yielded place to football, and morning, noon and night the prospective heroes of the white-barred field may be heard reeling off cryptic signals by the yard, evidently of much import, for they invariably produce a shock of arms.

ALUMNI

WALTER A. BASS.

A recent very welcome visitor to Spring Hill College was Mr. Walter Bass, of Mobile. Mr. Bass entered here as a student in 1852 and remained for four years. His recollections of Spring Hill of those days are very interesting, and for the benefit of our readers he has kindly consented to set them down in **The Springhillian**.

"In the early summer of 1852," says Mr. Bass, "I was placed by a kind and indulgent father as a student at Spring Hill College. A green country boy, just from the rural districts, some novel sights were opened up before me. At that time the old college, destroyed by fire in 1869, stood on the present grounds. Around me were gathered a number of Jesuit Fathers in their quaint garb. They were awe-inspiring to the new student and he did a deal of thinking on his own hook. Albert Hulse, of an old and prominent Pensacola family, was assigned to the duty of showing me through the grounds and building. Hulse was kind and obliging and we were soon friends. I was examined, classed, and at once entered on my duties, which were varied and always pleasant. Among my comrades were some bright and companionable young men who have since passed away. Duncan G. Campbell (son of Hon. John A. Campbell), now a noted criminal lawyer of Baltimore, was among the number. James M. Muldon, Lewis Ster-

ling, Paul Morphy, Charles Duncan, were my daily companions and mess-mates. They, too, have joined the silent majority. I cannot refrain from mentioning some of the Jesuit Fathers to whom I was specially attached. Father Gautrelet, the President, was always pleasant, and would always stop and chat with the new student. Father Insand, who was on duty with the big boys, was my chum, and at times gave me lessons in German. Bishop Portier, of Mobile, was a frequent visitor to the college, and on these occasions a detail would wait on him and ask for a holiday, which was usually granted. In my time the hour for the evening distribution of bread was a big time. More than two hundred boys were provided with bread and molasses, very much relished by a lot of healthy youngsters. School was carried on all summer in those days, the Commencement being held in October. This was owing to a general demand on the part of parents, who felt that their sons, by remaining at the college, were less exposed to the prevailing fever than they would have been in the cities.

I was well acquainted with Paul Morphy, probably the world's greatest chess player, who even during his college career had achieved no small degree of fame. It was no uncommon thing for Morphy to engage in three or four simultaneous games and win

them all. Alexander B. Meek, the historian of Alabama, then Probate Judge of Mobile County, and an excellent chess player, came out to play him and was defeated. I remember John Byrnes, of Mobile, who was killed in the Battle of Shiloh.

✓ "My collegiate course at Spring Hill was cut short by a very untoward event. One morning the chapel bell tolled while we were in the playground and Father Adams, the vice president, announced to us the death by yellow fever of Rev. J. L'Hermite, one of the professors. We were all sent home immediately. The epidemic raged fearfully in Mobile and the surrounding districts. I went back to my father's plantation at Bladon Springs and never returned to the college, even for a visit, for many years. At the outbreak of the war I joined the Confederate forces at Fort Morgan and was engaged at various posts till Lee's surrender. I took part in the Battle of the Wilderness and various engagements around Shiloh and Jackson, Miss. At the Battle of the Wilderness I was taken prisoner and marched through Grant's army to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. Later I was exchanged and fought till the end of the war.

As the reader will observe many years have passed since the events recited above took place and the writer has passed the allotted three score and ten, yet he can look back with pleasure on all these scenes and say that his relations with the students and faculty of Spring Hill College

were always of the most cordial nature."

In looking through the old catalogues for the years of which Mr. Bass speaks we find his name figuring quite prominently in the list of premiums and awards. In his first year, when there were 233 students attending the college, and thirty-five in his class, Walter Bass won honors in Latin, Greek, English, Mathematics, History and Geography. At the commencement exercises in 1854 he took part in scenes from the Tragedy of Mahomet, together with Spencer Semmes, of Mobile, Francis Mader and Florian Lange, of New Orleans. The only material souvenirs of his college days that Mr. Bass still treasures are the silver knife, spoon and fork he used as a boy at Spring Hill fifty-eight years ago. The Springhillian assures this old alumnus that he will always be a welcome visitor at the College and sincerely hopes that he will find leisure to multiply his visits in the future.

Francis J. O'Rourke, class of '09, '09 has entered upon his second year of theology at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

Charles S. Dittmann, Jr., of the '09 class of '09, writes us a very pleasant letter, sending in his subscription. He is engaged in the commission and banking business of the Charles Dittmann Company.

John J. McCarthy and James P. Walsh have entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Macon, Georgia. We

wish them every blessing in the life of self-sacrifice which they have chosen for their part.

Edward B. Colgin, A. B., '98, '98 sends us his subscription for the current year. Mr. Colgin has been successfully engaged in the practice of law in Houston, Texas, since his graduation from the Georgetown University Law School.

George F. McDonnell, B. S., '99 writes as follows: "I herewith enclose \$1.00, subscription to **The Springhillian**. In response to your request that I send to your publication something concerning myself, will say this is one time "my modesty" overcomes me; however, will give you a few "rambling remarks."

I was honored by the Mississippi State Convention of Knights of Columbus in Biloxi, Miss., last May, by being elected State Deputy of the Order in this state. By virtue of this office, I was a delegate to the National Convention in Quebec last August. It was one of the most representative bodies of men it was ever my pleasure to be associated with. Much good was accomplished at this meeting, one of the notable results being the flattering report of the Committee on the Catholic University Fund, which endowment was recently pledged by the Order.

August J. Staub, class of '02, '02 since he has moved up the state, has become quite a financier.

He is president of the Bank of Aliceville, Ala., cashier of that of Cochrane, Ala., and president of and stockholder in the Aliceville Grist Mill & Grain Co. Besides this, he is interested in real estate.

Ferd V. Becker, of Brookhaven, Miss., paid a flying visit during the early part of September.

Jack J. McGrath is assistant city editor of the Louisville Times, the afternoon edition of the Courier-Journal.

John A. Boudousquie, A. B., '03 paid us a visit at the beginning of September. He is still assistant city engineer in Selma, Ala.

Dr. Maximin D. Touart, A. B., is expected on a visit from New York about the middle of November. He has just completed a special course in the Harlem Hospital. He expects to return to New York to practice, and, rumor has it, to take unto himself a bride.

Joseph M. Walsh, S. J., A. B., is yard prefect of the Second Division. His co-prefect in the study hall is Thomas J. McGrath, S. J., class of '05. George G. McHardy, S. J., of the same class, is prefect of the First Division study hall in Grand Coteau.

J. Louis Blouin, A. B., and his '04 brother, Francis R. Blouin, A. B., '05, have gone into the sugar business and are the owners and managers of a large plantation in the Lafourche country.

T. Peyton Norville, A. B., in partnership with his brother, William J.

Norville, B. S., '05, has established a thriving insurance firm in Mobile.

Daniel T. Hails, A. B., paid a '06 visit during the summer. He came from Montgomery to attend the reception of his sister, Miss Sarah, at the Visitation Academy.

Loyola T. Cowley, A. B., is engaged in the real estate and insurance business in Mobile.

Joseph J. Harty, B. S., has entered the Boston School of Technology.

Frederic W. Miller, B. S., is working in the claim department of the Chicago, Mobile & New Orleans offices in Mobile.

Nestor L. Keith Ovalle, B. S., '07 stopped in to see his old professors and friends last summer, on his way to Montreal. He is making a splendid record at the McGill University. **The Springhillian** appreciates his thoughtfulness and courtesy in replying at length to the request for something about himself. Would that Mr. Keith had many imitators among our alumni.

R. Kenneth Rounds A. B., who, after finishing his course, took up the study of law at the University of Wisconsin and subsequently had to abandon it on account of his father's death, is now engaged in the lumber business in far-away Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, British Columbia. Mr. Rounds still keeps in touch with his Alma Mater and is deeply interested in everything that concerns it. In his last letter he writes about the athletics

of the College and the Alumni column in the College magazine. He advocates the expansion of the Alumni notes, for, he says each student is anxious to know the whereabouts and occupations of his classmates and fellow-students. This is precisely our position in the matter; but what are we going to do when our Old Boys are either too modest, or—shall we say it?—too indifferent, to answer queries in regard to themselves and others?

Joseph H. Norville, A. B., has completed a course of law in the office of Bell, Terry & Bell, of Memphis, Tenn., and received his license to practise. To show their appreciation of his worth, these gentlemen have admitted Mr. Norville into their firm as the junior member.

G. Leon Soniat, A. B., after studying law for two years at Tulane University has now entered the law office of his uncle, Mr. Charles Soniat.

Albert P. Garland, B. S., graduated from the Tulane University law school last June. He was one of the leaders in his class.

C. Henry Adams, A. B., has returned to St. Louis University '09 to begin the second year of the law course.

Anthony J. Touart, A. B., has entered Columbia University as a law student.

Leon J. Blouin, A. B., has begun his second year in sugar chemistry at the Louisiana State University.

John J. Nelson, A. B., who is a frequent visitor to the College and great-

ly interested in its sports, is in the real estate business in Mobile.

Gilbert A. Le Baron, A. B., occupies a position in the claim department of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad offices.

James R. Garber A. B., has returned to Jefferson College, Philadelphia, to continue the study of medicine.

Sidney J. Bourgeois, A. B., is making his second year of law at Georgetown University.

J. D'Hamecourt Fossier, A. B., has entered the medical department of Tulane University this year.

Thomas V. Craven, B. S., and John J. Brown, B. S., have returned to Tulane University to continue the study of law.

Cliffe E. Laborde, B. S., is principal of the Vinton High School, near Lake Charles, La.

Sidney F. Braud, A. B., the honor man of the A. B. Class and the captain of last year's football team, has entered Tulane as a medical student.

James E. Duggan, A. B., who was a close second in the race for the A. B. Class honors, is enrolled in the College of Law of Columbia University.

P. Walter Walsh, A. B., intends to enter a law office in Mobile in the near future. At present he is assisting his father in business.

Edward J. Lebeau, A. B., who did such splendid work for **The Springhillian** last year, writes that he is still in his home town, Pensacola, as yet undecided as to his future movements.

John E. Toomey, A. B., has a position in one of the largest mercantile houses in Mobile and the South.

William K. Nicrosi, A. B., the genial captain of our last year's successful baseball team, has not yet returned from the West, where he went during the summer for a vacation.

Oscar J. Mistic, A. B., is reported as studying law at Tulane.

John E. O'Flinn, A. B., is studying medicine at the Mississippi College of Medicine.

J. Lawrence Lavretta, A. B., is still enjoying the pleasures of a European trip started last July. He is accompanied by his mother. Lately he wrote from Paris to a friend: "I am having a fine time. Went to see the Chantecler and the Grand Opera; both were magnificent. Saw Napoleon's tomb; it was very impressive. Have been in many museums and seen thousands of the world's greatest paintings."

A. Caron Ball, A. B., last year's editor-in-chief of **The Springhillian**, has entered the Tulane Law School.

Albert J. Hahn, B. S., the honor man of his class, has entered the Boston School of Technology to study electrical engineering. We print the following from the Mobile Register of September 24: "Albert J. Hahn, who was at the head of the science class in the awarding of degrees at the last commencement of Spring Hill College, has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, his father, Mr. Sam Hahn, having returned to Mobile after placing him there. Mr. Hahn mentions a matriculation incident,

showing the confidence the Boston Institute authorities have in Spring Hill College. On presenting young Hahn's diploma, the father was informed by Secretary Humphries that it was sufficient without any other evidence of proficiency."

Christopher H. Costello, B. S., is taking a course in electric engineering, while his brother, Henry M. Costello, B. S., one in mining engineering at Columbia University.

Thomas Byrne, B. S., has gone into the contracting business with his father in Chicago.

Alaric G. Firment, B. S., is studying pharmacy.

Mr. Clarence L. Bougere, B. S., '90, paid a visit to his Alma Mater on September 30, for the purpose of entering his young son, Clifford, on the career which he himself had so happily completed two decades before. He expressed himself as being vastly pleased with the wondrous improvements he observed about the old place.

Francis L. Barker, A. B., has '08 given up the study of law and is devoting himself to the interests of his business firm.

Patout C. Burguières, A. B., has not yet returned from his European bridal trip.

Anthony J. Vizard, A. B., is in his third year of law at Tulane.

Henry R. Kevlin, B. S., is enrolled as a student at Tulane University.

John E. Deegan, B. S., paid Spring Hill a visit during the summer and

spoke enthusiastically of his work in the Pennsylvania University school of architecture. He has returned to pursue his studies.

Joseph G. Parslow, B. S., spent a few days last summer with his father-in-law, Professor Staub. He has left Tampa, Fla., and gone to Reform, Ala., where in company with Edwin J. Staub, class '07, he has opened up a furniture store.

Sidney B. Simon, B. S., is still fondly attached to old Spring Hill, and in everything that concerns its welfare is ever ready to lend physical as well as moral support. We cannot easily forget his untiring energy and generous devotedness in the preparations for our last two commencements in the Lyric Theatre.

We note with pleasure that among the students of the present generation there are eleven whose fathers received their education at Spring Hill.

Letter from an Alumnus in Canada.
The Springhillian, Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

It is with pleasure that I'll endeavor to comply with your request to write something of my doings since I left old Spring Hill in '07.

I am afraid I can't boast of having achieved any great success in this world since then, as, owing to the fact that my college days have continued, I haven't really had an opportunity to face the world in the struggle of life.

After very pleasant holidays in the tropics (Costa Rica), the fall of '07 found me registered once again as a Freshman in the Faculty of Applied Sciences of the McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

A new life awaited me here, as no longer had I any one to do the little things that were always done for us at Spring Hill, nor to give me the friendly advice that was never denied us there; yes, a new life, and I felt lonely at first. Gradually I became used to it, however, and April, '08, saw me successfully through the first year.

After Convocation that year my usual homeward trip was no longer a reality, as my steps were turned to the bald-headed prairies of the Province of Alberta, Canada, to try for the first time in my life the hardships of work. There I stayed as topographer in the railroad preliminary and location party for about three months. It was here that I began to realize the great benefits derived from the systematic life in old Spring Hill. We endured a few hardships, a common occurrence in this kind of work away from civilization, but it all was good experience for me, which was what I was after.

When my work was over here I decided to take a little holiday before College opened again, and after taking in most of the Canadian Western cities and towns, I went to spend a couple of weeks with my family in New York.

My second year at McGill, I am glad to say, was also successful, and the summer of '09 found me, encouraged by my experience in the previous summer, at railroad work again. This time, however, my work was not in the Northwestern prairies, but in the southern part of the island of Cuba, and it was construction work.

As instrument man, with a camp of my own, and in charge of about fifteen kilometers of work, I stayed there about four months, i. e., till it was almost time to return to College.

As I had done the previous year here in Canada, I took in as much of the island as my time permitted, and then I went back to New York, where I stayed till it was time to return to College to begin my third year.

It was then that I had to decide on the special branch of Engineering to follow, and as I had always wanted, I began my special studies in Electrical Engineering, which for that year were also successful.

At present I am back at McGill beginning my fourth and what I hope will be my last year at College, after having spent a great summer traveling down in Central America, and, as you know, through the Southern States.

It is here that I want to tell you the great pleasure it gave me this summer to have been back at old Spring Hill, for, although it has been altered quite a lot since the fire, nevertheless there was that good old familiar aspect about it which brought back to me the good old six years and

a half of my life I spent there. My only regret is that my time was then so limited that it was practically impossible for me to have remained longer than the few minutes I did.

As regards my future prospects, they are not very definite as yet. However, it is likely that after graduating I may go with the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburg for a year or two to acquire experience in their shops and offices. After that I may go down to Mexico, Brazil or some Central American country to practice my profession with a specialty in Electric Traction and Power House work.

I am sorry I can't give you any information of any other Spring Hill

"Old Boys," as, to my knowledge, I am your only Spring Hill alumnus up here. However, I feel confident that all will respond, as I have done, and lend you a hand to compile the information you desire.

Enclosed you will find one dollar as a subscription to **The Springhillian**, which I shall always be glad to receive.

Wishing to be remembered to the faculty and to you, the staff of **The Springhillian**, and wishing you all success possible in your new enterprise, I am, Yours truly,

Nestor Keith Ovalle, B. A., '07.

ATHLETICS

In the Gym.

D. S. MORAN, '11.

On Friday, the 16th of September, Mr. L. Tinsman, our physical director, started the gymnasium class, which had as a nucleus about twenty-five boys. All took interest in the work, and on the next day the number swelled to forty. After putting the whole class through a series of fast and snappy exercises, the director ran the fellows around the gym a number of times. A few blew out after four or five circuits, but the rest stuck to it, some being as fresh as when they started. Mr. Tinsman lined up the class, and after counting off, he divided the whole into four squads, with leaders for each squad, picked by the acclamation of the class. They were: Black, Becker, Ducote and Pardue.

These leaders took their squads to different parts of the gym, where they put those under them through the various exercises. As soon as the leaders had sent their men through the different stunts on the horse or horizontal bars, they went to the rings or trapeze, where all that was in the green material was brought out and new turns added. The forty-five minutes seemed short in duration, as the boys were always willing and anxious for more. Among other exercises, the arts of self-protection are being attended to, and the gloves and mat already have many votaries.

Gold monogram watch fobs are being put up for those making required records in the different parts of gymnasium work, and on the track. A regular series of boxing and wrestling matches is planned, which will go far to enliven the every-day events in the yard. The track has many followers, and in the cool of the evening sprinters and long-distance men are continually pounding over the course.

Track Work—Mr. Tinsman and Mr. Coan brought out three runners from the local Y. M. C. A. for a relay race on Sunday, Oct. 2. Ducote, McIntyre and Prevost, of S. H. C., were run. The Y. M. C. A. took the lead at the beginning and could not be passed. In the eighth of a mile Prevost ran against Lush, of the Y. M. C. A. The former's time was 28 seconds, and the later made it in 28.5.

Baseball

S. H. C., 4; Whistler, 1.

The first good game of baseball was played on Sunday, Sept. 19, when the Whistler aggregation blew in with a goodly crowd of rooters, who had the hard luck of seeing their hopefuls go down in defeat at the hands of the nine. Pardue pitched a great game, striking out eight men, allowing only one base on balls, and two scattered hits. Black, at the receiving station, was on the job at all times, while the infield played stonewall baseball.

throughout the nine innings. The outfielders took all that came their way, crushing the hope of the Whistlerites, who expected them to drop the high ones. In the first inning the playing of the visitors was decidedly ragged. Their errors, coupled with timely bingles, put the game on ice for the 'Varsity.

The game in figures:

WHISTLER	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Walsh, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rush, cf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Holt, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hannon, 3b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Murphy, ss.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Stetz, 2b.	4	1	0	2	6	3
Goodard, 1b.	4	0	0	13	0	1
Dixon, c.	3	0	0	4	1	0
Eckard, p.	2	0	1	1	2	0

Totals	33	1	2	24	13	5
SPRING HILL	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pardue, p.	4	1	2	0	3	0
Bauer, 1b.	4	0	0	3	1	0
Black, c.	4	2	1	8	3	0
Becker, lf.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Riffel, 1b.	4	0	0	11	0	0
Williamson, 2b.	3	0	1	2	3	0
Prevost, ss.	3	1	1	0	2	0
McIntyre, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Tarleton, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals -----	32	4	7	27	12	0			
Score by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Whistler -----	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Spring Hill -----	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	*

S. H. C., 3; Dures, 1.

September 25 the grounds were in a heavy condition on account of showers in the morning, and the quality of baseball was not as quick and snappy as would be expected on drier grounds.

The visitors played excellent ball, but the timely hitting and good base running of the college men were too much for them. "Honest John" Trolie made his first appearance with the 'Varsity in this game. In his four innings they connected with his benders for four hits and one run. Pardue then went in, and only two of Dures' men saw second. In the fourth the visitors started trouble, when Langley singled; H. McKean forced him out at second, a grounder by L. Dure advanced McKean and Leslie's wallop for two sacks scored their only run. In their half of the inning Spring Hill came back at them, sending two men over the rubber. Black singled, advanced on a wild throw by Holman, and was caught stealing by Coley. Williamson reached first on an error, stole second, and came in on McIntyre's two-base hit. Prevost's single sent McIntyre across the plate, ending the scoring for that inning. Again in the sixth McIntyre hit safely, stole second, then third, and came home on a wild heave by Holman.

Game in figures:

DURES	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coley, 3b.	4	0	1	3	3	1
Castle, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
L. McKean, 1b.	4	0	0	10	1	1
Langley, ss.	4	0	1	1	0	0
H. McKean, lf.	4	1	0	0	0	1
L. Dure, 2b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Leslie, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Long, c.	4	0	1	8	1	0
Holman, p.	4	0	1	1	8	0
Total	35	1	6	24	15	2

SPRING HILL	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.	
Becker, lf. -----	4	0	0	2	0	0			
Bauer, 3b. -----	4	0	0	2	1	0			
Black, c. -----	4	0	2	8	2	0			
Williamson, 2b. -----	4	1	0	6	1	0			
Riffel, 1b. -----	4	0	0	8	1	1			
McIntyre, cf. -----	4	2	2	0	0	0			
Prevost, ss. -----	1	0	1	0	0	1			
Wohner, ss. -----	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Tarleton, rf. -----	2	0	0	1	0	0			
Orsi, rf. -----	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Trolio, p. -----	1	0	1	0	4	1			
Pardue, p. -----	2	0	1	0	4	0			
	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	
Total -----	32	3	7	27	13	3			
Score by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dures -----	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Spring Hill -----	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	*

S. H. C., 8; Athletics, 4.

October 2. It was an easy game for Spring Hill in the beginning. But at the end, the Athletics started a rally that bid fair to give them the "bacon." Both sides enjoyed a swatfest, and when the bingles were counted up S. H. C. took twelve out of the twenty. Pardue, our port side heaver of the pill, pitched six innings, and then Becker came in from his garden to do the flinging for the rest of the game. In the first inning S. H. C. made three tallies. Becker singled, stole second, and then took third; Bauer whiffed. Black was hit by Hart, and to limber up his sore ribs, he stole second. Pardue put in a nice drive between left and center, Becker and Black scampering home. Riffel took three good swings, then McIntyre poled out the first three-sacker of the game, bringing in Pardue. In the second inning "Bobby" Tarleton sent a long drive into the thorn bush for three sacks,

coming in on Becker's double over center. Black, in the third, singled, stole second and came over the pan on McIntyre's safe hit. Again in the fifth Black scored. His long drive netted three bases, and Pardue's sacrifice fly did the rest. Riffel then singled, pilfered two sacks and came in on Williamson's hit. Spring Hill changed in the seventh, Becker came in to pitch, Prevost caught and Wohner played short. The Athletics seemed to that order. Dozier got a hit, Simmers grounded, forcing out Dozier. Two stolen bases put Simmers on third, and Allen's double brought him over. Hart hit safely, scoring Allen. In the eighth Spring Hill got one man around. Prevost took first, when the catcher missed his last strike. Two wild pitches and a stolen base let him come home. After two down in the ninth, the Athletics gave Becker a frightening. Hart was safe on first when Wohner overthrew; Orsi, who was playing for the Athletics, doubled to the fence, scoring Hart; Groom made his fourth hit a triple, bringing in Orsi. Goodman ended the suspense by grounding out, Bauer to Riffel.

ATHLETICS	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Groom, lf.	5	0	4	0	0	0	0	0
Goodman, 2b.	5	0	0	1	3	0	0	0
Dodd, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dozier, 3b.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	0
Simmers, 1b.	4	1	0	9	1	0	0	0
Overton, ss.	4	0	0	2	6	0	0	0
Allen, c.	4	1	1	8	0	2	0	0
Hart, p.	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	0
Orsi, cf.	4	1	1	2	0	0	0	0
Total	37	4	8	24	11	3	0	0

SPRING HILL	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.	
becker, lf. -----	4	1	2	1	0	0			
Bauer, lb. -----	5	0	0	4	5	0			
Black, c. -----	2	3	2	6	0	0			
Pardue, p. and lf. ----	3	1	1	2	2	0			
Riffel, lb. -----	4	1	2	2	0	0			
McIntyre, cf. -----	4	0	2	2	0	0			
Williamson, 2b. -----	4	0	1	3	3	0			
Prevost, ss. and c. ----	4	1	0	0	0	0			
Tarleton, rf. -----	3	1	2	0	0	0			
Wohner, ss. -----	1	0	0	0	1	1			
	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----			
Total -----	32	8	12	27	11	2			
Score by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletics -----	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2
Spring Hill -----	3	1	1	0	2	0	0	1	*

Football

Although somewhat late in starting practice and scrimmage on account of various obstacles, the handicap at Spring Hill College is being gradually removed and the 'Varsity squad, under the patient direction of Coach Maxon, is taking form.

There is plenty of material, both green and experienced, from which a team may be evolved, and Maxon is the man to separate the wheat from the chaff. He has made teams in former years from practically new men, and his untiring efforts, which were always crowned with success, have proved him an invaluable aid to Spring Hill's representatives on the gridiron.

This year Coach Maxon has seven of last year's warriors on which to build a team. The last year's standbys are Black, Becker, Ducote, Bauer,

Schimpf, Munoz, McHardy and Pardue, captain.

The material for the 'Varsity is as good as any that fought for the purple and white, so it is expected that the records of the preceding seasons will surely be kept up if not surpassed.

Signal and formation practice is gone through daily.

Captain Pardue is out of the game at present with a fractured arm, and for the present Becker is filling his place at quarterback.

The scrimmage yesterday afternoon was fast and spectacular, and the plucky scrubs made a good showing against their superiors. Cassidy at end, Gremillion at guard and Broussard at full were the heroes for the scrubs, while Bauer, Druhan, Black, Needham and Ducote were the 'Varsity stars.

Coach Maxon was well pleased with his squad work and expects to pick out of it the best ground-gaining machine that ever represented the college.

Spring Hill's probable games are with Tulane, Southern University and the regular Thanksgiving game with the soldiers from Fort Morgan. As soon as it can be arranged the entire schedule will be given out.

The 'Varsity squad at present consists of the following: J. McHardy, Needham, J. Schimpf, D. Munoz, C. Black, Slattery, Gremillion, W. Ducote, S. Riffel, J. Becker, P. Andrepont, J. Druhan, Pardue.

WEDDING BELLS

Burguieres-Withnell.

The marriage of Miss Lilla Withnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wainwright Withnell, to Charles Patout Burguieres, of New Orleans, which was celebrated on the morning of June 7th, at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Louis, was quite the largest and one of the most brilliant weddings of the season. **The Springhillian** sends felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Burguieres.

Touart-Fletcher.

The wedding of Hinton Anthony Touart, '08, and Miss Nellie Nannie Fletcher, of Wilson, La., was solemnized with a nuptial mass at the Jesuits' Church in New Orleans, Rev.

Philip Murphy, S. J., performing the ceremony. **The Springhillian** wishes Mr. and Mrs. Touart every blessing and many years of happy married life.

Levert-Gautier.

On September 28th, Mr. Lawrence Levert and Miss Amelie Gautier were united in the bonds of matrimony at Live Oak Plantation, near St. Martinsville, La. Mr. Levert was very popular in the social world in New Orleans after his return from Spring Hill College. Several years ago he went to Plaquemine and later to St. Martinsville, where he has been making his home and has been engaged in planting. Mr. and Mrs. Levert are offered our heartiest congratulations.

OBITUARY

Death of F. Antonin Lambert.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the untimely death of F. Antonin Lambert, A. B., '97. Several months ago Mr. Lambert was stricken with paralysis in his home in New Orleans and he bore his suffering with noble Christian fortitude to the end. Death called him at the early age of thirty-two, when his sterling integrity and charming personality as a lawyer began to make a deep impression on his associates. Mr. Lambert had recently devoted much of his time to lecturing on scientific subjects. Last

year's graduating classes at Spring Hill will recall the interesting lecture he delivered before them. He leaves a devoted wife and child to mourn his loss and to them the sympathy of his Alma Mater goes out in the hour of their bereavement. R. I. P.

Senator Samuel Douglas McEnery.

During the summer the State of Louisiana was bowed down in grief over the death of her senior Senator, Samuel D. McEnery. In the early fifties Mr. McEnery was a student at Spring Hill College and left here to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

During the War of Secession he served with distinction in Virginia and in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Having filled with honor to himself and advantage to his native state the offices of Governor and Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, he was in 1896 elected to the United States Senate, in which he served up to the time of his death. Senator McEnery died peacefully at his home in New Orleans, fortified by all the rites of Holy Mother Church. R. I. P.

Our earnest sympathy is offered to Mr. Martin Burke, S. J., professor of First Academic, who was called to the deathbed of his devoted father in New Orleans immediately before the opening of classes.

We extend our condolences to our young friends, Sidney and Louis Lange, in the loss of their father, news of whose death reaches us as we are going to print. Mr. Lange was a loyal supporter of Spring Hill, his other sons, Horatio and George, having been pupils here formerly. It is pleasing to note that the Junior Division received Holy Communion in a body for the repose of the soul of Mr. Lange.

Prof. Henry Dufilho, teacher, lawyer and journalist, died last night and will be buried from his late residence in Second street, near Laurel, at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon. The remains will be conveyed from the house to Notre Dame Church, where a solemn

requiem service will be held. Prof. Dufilho was born in New Orleans of distinguished Creole parents on Dec. 16, 1853. He was graduated from Spring Hill College, in Mobile, Ala., and later took up a course of law in Tulane University, graduating with high honors. When 21 years of age he was appointed principal of McDonough No. 3 School, being the youngest principal to ever sit in a local school. He was also principal of several other schools. During the administration of Hon. Lionel Adams as district attorney, he served as an assistant district attorney and then entered the journalistic world. For many years he was associate editor of the Times-Democrat and at one time was editor-in-chief of the Daily Item. For some years he has been a professor of French, Latin and English in the Boys' High School. He was sick but four days preceding his death, which resulted from a liver complaint, at 9:25 last night.—Picayune, Oct. 19.

Mr. John Kearns.

Only a few days ago the sad news came to us over the wires of the death at his home in Louisville, Ky., of Mr. John Kearns. The passing of this true and noble man and devoted and generous friend of the College has cast a gloom over the community. In spite of the malignant sickness from which he had long been suffering, we hoped against hope and we prayed that he might be spared to his beloved family and many friends.

"Vere magnus est qui magnam habet caritatem"—He is truly great who has great charity.

Mr. Kearns' quiet and unobtrusive manner of bestowing charity endeared him to all and enhanced the value of his benefactions. His name and memory will live at Spring Hill College. On the beautiful Kearns marble altar in the mortuary chapel the holy sacrifice of the Mass will be offered until those who have known and loved him will have the joy of again meeting him face to face. The rich and handsome sanctuary lamp, his latest gift to the students' new chapel, burns brightly before the Blessed Sacrament, a fitting token of the beauty, the constancy, the brightness and the warmth of the love its donor bore our divine Lord.

To Mr. Kearns' bereaved family we extend our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

To his eldest son, Mr. Joseph Clarence Kearns, S. J., whom the Spring Hill boys loved so much, both as professor and prefect, **The Springhillian** proffers special sympathy. His father's presence at his ordination was one of the greatest joys he had been looking forward to during the long years of preparation for the priesthood. May God in His merciful providence supply other even greater joys to him!

R. I. P.

The faculty of Spring Hill extend their prayerful sympathy to Mr. John Cowley in the death of his devoted wife, whose sons, John, James, William, Stanislaus and Loyola, were all students of the College.

We offer our sincerest condolences to John F. Jossen, a former Springhillian, whose father recently passed away.

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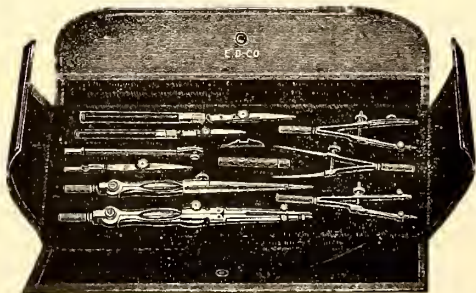
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